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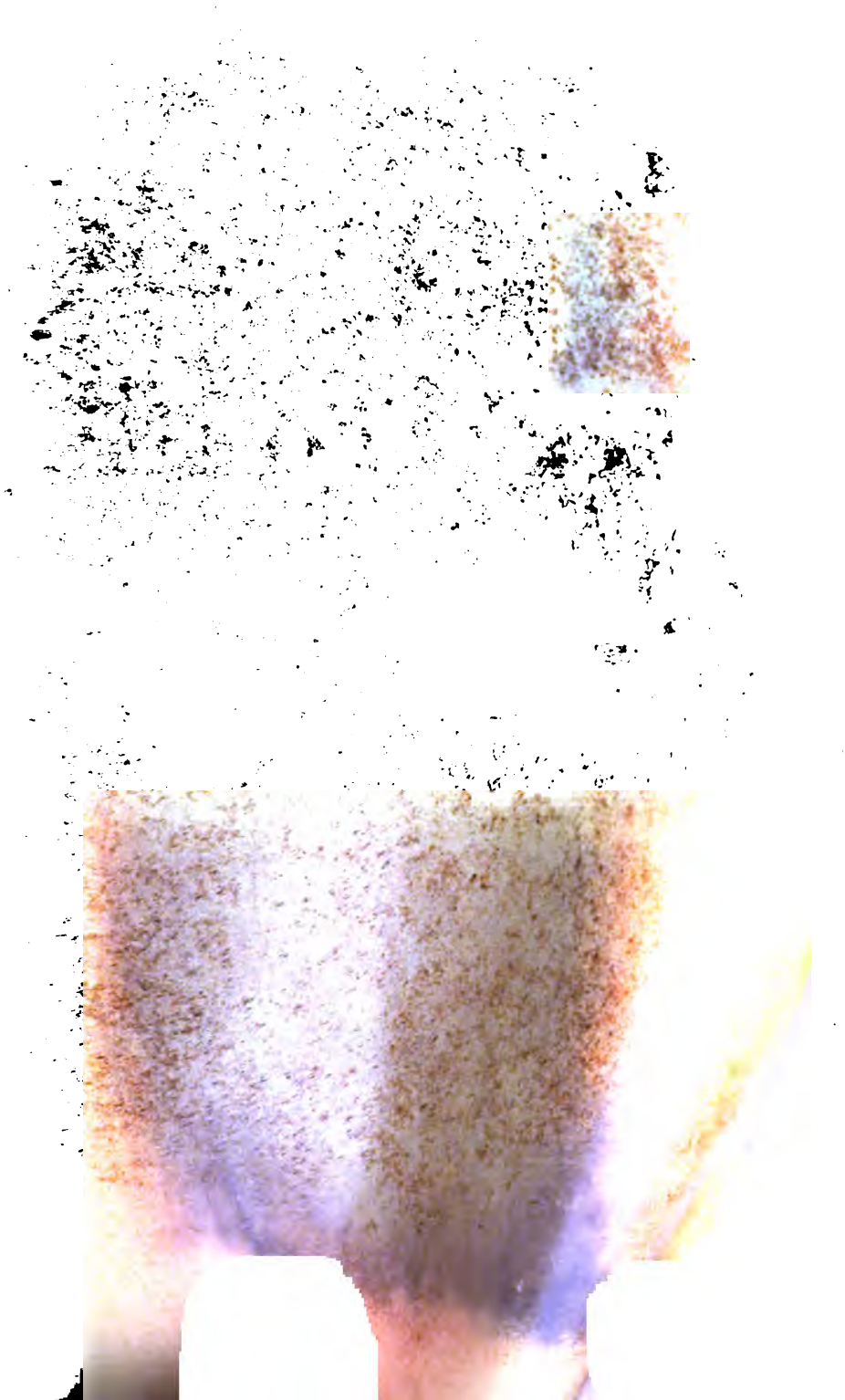
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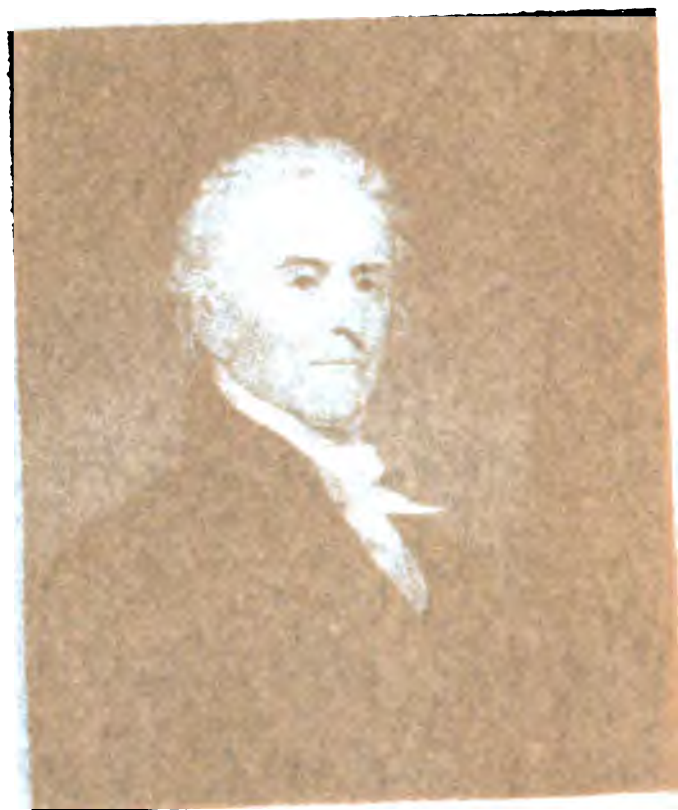
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St. Francis

AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS

OF

JOHN TRUMBULL,

FROM

1756 to 1841.

NEW YORK & LONDON:
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ERRATA.

P. 116, l. 5, for *Vanderwer*, read *Vanderwerf*. P. 119, l. 7, for *l'entourent*, read *l'entou-
roient*. P. 194, l. 6, for *agreement*, read *argument*. P. 314, l. 20, for *attelier*, read *atelier*.

SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN TRUMBULL,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, 1835.

CHAPTER I.

Age, 1 to 19—1756 to 1775—19 years.

Parentage—Infancy and sickness—Recovery and early studies—Read Greek at six years old—Rapid progress—Prepared to enter Harvard at twelve—Anecdote of Zachary the Indian chief—Enter college at the age of fifteen and a half, in the Junior year—Superior preparation and danger of idleness and dissipation—Saved by poverty and the study of the French language—Keep the school of my most excellent master during a dangerous illness—Approach of the Revolution—Study military affairs.

THE families of Trumbull in New England have cause to believe themselves to be a branch of the Turnbells of Scotland; of whose origin the Herald's office gives this history. In the —— year, —— king of Scotland, on a hunting party, was attacked by a bull, and his life was in imminent danger from the animal, when a young peasant threw himself before the king, and with equal strength, dexterity and good fortune, seized the bull by the horn, turned him aside, and thus saved the royal life. The king, grateful for the act, commanded the hitherto obscure youth to assume the name of Turnbull, gave him an estate near Peebles,

(which is still in the family,) and a coat of arms,—three bulls' heads, with the motto, *Fortuna favet audaci*,—still the bearings of the American branch.

The first person of the name known to be on record in the United States, is John Trumbull of Rowley, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, who was made a freeman in Boston, in 1640. He is understood to have emigrated from Cumberland or Lancashire in England, on the borders of Scotland. A son of this person, named also John, removed to Suffield in Connecticut; and one of his sons, Joseph, removed from Suffield to Lebanon. This person was my grandfather, and was born at Suffield, 1679.

My father, Jonathan Trumbull, was born at Lebanon in 1710. Joseph, his father, was a respectable, strong minded but uneducated farmer, who feeling the disadvantages of his own want of education, made it his first object to give to his children, this first blessing of social life; and at a very early age my father was placed at Harvard College, where he became a distinguished scholar, acquiring a sound knowledge of the Hebrew, as well as of the Greek and Latin languages, and of all the other studies of that day. He was graduated with honor in 1727. He died in 1785, having been governor of the state of Connecticut, by annual election, during the entire war of the Revolution; and was the only person who, being first magistrate of a colony in America, before the separation from Great Britain, retained the confidence of his countrymen through the Revolution, and was annually reëlected governor to the end of that eventful period.

My mother, Faith Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, minister of Duxbury in Massachusetts, was understood to be great granddaughter of John Robinson, the father of the pilgrims, who led our Puritan ancestors (his

parishioners) out of England in the reign of James V, and resided with them some years at Leyden in Holland, until in 1620 they emigrated to Plymouth in Massachusetts, and there, among other acts of wisdom and piety, laid the foundations of that system of education in town schools, which has since been extended so widely over the northern and western parts of the United States, forming the glory and the defense, the *decus atque tutamen* of our country.

I was born at Lebanon on the 6th of June, 1756—the youngest child of these parents; and soon after my birth was attacked by convulsion fits, which recurred daily, and several times each day, increasing in violence and frequency until I was nearly nine months old,—the cause was hidden from the medical men of the vicinity,—when one of my father's early friends, Dr. Terry of Suffield, who had become an eminent physician, called accidentally to make him a passing visit, and was requested to look at the unhappy child. He immediately pronounced the disease to be caused by compression of the brain, shewing my parents how the bones of the skull, instead of uniting in the several sutures, and forming a smooth surface, had slipped over each other, forming sensible ridges on the head, by which means the brain not having room to expand, convulsions followed. "Can the child be relieved?" was the anxious question. "Nothing but the untiring care of the mother can effect a cure, and this can be done only by applying her hands to the head of the child daily, and many times a day, and gently and carefully drawing them apart. If the bones do not already adhere too strongly, it is possible that by this means they may be separated, and reduced to their proper junction in the sutures. If this had been attended to at the birth, it would have been easy; now, it is barely possible. Medicine is useless, and if relief cannot be ob-

tained by this method, I know no other ; and the poor child must either die early, or if he should live, become an idiot."

My mother followed this prescription with unremitting care ; by degrees favorable symptoms began to appear—the paroxysms of convulsion recurred less and less frequently, until at about three years old, the natural form of the head was restored, and they ceased entirely. Thus, by the kindness of Divine providence in making known the cause of the disease, and by the affectionate care of my mother, a life was snatched from early extinction, which has been prolonged to the unusual age of eighty five years ;—through what strange vicissitudes, and for what purposes, the following pages will record.

My native place, Lebanon, was long celebrated for having the best school in New England, (unless that of Master Moody in Newburyport, might, in the opinion of some, have the precedence.) It was kept by Nathan Tisdale, a native of the place, from the time when he graduated at Harvard to the day of his death, a period of more than thirty years, with an assiduity and fidelity of the most exalted character, and became so widely known that he had scholars from the West India Islands, Georgia, North and South Carolina, as well as from the New England and northern colonies. With this exemplary man and excellent scholar, I soon became a favorite. My father was his particular friend ; and my early sufferings, as well as my subsequent docility, endeared me to him. The school was distant from my father's house not more than three minutes' walk, across a beautiful green, so that I was constant in my attendance ; besides which, it was an excellent rule of the school to have no vacations, in the long idleness and dissipation of which the labors of preceding months might be half forgotten. Whether my mind, which had so long been re-

pressed by disease, sprang forward with increased energy so soon as the pressure upon the brain was removed, I know not ; but I soon displayed a singular facility in acquiring knowledge, particularly of languages, so that I could read Greek at six years old, at which age I remember to have had a contest with the late Rev. Joseph Lyman, pastor of Hatfield in Massachusetts, a boy several years my senior. We read the five first verses of the Gospel of St. John ; I missed not a word—he missed one, and I gained the victory. I do not mean to say that, at this time, I possessed much more knowledge of the Greek language, than might be taught to a parrot ; but I knew the forms of the letters, the words, and their sounds, and could read them accurately, although my knowledge of their meaning was very imperfect.

My taste for drawing began to dawn early. It is common to talk of natural genius ; but I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a principle in the human mind ; at least, in my own case, I can clearly trace it to mere imitation. My two sisters, Faith and Mary, had completed their education at an excellent school in Boston, where they both had been taught embroidery ; and the eldest, Faith, had acquired some knowledge of drawing, and had even painted in oil, two heads and a landscape. These wonders were hung in my mother's parlor, and were among the first objects that caught my infant eye. I endeavored to imitate them, and for several years the nicely sanded floors, (for carpets were then unknown in Lebanon,) were constantly scrawled with my rude attempts at drawing.

About the same time music first caught my attention. I heard a Jews-harp, delicious sound ! which no time can drive from my enchanted memory ! I have since been present at a commemoration of Handel, in Westminster

Abbey, and have often listened with rapture to the celestial warblings of Catalani—I have heard the finest music of the age in London and in Paris—but nothing can obliterate the magic charm of that Jews-harp, and even at this late moment, its sweet vibrations seem to tingle on my ear.

At the age of four or five an accident befel me of a serious nature. After my recovery from my early sickness, I became the favorite plaything of my two sisters, who were more than ten years my seniors. A door opened from their bed-room upon a flight of stairs, leading direct to the ground floor, without a landing. I was frolicking with them in this room with all the gaiety of young and newly acquired health; the door was unfortunately open, and in my race I plunged headlong down the stairs. I was taken up insensible—my forehead, over the left eye, severely bruised; but I soon recovered, and although for some time I squinted with the left eye, no other evil was suspected, until several years after, when happening to shut the right eye, I found I could not see. The optic nerve must have been severely injured, for although the eye recovered entirely its external appearance, yet vision was so nearly destroyed that, to this day, I have never been able to read a single word with the left eye alone.

At the age of nine or ten a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the river (now the Thames) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exists, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief

Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe died, and he found himself with only one life between him and empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I am, aspire to be the chief of this honorable race—what will my people say—and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can *I* succeed to the great Uncas? *I will drink no more!*" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital: my father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork

—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression ; his black eye sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me. “John,” said he, “you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy ! Do you not know that I am an Indian ? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I could never stop until I got to rum, and became again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. *John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution.*” Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept—Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected ; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and there repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.

About this time, when I was nine or ten years old, my father’s mercantile failure took place. He had been for years a successful merchant, and looked forward to an old age of ease and affluence ; but in one season, almost every vessel, and all the property which he had upon the ocean, was swept away, and he was a poor man at so late a period of life, as left no hope of retrieving his affairs. My eldest brother was involved in the wreck as a partner, which rendered the condition of the family utterly hopeless. My mother and sisters were deeply afflicted, and although I was too young clearly to comprehend the cause,

yet sympathy led me too to droop. My bodily health was frail, for the sufferings of early youth had left their impress on my constitution, and although my mind was clear, and the body active, it was never strong. I therefore seldom joined my little schoolfellows in plays or exercises of an athletic kind, for there I was almost sure to be vanquished; and by degrees acquired new fondness for drawing, in which I stood unrivalled. Thus I gradually contracted a solitary habit, and after school hours frequently withdrew to my own room to a close study of my favorite pursuit. Such was my character at the time of my father's failure, and this added gloomy feelings to my love of solitude. I became silent, diffident, bashful, awkward in society, and took refuge in still closer application to my books and my drawing. The want of pocket money prevented me from joining my young companions in any of those little expensive frolicks which often lead to future dissipation, and thus became a blessing; and my good master Tisdale had the wisdom so to vary my studies, as to render them rather a pleasure than a task. Thus I went forward, without interruption, and at the age of twelve might have been admitted to enter college; for I had then read Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Cicero, Horace and Juvenal, in Latin; the Greek Testament and Homer's Iliad in Greek, and was thoroughly versed in geography, ancient and modern, in studying which I had the advantage (then rare) of a twenty inch globe. I had also read with care Rollin's History of Ancient Nations, also his history of the Roman republic, Mr. Crevier's continuation of the History of the Emperors, and Rollin's Arts and Sciences of the Ancient Nations. In arithmetic alone I met an awful stumbling-block. I became puzzled by a sum in division, where the divisor consisted of three figures

—I could not comprehend the rule for ascertaining how many times it was contained in the dividend; my mind seemed to come to a dead stand—my master would not assist me, and forbade the boys to do it, so that I well recollect the question stood on my slate unsolved nearly three months, to my extreme mortification. At length the solution seemed to flash upon my mind at once, and I went forward without further let or hindrance, through the ordinary course of fractions, vulgar and decimal, surveying, trigonometry, geometry, navigation, &c. &c., so that when I had reached the age of fifteen and a half years, it was stated by my good master that he could teach me little more, and that I was fully qualified to enter Harvard College in the middle of the third or Junior year. This was approved by my father and proposed to me. In the mean time my fondness for painting had grown with my growth, and in reading of the arts of antiquity I had become familiar with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Zeuxis and Apelles. These names had come down through a series of more than two thousand years, with a celebrity and applause which accompanied few of those who had been devoted to the more noisy and turbulent scenes of politics or war. The tranquillity of the arts seemed better suited to me than the more bustling scenes of life, and I ventured to remonstrate with my father, stating to him that the expense of a college education would be inconvenient to him, and after it was finished I should still have to study some profession by which to procure a living; whereas, if he would place me under the instruction of Mr. Copley, (then living in Boston, and whose reputation as an artist was deservedly high,) the expense would probably not exceed that of a college education, and that at the end of my time I should possess a profession, and the means of sup-

porting myself—perhaps of assisting the family, at least my sisters. This argument seemed to me not bad ; but my father had not the same veneration for the fine arts that I had, and hoped to see me a distinguished member of one of the learned professions, divinity in preference. I was overruled, and in January, 1772, was sent to Cambridge, under the care of my brother, who in passing through Boston indulged me by taking me to see the works of Mr. Copley. His house was on the Common, where Mr. Sears's elegant granite *palazzo* now stands. A mutual friend of Mr. Copley and my brother, Mr. James Lovell, went with us to introduce us. We found Mr. Copley dressed to receive a party of friends at dinner. I remember his dress and appearance—an elegant looking man, dressed in a fine maroon cloth, with gilt buttons—this was dazzling to my unpractised eye!—but his paintings, the first I had ever seen deserving the name, riveted, absorbed my attention, and renewed all my desire to enter upon such a pursuit. But my destiny was fixed, and the next day I went to Cambridge, passed my examination in form, and was readily admitted to the Junior class, who were then in the middle of the third year, so that I had only to remain one year and a half in college. My first anxiety was to know the actual studies and recitations of my class, and I soon found that I had no superior in Latin—that in Greek there were only two whom I had to fear as competitors, Mr. Pearson, who afterwards became the professor of oriental languages, and Mr. Theodore Parsons, brother of the late eminent judge, who died a few years after we graduated. This advanced state of my acquirements rendered unnecessary any exertion of study to maintain my footing with my class, and I was in no small danger of dropping into a course of idleness and vanity, and thence perhaps

into low company and base pursuits, when I fortunately learned that a French family, who had been removed with the other inhabitants of Acadie, by the political prudence of England, poor but respectable, were living in Cambridge, and had in some instances taught the French language. I went immediately to Père Robichaud, as the worthy man was called, and was admitted as a scholar. This family, besides the parents, comprised several children of both sexes, some about my own age; in such society I made good progress, and there laid the foundation of a knowledge of the French language, which in after life was of eminent utility.

In the mean time I searched the library of the college for works relating to the arts, and among a few others of less importance, I found the "Jesuit's Prospective made easy, by Brooke Taylor." This I studied carefully, and still possess a book into which I copied most of the diagrams of the work. I found also, and read with attention, "Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty." The library contained further a few fine engravings, and a set of Piranezi's prints of Roman ruins; in the philosophical chamber were several of Mr. Copley's finest portraits, and a view of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, painted in Italy, which, with the Piranezi, had been lately presented to the college by Thomas Palmer, Esq. one of the alumni, who had travelled in Italy, and whom I had the pleasure to know afterwards in Berkeley square, London.

The principal college studies to which I paid much attention were moral and natural philosophy. Dr. Winthrop was professor of the latter, and to his lectures I listened with great attention and pleasure. Electricity was of very recent discovery, and was a source of great admiration and delight. Chemistry as yet was in a manner unknown as a science, and formed no part of our studies.

At the same time I copied the painting of Vesuvius twice ; first with water colors on vellum, small ; and afterwards in oil, the size of the original. One of these I presented to Professor Winthrop.

Among the engravings in the library, was one from a painting by Noel Coypel,—Rebecca at the well, surrounded by a number of attendants. This I admired and copied in oil, the same size as the engraving ; the forms, expressions, characters, and light and shadow were before me ; the colors I managed as well as I could from my own imagination. This received so much approbation from the officers and students in college, that I ventured to show it to Mr. Copley, and had the pleasure to hear it commended by him also. The picture is still preserved in the family. In July, 1773, I graduated without applause, *for I was not a speaker*, and returned to Lebanon. Several circumstances prevented my forming intimate connections while in college ; I was the youngest boy in my class ; I had entered in an unusual way, (a sailor would say that I got in at the cabin windows ;) and I had too little pocket money to partake in any expensive gaieties, if my timidity and awkwardness had not also prevented me from doing so. I formed therefore one, and only one, intimate acquaintance. It was with Christopher Gore of Boston, an amiable boy, my junior in years, and in college rank. This was the commencement of a friendship which lasted through life. Gore became first a distinguished lawyer, then governor of Massachusetts, and, in after life, it pleased Providence to bring us frequently into near and intimate associations in important affairs.—He is dead !

Not long after my return to Lebanon a letter came by the post, and was first put into the hands of my father. He brought it to me, and said, “ John, here is a letter which I

cannot read; I suppose it must be for you; what language is it?" "Oh yes, sir, it is from my friend Robichaud—it is French, sir." "What, do you understand French? How did you learn it? I did not know that it was taught in college." "It is not, sir, but I learned it in this gentleman's family." "And how did you pay the expense? You never asked me for extra allowance." "No, sir; I pinched my other expenses, and paid this out of my pocket money." My father was very much pleased, and soon after proposed to me to study Spanish. A ship from South America, not long before, had been driven into New London by stress of weather, and had there been condemned as unseaworthy. The captain, of the name of Sistarri, a man of some education, was residing in Hebron, a distance of five miles from Lebanon, and it was from him my father proposed that I should learn. I very foolishly declined it; I could never find in my own mind any other cause for this absurdity, but that perverseness which seems inherent in our nature, and which leads us to undervalue the suggestions of others. I have frequently since repented of this folly, for the Spanish language has now become very important, and it has since cost me much laborious study to acquire a very imperfect knowledge of it.

At Lebanon I resumed the pencil, and painted the death of Paulus Emilius at the battle of Cannæ, a passage of Roman history which I had always admired.

"Animæque magnæ,
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno."—*Horace*.

This was effected by selecting from various engravings such figures as suited my purpose, combining them into groups, and coloring them from my own imagination. One thing I attempted which I should now hardly venture

upon—the clouds of dust by which the distant objects are obscured. This picture is in the Gallery at New Haven.

In the autumn of this year, 1773, my excellent friend, Master Tisdale, had a stroke of paralysis, which disabled him entirely from performing his duties. He earnestly solicited me to take charge of his school until the event of his illness should be known; with the approbation of my father I did so, and during the winter had under my care seventy or eighty scholars, from children just lisping their A, B, C, to young men preparing for college, among whom were some my seniors. It was an arduous task, but a very useful one; my first entrance upon the realities, the sad realities of human life. In the spring, Mr. Tisdale recovered so far as to be able to resume his invaluable labors.

In the summer and autumn of 1774, the angry discussions between Great Britain and her colonies began to assume a very serious tone. As the low growling of distant thunder announces the approach of the natural tempest, so did these discussions give evident notice that a moral storm was at hand, and men began to fear that the decision of these angry questions must ere long be referred to the *ultima ratio*.

I caught the growing enthusiasm; the characters of Brutus, of Paulus Emilius, of the Scipios, were fresh in my remembrance, and their devoted patriotism always before my eye; besides, my father was now governor of the colony, and a patriot,—of course surrounded by patriots, to whose ardent conversations I listened daily—it would have been strange if all this had failed to produce its natural effect. I sought for military information; acquired what knowledge I could, soon formed a small company from among the young men of the school and the village, taught them, or more properly we taught each other, to

use the musket and to march, and military exercises and studies became the favorite occupation of the day.

Of these youthful companions, several became valuable officers in the war which soon followed. Two brothers, my very particular friends and companions, Judah and Roger Alden, distinguished themselves. Judah commanded a company with which, in 1777, he covered the retreat of a reconnoitering column in West Chester country, and was killed in the defense of a bridge over the Bronx. Roger rose to the rank of major, and died lately, postmaster at West Point.

CHAPTER II.

Age, 19 to 21—1775 to 1777—2 years.

Revolution—Enter the army as adjutant of the 1st Connecticut regiment, commanded by Gen. Spencer—Stationed at Roxbury—Distant view of the battle of Bunker's Hill—Death of my favorite sister—Arrival of Gen. Washington—Early promotion to the rank of his aid-du-camp—Succeeded by Edmund Randolph of Virginia—Major of brigade of the right wing of the army—Draw a plan of Boston, and of the surrounding positions of the blockading army—Present at the occupation of Dorchester Heights—Evacuation of Boston—March of the army to New York—There occupied quarters in Col. Rutgers' house—Division encamped on the neighboring high grounds of Corlaer's Hook—Gen. Gates, late adjutant general of the army, promoted to the rank of major general, and to the command of the Northern department, with the power of naming his adjutant and quarter-master general—Offers me the situation of adjutant general, with the rank of colonel—Accept, and on the 28th of July, 1776, leave my employment of major of brigade and go with him to Albany—Proceed to join the army at Crown Point—Ordered to fall back on Ticonderoga—Melancholy return of the army, five thousand two hundred; two thousand eight hundred sick—Occupation of the campaign—Plan of the military position of Ticonderoga—Mount Independence and Mount Defiance—Suggest a new plan of defense for this post—Close of the campaign—Attend Gen. Gates to Albany, and Newtown in Pennsylvania—Join General Washington—Ordered with Gen. Arnold to Providence—Resignation.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the tempest which had been long preparing, burst at Lexington in Massachusetts; the blood of our brethren cried from the earth, and the cry was heard throughout New England. In Connecticut, a provisional military organization already existed, and the 1st regiment of Connecticut troops, commanded by General Joseph Spencer, started into view as by magic, and was on its march for Boston before the 1st of May. Of this

regiment, I was adjutant. Gen. Spencer, a friend of my father, was somewhat advanced in life, brave but prudent, and it was arranged that I should be a member of his family—a sort of aid-du-camp.

When my mother was preparing and packing up my linen and clothes for this campaign, she said to me, “My son, when I recollect the sufferings of your infancy, with your present feebleness of constitution, and anticipate the hardships and dangers to which you are about to be exposed, I hardly dare to hope that we shall ever meet again; however, in all events, my dear son, I charge you so to conduct yourself, that if ever I do see you again, it may be with the pride and delight of a mother.”

The regiment reached the vicinity of Boston early in May, and was stationed at Roxbury: the parade and alarm post was a field on the hill between the meeting-house and the then road, in full view of the enemy's lines at the entrance of Boston.

The entire army, if it deserved the name, was but an assemblage of brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined country lads; the officers in general quite as ignorant of military life as the troops, excepting a few elderly men, who had seen some irregular service among the provincials, under Lord Amherst.

Our first occupation was to secure our own positions, by constructing field-works for defense. The command of the Roxbury division, forming properly the right wing of the army, was entrusted to Gen. Thomas, of Massachusetts, a brave and well educated man of fine talents, and who had seen some service; his head-quarters were on the hill, near the meeting-house.

Nothing of military importance occurred for some time; the enemy occasionally fired upon our working parties,

whenever they approached too nigh to their works ; and in order to familiarize our raw soldiers to this exposure, a small reward was offered in general orders, for every ball fired by the enemy, which should be picked up and brought to head-quarters. This soon produced the intended effect—a fearless emulation among the men ; but it produced also a very unfortunate result ; for when the soldiers saw a ball, after having struck and rebounded from the ground several times, (*en ricochet*,) roll sluggishly along, they would run and place a foot before it, to stop it, not aware that a heavy ball long retains sufficient impetus to overcome such an obstacle. The consequence was, that several brave lads lost their feet, which were crushed by the weight of the rolling shot. The order was of course withdrawn, and they were cautioned against touching a ball, until it was entirely at rest. One thing had been ascertained by this means, the caliber of the enemy's guns—eighteen pounds. Thirteen inch shells were also occasionally fired, some of which exploded, at first, to our no small annoyance and alarm ; but some of these also being picked up, (having failed of igniting,) were carried to head-quarters, and by this means their dimensions were also ascertained.

On the 17th of June, I was out at daybreak, visiting the piquet-guard of the regiment, which was posted in full view of Boston and the bay behind it, when I was startled by a gun, fired from a small sloop of war, lying at anchor between the town and Letchmere's point, about where the Cambridgeport bridge now is. It was the hour for the morning gun, but what, thought I, has this little thing to do with the morning gun, which is always fired by the admiral, on the other side of the town. It was very soon followed by another, apparently from the Somerset, sixty four, which lay between the north end of Boston and Charlestown. It

soon became evident to us in Roxbury, that some movement was making in that quarter, but we knew not what. Although the distance between Roxbury and Charlestown, measured across the bay, on a direct line, might not exceed four miles, yet by the road, over the bridge, and through the town of Cambridge, it was not far from twelve. As the day advanced, the firing continued to increase, and our anxiety to know the cause was extreme; when at length, near noon, we learned that a detachment from Cambridge, had, during the preceding night, taken post on the hill behind Charlestown, and were engaged in throwing up a work. They had been discovered from the ships at daybreak, and fired upon. Charlestown and the hills behind it were in full view from the upper windows of headquarters, but the distance was too great for the naked eye to ascertain what was doing. It was about three o'clock when the firing suddenly increased, and became very heavy and continuous; and soon after, with the help of glasses, the smoke of fire-arms became visible along the ridge of the hill, and fire was seen to break out among the buildings of the town, which soon extended rapidly, and enveloped the whole in flames. We could ascertain by the receding of the smoke on the ridge of the hill, that our troops were losing ground, but we had no correct information of the result of the battle of Bunker's Hill, until late at night.

In the mean time, when the firing became frequent and heavy, the troops in Roxbury were ordered under arms, and to their posts. Gen. Spencer's regiment was drawn up on their parade, in full view of the enemy's lines, and it was not long before we attracted their attention and their fire. Several of their heavy shot passed over us, and we were soon ordered to fall back to the hill above the meet-

ing-house. It was my duty as adjutant to bring up the rear, and pick up stragglers. In crossing a stone fence, which the regiment in their retreat had nearly levelled, a soldier was on my right, not more than two feet distant, when I heard the rush of a heavy ball, and the poor fellow at my side fell, and cried out that he was killed. I looked at him—his limbs were all entire—I saw no blood, and naturally concluding that his fall was occasioned by extreme fear, I told him that he was not hurt, but only frightened, and bade him get up. He insisted that he could not rise, and I called some other soldiers to help him to the rear and to the surgeon. Some time after I enquired for him, and was told that he was dead. There was no external wound, but the body over the region of the heart was black from extravasated blood. It is said that the rush of a heavy ball, by its passage through the air, occasions a momentary vacuum; probably this ball passed close to the heart at the instant of a violent throb, (whether from fear or exertion,) and the blood-vessels, unsustained by the pressure of the atmosphere, gave way. In this manner I account for the effects produced by what is called “the wind of a ball.”

The regiment fell back to the summit of the hill, and we there passed the night on our arms. Charlestown, at that time, contained perhaps six hundred buildings of various sizes, almost all of wood, and lay full in our view, in one extended line of fire.

The British, victorious indeed so far as the possession of the field went, but fearfully cut up, were apparently not without apprehension that their obstinate enemy might rally and renew the action, and therefore kept up during the night a frequent fire of shot and shells in the direction of Cambridge. The roar of artillery—the bursting of shells, (whose track, like that of a comet, was marked on

the dark sky, by a long train of light from the burning fuze)—and the blazing ruins of the town, formed altogether a sublime scene of military magnificence and ruin. That night was a fearful breaking in for young soldiers, who there, for the first time, were seeking repose on the summit of a bare rock, surrounded by such a scene.

About noon of that day, I had a momentary interview with my favorite sister, the wife of Colonel, afterwards General Huntington, whose regiment was on its march to join the army. The novelty of military scenes excited great curiosity through the country, and my sister was one of a party of young friends who were attracted to visit the army before Boston. She was a woman of deep and affectionate sensibility, and the moment of her visit was most unfortunate. She found herself surrounded, not by the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but in the midst of all its horrible realities. She saw too clearly the life of danger and hardship upon which her husband and her favorite brother had entered, and it overcame her strong, but too sensitive mind. She became deranged, and died the following November, in Dedham.

Soon after that memorable day, General Washington arrived and assumed the command of the army. A few days after his arrival, I was told by my eldest brother, the commissary general, that the commander in chief was very desirous of obtaining a correct plan of the enemy's works, in front of our position on Boston neck; and he advised me (as I could draw) to attempt to execute a view and plan, as a mean of introducing myself (probably) to the favorable notice of the general. I took his advice and began the attempt, by creeping (under the concealment of high grass) so nigh that I could ascertain that the work consisted of a curtain crossing the entrance of the town, flanked by

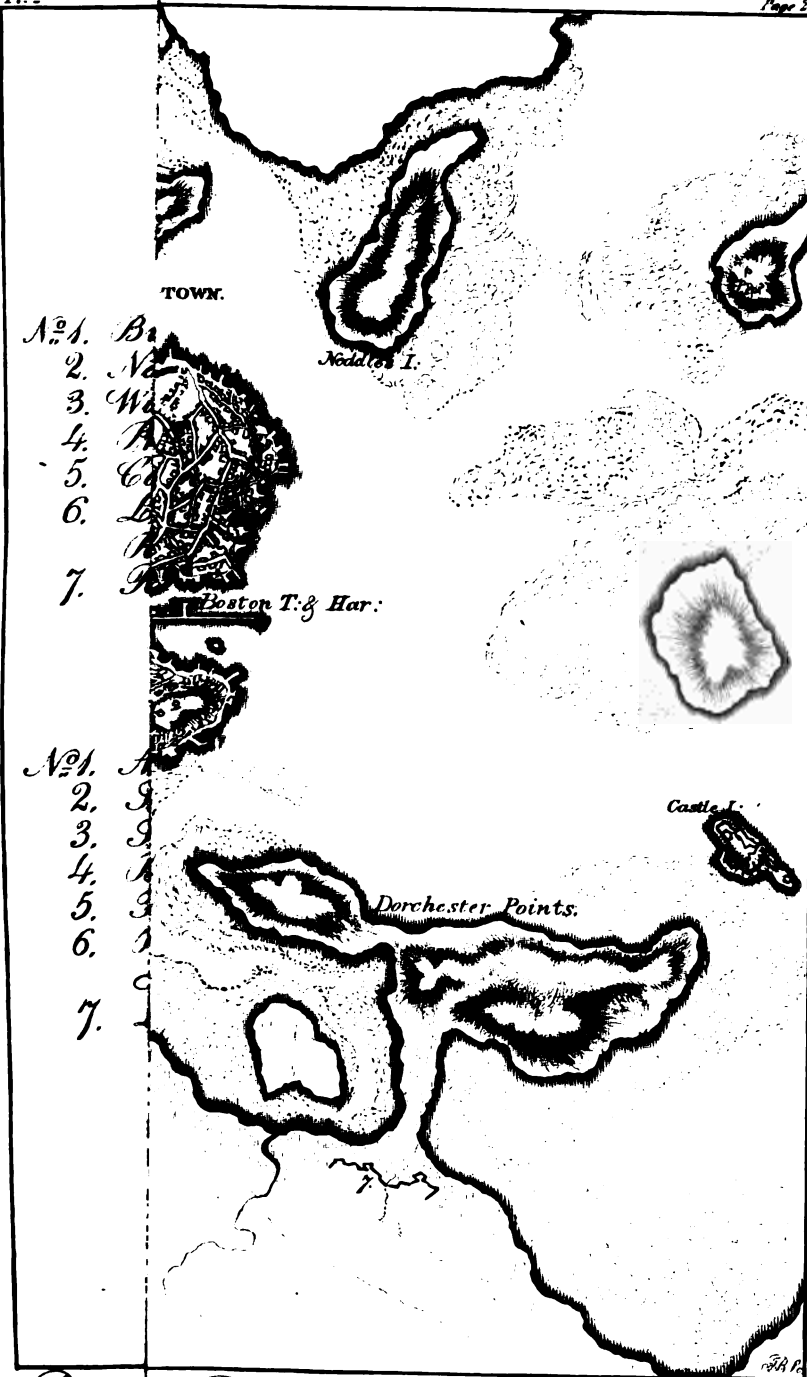
two bastions, one on the western and the other on the eastern side, and I had ascertained the number of guns mounted on the eastern, (their caliber was already known,) when my farther progress was rendered unnecessary by the desertion of one of the British artillery-men, who brought out with him a rude plan of the entire work. My drawing was also shown to the general, and their correspondence proved that as far as I had gone I was correct. This (probably) led to my future promotion; for, soon after, I was presented to the general, and appointed his second aid-du-camp; the first was Thomas Mifflin of Philadelphia, who was afterwards governor of the state of Pennsylvania, and president of Congress in 1783, when General Washington resigned his commission. Joseph Reed, (also of Philadelphia,) was secretary, and Horatio Gates adjutant general.

The scene at head-quarters was altogether new and strange to me, for the ruined state of my father's fortune, and the retirement in which he lived at Lebanon, had prevented my having seen much of elegant society. I now suddenly found myself in the family of one of the most distinguished and dignified men of the age; surrounded at his table, by the principal officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them—it was further my duty to receive company and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country of both sexes. I soon felt myself unequal to the *elegant* duties of my situation, and was gratified when Mr. Edmund Randolph (afterwards secretary of state) and Mr. Baylor arrived from Virginia, and were named aids-du-camp, to succeed Mr. Mifflin and myself. Mifflin was made quarter-master general of the army, and I a major of brigade at Roxbury. In this situation I was at home, for it was but the duty

of an adjutant upon an extended scale; the accuracy of my returns very soon attracted the notice of the adjutant general, (Gates,) and I became in some degree a favorite with him.

Nothing important occurred, until in March, the Roxbury division or right wing of the army, received orders to take possession of the heights of Dorchester. This was done in the evening of the 4th of March, with perfect order, secrecy and success. Our movement was not discovered by the enemy until the following morning, and we had an uninterrupted day to strengthen the works which had been commenced the night preceding. During this day we saw distinctly the preparations which the enemy were making to dislodge us. The entire water front of Boston lay open to our observation, and we saw the embarkation of troops from the various wharves, on board of ships, which hauled off in succession, and anchored in a line in our front, a little before sunset, prepared to land the troops in the morning.

We were in high spirits, well prepared to receive the threatened attack. Our position, on the summits of two smooth, steep hills, were strong by nature, and well fortified. We had at least twenty pieces of artillery mounted on them, amply supplied with ammunition, and a very considerable force of well armed infantry. We waited with impatience for the attack, when we meant to emulate, and hoped to eclipse, the glories of Bunker's Hill. In the evening the commander in chief visited us, and examined all our points of preparation for defense. Soon after his visit, the rain, which had already commenced, increased to a violent storm, and heavy gale of wind, which deranged all the enemy's plan of debarkation, driving the ships foul of each other, and from their anchors,



Boston Troops. Sep. 1775 P.T.

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in utter confusion, and thus put a stop to the intended operation.

Within a few days the enemy abandoned Boston, and we entered it on St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March. It was a magnificent and beautiful sight—the numerous fleet of ships dropping down to the outer harbor and proceeding to sea. We viewed this triumphant and glorious scene with exultation, and at leisure, for it had been mutually stipulated that we would do nothing to interrupt the departure of the navy and army, on condition that they would commit no depredations on the town.

A strong detachment, commanded by General Thomas, was immediately ordered to reinforce the army in Canada, and the main body of the troops was marched towards New York, which was thought to be the probable scene of the future operations of the enemy; our troops moved to New London and there embarked for New York. Lebanon was nearly on the line of march, and I obtained an opportunity of seeing my parents and family, for a day or two, and proceeded to New York by land.

The brigade to which I was attached, was encamped on the (then) beautiful high ground, which surrounded Col. Rutgers's seat, near Corlaer's Hook. In the levelling spirit of the age, all that part of the city is now flat as a table.

Nothing of military importance occurred during the months of April, May, and June. This time was passed in erecting works, to oppose the expected attack of the enemy, and in drilling the troops to a somewhat improved state of discipline.

Meantime, the affairs in Canada were in a deplorable state, and in addition to the reinforcement under com-

mand of General Thomas, which had been sent from Roxbury in March, another strong detachment, under the command of General Sullivan, was now ordered from New York to that quarter ; and in June, General Gates, the late adjutant general, having been promoted to the rank of major general, was appointed to take the command of the northern department, (a term somewhat indefinite, as it afterwards proved,) but then understood to comprehend Canada and the northern frontier. He was expressly authorized to appoint his adjutant and quarter-master general. He offered me the first of these situations, the other to Morgan Lewis, Esq. ; both offices were accompanied with the rank of colonel. I accepted with proud satisfaction the situation offered to me, resigned my place as major of brigade, and on the 28th of June, 1776, embarked with General Gates and his suite for Albany.

The navigation of the North river by sloops, was at that time very different from the present mode by steam, and we were seven or eight days in reaching Albany, which may now be performed in almost as many hours. The general landed in the evening, and proceeded immediately to visit General Schuyler, whom we found with his family, just seated at supper. I was very much struck with the elegant style of every thing I saw. We here learned the news of fresh disasters in Canada, and the next morning, accompanied by General Schuyler, we departed on horseback for Skeensborough, (now Whitehall.) The road as far as Saratoga was good ; thence to Fort Edward tolerable ; but from that to the head of Lake Champlain, bad as possible, and not a bridge over any of the small streams and brooks which fall into Wood creek.

From Skeensborough we proceeded with all diligence by water to Ticonderoga, where we learned that the troops driven from Canada were beginning to arrive at Crown Point. The two generals went forward to that place without delay, leaving me, with orders to examine (in company with Colonel Wynkoop, who commanded at Ticonderoga) the ground on the east side of the lake, since known by the name of Mount Independence, and the creek which falls into the lake at the northern extremity of that peninsula. We devoted the afternoon to a careful examination of the creek and ground, and agreed in the opinion, that the spot was admirably adapted for a military post. The next morning I went forward to Crown Point, where I rejoined my general, and there saw, in all their horrors, the calamities of unsuccessful war.

Early in May, reinforcements from England had reached Quebec, and our troops were of course obliged to retire. They were constantly harassed in their retreat, and in addition, the small pox, in its most virulent and deadly form, had made its appearance among them. General Thomas died of this loathsome disease at Chambly, and the command devolved on General Sullivan, who conducted this calamitous retreat in an admirable manner, but was driven, from post to post, until he reached St. John's, at the northern extremity of Lake Champlain. At that time no road existed on either side of the lake, and the only communication with Albany and the southern country was by its waters. General Sullivan having secured all the vessels and boats at St. John's, and destroyed all which were not necessary for the conveyance of his troops, by this means effectually prevented the immediate advance and pursuit of the enemy. Thus the wretched

remnant of the army reached Crown Point in safety, but it is difficult to conceive a state of much deeper misery. The boats were leaky and without awnings; the sick being laid upon their bottoms without straw, were soon drenched in the filthy water of that peculiarly stagnant muddy lake, exposed to the burning sun of the month of July, with no sustenance but raw salt pork, which was often rancid, and hard biscuit or unbaked flour; no drink but the vile water of the lake, modified perhaps, not corrected, by bad rum, and scarcely any medicine. (See in the Appendix, letter of Dr. Meyrick.)

My first duty, upon my arrival at Crown Point, was to procure a return of the number and condition of the troops. I found them dispersed, some few in tents, some in sheds, and more under the shelter of miserable bush huts, so totally disorganized by the death or sickness of officers, that the distinction of regiments and corps was in a great degree lost; so that I was driven to the necessity of great personal examination, and I can truly say that I did not look into tent or hut in which I did not find either a dead or dying man. I can scarcely imagine any more disastrous scene, except the retreat of Buonaparte from Moscow—that probably was the very acme of human misery. I found the whole number of officers and men to be five thousand two hundred, and the sick who required the attentions of an hospital were two thousand eight hundred, so that when they were sent off, with the number of men necessary to row them to the hospital, which had been established at the south end of Lake George, a distance of fifty miles, there would remain but the shadow of an army. Crown Point was not tenable by such a wreck, and we were ordered to fall back upon Ticonderoga immediately.

There my first duty was, in company with Colonel Wayne, to make a second examination of Mount Independence. He joined in the opinion before expressed by Col. Wynkoop and myself, that the ground was finely adapted for a military post. At the northern point, it ran low into the lake, offering a good landing place; from thence the land rose to an almost level plateau, elevated from fifty to seventy-five feet above the lake, and surrounded, on three sides, by a natural wall of rock, everywhere steep, and sometimes an absolute precipice sinking to the lake. On the fourth and eastern side of the position ran a morass and deep creek at the foot of the rock, which strengthened that front, leaving room only, by an easy descent, for a road to the east, and to the landing from the southern end of the lake. We found plentiful springs of good water, at the foot of the rock. The whole was covered with primeval forest. (See a drawing of this ground, and the general positions of the army.)

Part of the troops, as they arrived from Crown Point, being ordered to land and take post on this spot, proceeded to clear away the wood, and to encamp. The exhalations from the earth, which was now, for the first time, exposed to the rays of a midsummer sun, combined with the fog which rose from the pestilent lake, soon produced sickness in a new shape—a fever very nearly resembling the yellow fever of the present time—and it was not unusual to see the strongest men carried off by it in two or three days. The four Pennsylvania regiments, the *élite* of the army, were posted in the old French lines, which they were ordered to repair; and at all points the troops were actively employed in strengthening old works of defense, or in constructing new ones.

In the mean time, reinforcements were earnestly solicited from the New England states, and promptly sent on, so that the post soon assumed the aspect of military strength and activity. Ship carpenters were also requested from the eastern states, who were employed at Skeensborough in building the hulls of galleys and boats, with which to dispute the possession of the lake with the enemy, who were busy at St. John's in similar preparations; these galleys, as soon as launched, were sent down the lake to Ticonderoga, to be there equipped and armed. These naval preparations were made under the superintendence of Gen. Arnold, and in this, as well as in every branch of the various duties, I had my full share.

The position of the army extended from Mount Independence on the right and east side of the lake, to the old French lines on the west forming our left, protected at various points by redoubts and batteries, on which were mounted more than a hundred pieces of heavy cannon. After some time, it was seen that the extreme left was weak and might easily be turned; a post was therefore established on an eminence, near half a mile in advance of the old French lines, which was called Mount Hope. Thus our entire position formed an extensive crescent, of which the center was a lofty eminence, called Mount Defiance, the termination of that mountain ridge which separates Lake George from Lake Champlain, and which rises precipitously from the waters of the latter to a height of six hundred feet. The outlet of Lake George enters Champlain at the foot of this eminence, and separates it from the old French fort and lines of Ticonderoga. This important position had hitherto been neglected by the engineers of all parties, French, English and American.

I had for some time, regarded this eminence as completely overruling our entire position. It was said, indeed, to be at too great a distance to be dangerous; but by repeated observation I had satisfied my mind that the distance was by no means so great as was generally supposed, and at length, at the table of Gen. Gates, where the principal officers of the army were present, I ventured to advance the new and heretical opinion, that our position was bad and untenable, as being overlooked in all its parts by this hill. I was ridiculed for advancing such an extravagant idea. I persisted however, and as the truth could not be ascertained by argument, by theory, or by ridicule, I requested and obtained the general's permission to ascertain it by experiment. General (then Major) Stevens was busy at the north point of Mount Independence in examining and proving cannon; I went over to him on the following morning, and selected a long double fortified French brass gun, (a twelve pounder,) which was loaded with the proof charge of best powder and double shotted. When I desired him to elevate this gun so that it should point at the summit of Mount Defiance, he looked surprised, and gave his opinion that the shot would not cross the lake. "That is what I wish to ascertain, Major," was my answer; "I believe they will, and you will direct your men to look sharp, and we too will keep a good look-out; if the shot drop in the lake their splash will easily be seen; if, as I expect, they reach the hill, we shall know it by the dust of the impression which they will make upon its rocky face." The gun was fired, and the shot were plainly seen to strike at more than half the height of the hill. I returned to head-quarters and made my triumphant report, and after dinner requested the general and officers who were with him to walk out upon the glacis of the old French fort,

where I had ordered a common six pound field gun to be placed in readiness. This was, in their presence, loaded with the ordinary charge, pointed at the top of the hill, and when fired, it was seen that the shot struck near the summit. Thus the truth of the new doctrine was demonstrated; but still it was insisted upon, that this summit was inaccessible to an enemy. This also I denied, and again resorted to experiment. Gen. Arnold, Col. Wayne, and several other active officers, accompanied me in the general's barge, which landed us at the foot of the hill, where it was most precipitous and rocky, and we clambered to the summit in a short time. The ascent *was* difficult and laborious, but not impracticable, and when we looked down upon the outlet of Lake George, it was obvious to all, that there could be no difficulty in driving up a loaded carriage.

Our present position required at least ten thousand men, and an hundred pieces of artillery, for its doubtful security. I assumed that it would be found impossible for the government, in future campaigns, to devote so great a force to the maintenance of a single post; and as there was no road on either side of the lake by which an enemy could penetrate into the country south, he must necessarily make use of this route by water; and as the summit of Mount Defiance looked down upon, and completely commanded the narrow parts of both the lakes, a small but strong post there, commanded by an officer who would maintain it to the last extremity, would be a more effectual and essentially a less expensive defense of this pass, than all our present extended lines.

On these principles I proceeded to draw up two memoirs, in one of which was stated the number of men, *ten thousand*, with the expense of their pay, subsistence, cloth-

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 instead of assaulting the works, (as had been formerly done
 by Gen. Abercrombie in 1757,) he silently turned the left

of the position, crossed the outlet of Lake George, and established a battery of heavy guns on the summit of Mount Defiance, the shot from which plunged into the old French fort and lines, and reached all points of Mount Independence, so that, as I had predicted, the whole position became untenable, and was immediately abandoned. General St. Clair became the object of furious denunciations, whereas he merited thanks, for having saved a part of the devoted garrison, who subsequently formed the nucleus of that force by which, in the course of the campaign, Gen. Burgoyne was ultimately baffled, and compelled to surrender his victorious army by the convention of Saratoga.

Early in October our naval preparations were completed, and our little fleet, composed of a brig, several gallies and gun-boats, mounting altogether more than one hundred guns, commanded by Generals Arnold and Waterbury, proceeded down the lake to look for the enemy. His preparations were completed about the same time, and on the 11th of October the two fleets met, engaged, and we were defeated with total loss: Gen. Arnold ran the galley which he commanded on shore, and escaped with the crew; the other vessels were either taken or destroyed, and their crews, (with the exception of some who got on shore and straggled up to the army,) with Gen. Waterbury, remained prisoners of war.

On this occasion Sir Guy Carleton, who commanded the hostile fleet and army, behaved with a degree of humanity, as well as policy, which, if it had been generally employed by other royal commanders, might have exposed to great hazard the success of America. As soon as the action was over, Sir Guy gave orders to the surgeons of his own troops, to treat the *wounded prisoners* with the

same care as they did his own men. He then ordered that all the other prisoners should be immediately brought on board his own ship, the *Royal Charlotte*, where he first treated them to a drink of grog, and then spoke kindly to them, praised the bravery of their conduct, regretted that it had not been displayed in the service of their lawful sovereign, and offered to send them home to their friends, on their giving their parole that they would not again bear arms against Great Britain until they should be exchanged. He then invited Gen. Waterbury to go below with him to his cabin, and requested to see his commission,—the moment he saw that it was signed by the governor of Connecticut, (my father,) he held out his hand, and said, “General Waterbury, I am happy to take you by the hand, “now that I see that you are not serving under a commission and orders of the rebel Congress, but of Governor “Trumbull. You are acting under a legitimate and acknowledged authority. He is responsible for the abuse “he has made of that authority. That which is a high “crime in him, is but an error in you ; it was your duty to “obey him, your legitimate superior.”

A few days after this defeat, a number of row-boats approached our advanced post, and there lay upon their oars with a flag of truce. I was ordered to go down and learn their object. I found Capt. Craig,* with Gen. Waterbury and the other prisoners who been taken in the recent action ; dismissed, as Sir Guy had promised, upon parole. The usual civilities passed between Sir James and me, and I received the prisoners ; all were warm in their acknowledgment of the kindness with which they had been treated,

* Afterwards Sir James Craig, and governor of Canada.

and which appeared to me to have made a very dangerous impression. I therefore placed the boats containing the prisoners under the guns of a battery, and gave orders that no one should be permitted to land, and no intercourse take place with the troops on shore until orders should be received from Gen. Gates. I hurried to make my report to him, and suggested the danger of permitting these men to have any intercourse with our troops;—accordingly they were ordered to proceed immediately to Skeensborough, on their way home, and they went forward that night, without being permitted to land.

A few days after, the hostile army arrived at Crown Point, and a strong reconnoitering party was pushed forward to look at us. Upon the appearance of a number of boats at Three Mile Point, (so called from its distance from the old French fort,) our whole force was ordered under arms, and to occupy their several posts. Ticonderoga must have had a very imposing aspect that day, when viewed from the lake. The whole summit of cleared land, on both sides of the lake, was crowned with redoubts and batteries, all manned, with a splendid show of artillery and flags. The number of our troops under arms on that day (principally however militia) exceeded thirteen thousand. Our appearance was indeed so formidable, and the season so far advanced, (late in October,) that the enemy withdrew without making any attack, and we were enabled to dismiss great part of the militia, and prepare for winter quarters. The best of the troops were selected to remain in garrison during the winter, under the command of General St. Clair; the remainder moved off in succession for Albany, and on the 18th of November, Gen. Gates, with his staff, embarked on Lake George, on his way to that place.

My taste for the picturesque here received a splendid gratification. Some of the troops who had passed before us had landed on the west shore of the lake and lighted fires for cooking. The season was cold and dry—the leaves had fallen in masses—the fire had extended to them, and spread from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock, to the very summit, where it was from seven hundred to a thousand feet high. In parts the fire crept along the crevices of the rock; at times an ancient pine tree rose up a majestic pyramid of flame; and all this was reflected in the pellucid surface of the lake, which lay like a beautiful mirror in the stillness of the dark night, unruffled but by the oars of our solitary boat, and these were frequently suspended that we might enjoy the magnificent scene. No human habitation was exposed to danger, for none existed on that desolate and rocky shore. Snakes, bears and wolves were the only living things exposed to harm.

Late in the night we reached Fort George, at the head of the lake, and thence proceeded to Albany by land. There the general met an order from General Washington to hasten on with all the disposable troops, and join him behind the Delaware river. The best troops were selected, (the remainder being discharged into winter quarters,) and with these we proceeded by water as far as Esopus, (Kingston,) thence by land through the then uncultivated country of the Minisink, nearly on the route of the present Delaware and Hudson Canal—inclining to the left to Sussex court-house, in the hope of falling in with and joining the division of General Lee, which we had learned was crossing Jersey. At Sussex, having learned Lee's unfortunate capture, we inclined to the right, crossed the Delaware at Easton, and marched through Bethlehem to Newtown, where we joined the commander in chief, a few days

before his glorious success at Trenton. News had just been received by him, that a detachment of the enemy had obtained possession of Newport and Rhode Island, and General Arnold and myself were ordered to hasten without delay to that quarter. When we arrived at Providence we found a body of militia already collected there, under the command of my first military friend, General Spencer. The enemy were quiet in Newport, and we in our quarters in and near Providence.

CHAPTER III.

Age, 20 to 21—1777.

Letters to and from a member of Congress, explanatory of the motives of my resignation—Debate upon the subject, and final acceptance by Congress.

THE 22d of February, 1777, terminated my regular military career. The following letters will explain the cause and manner.

To the Hon. JOHN HANCOCK, Esq., President of Congress.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 22, 1777.

SIR—Lieut. Col. Meigs has this day delivered to me a commission from the most honorable the continental Congress, appointing me deputy adjutant general in the northern department—an honor I had long despaired of.

I find the commission is dated the 12th of September, 1776, which, sir, is an insuperable bar to my accepting it.

I have served in that office since the 28th of June, by the appointment of the honorable Major General Gates, who was authorized to make the appointment, by particular instructions from Congress.

I expect, sir, to be commissioned from that date, if at all. A soldier's honor forbids the idea of giving up the least pretension to rank. I am, sir, &c. &c.

The commission in question was enclosed in the above, and by the same conveyance the following letter was sent to the Hon. JAMES LOVELL, Esq., member of Congress.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 22, 1777.

SIR—The occasion on which I write, will, I trust, justify my troubling you with this letter; I shall not, therefore, make any further apology for what might otherwise pass for presumption.

By this conveyance I have returned a commission which I lately received from Congress, accompanied by a short letter to the honorable president; and as my conduct may be blamed by those who are unacquainted with the treatment which I have received during the past campaign, I beg leave to give you the necessary information, and my reasons for this conduct, that you may have it in your power (as I trust you will feel the disposition) to justify me from any aspersions.

In August, 1775, I was honored with the commission of a major of brigade, in which office I served until the 28th of last June. In the beginning of that month, General Gates was promoted to the rank of major general, and was ordered to command in the Northern department. Among other powers contained in his instructions, he was particularly directed to appoint a deputy quarter-master general and a deputy adjutant general for the army on that station. On his return to New York, the general did me the honor to offer me the latter place, an offer which I accepted with gratitude and pleasure; and on the 28th of June, (having quitted my situation of major of brigade,) I sailed with the general for Albany. He immediately wrote to Congress that he had appointed Colonel Morgan Lewis and myself to the two offices mentioned, and desired that our commissions might be sent forward as soon as possible. No answer was received. On the last of July, or beginning of August, the major general sent Colonel Lewis to Congress, with a particular account of the state

of affairs in that quarter—a detailed statement of wants—and again mentioned the affair of our commissions. After having waited five days in Philadelphia, and having been referred daily from this morning to to-morrow, Col. Lewis left the city in disgust, and returned to Ticonderoga, without even a verbal answer to the dispatches which he had carried ; nor was an answer received until two months from that time.

You may suppose our situation to have been uneasy, as any officer who chose to dispute our rank might do it with impunity. For this reason I determined to quit the army, the moment the dangers of the campaign should be past. I continued in service after the defeat of our fleet, and the retreat of the enemy into Canada, for no other reason but because my leaving the post before the danger was entirely past, might be imputed to improper motives. I attended my general to Albany in November, and thought that to be the long looked for opportunity, when the day before I meant to leave him, an express arrived from General Washington, requiring him to take down to his assistance the northern army, who were then going into winter quarters. I continued with the troops from the same cause as before. On my arrival at head-quarters I was ordered to attend General Arnold to this place, and have remained in this chaos, until this day, endeavoring to introduce some idea of regularity and discipline, and in the hope of an opportunity of attacking the enemy on Rhode Island. Our expectations are now destroyed by the impossibility of obtaining a number of troops sufficient for the proposed purpose, and another opportunity offers for my quitting with honor a service in which I have been able to acquire so little.

When length of service, an unimpeached character, and a forwardness to serve in a quarter where success was despaired of, is rewarded by *neglect*, we have reason to complain. But, sir, there was no occasion to add insult. I considered myself sufficiently affronted by being obliged to wait eight months for a commission. Congress needed not to wound my feelings further by sending me at length a commission, dated three months later than the time of my entering upon the service for which it was given.

I should have less reason to complain, did I not know that officers of the northern army, inferior in rank to myself, have been advanced and commissioned without the least difficulty. This prevents the hurry of business being alledged as an excuse for such treatment.

If I have committed any crime, or neglected any duty, since I engaged in the service of my country; if I have performed any action, or spoken a word in my public character, unworthy of my rank, let me be tried by my comrades and broke; but I must not be thought so destitute of feeling as to bear degradation tamely.

From this day, therefore, I lay aside my cockade and sword, with the fixed determination never to resume them until I can do it with honor.

Thus, sir, I have given you the grounds of my conduct, and shall esteem it a favor if you will make use of this letter to justify me against any improper reflections which may be cast upon my character and conduct.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

To the above letter I received the following answer.

Philadelphia, March 22d, 1777.

Col. JOHN TRUMBULL,

. SIR—I wrote you a few lines by Mr. Bates, in regard to your manner of returning your commission. I was not

then aware of some circumstances attending your appointment, which have, upon this occasion, been since canvassed.

I shall not accurately enter upon a discussion of the propriety or impropriety of your resignation, but shall only, as an affectionate friend, give you this early intelligence of a number of facts, which will enable you to make a final determination of the matter.

The commissions of several, enclosed in letters of less apparent resentment than yours, had been readily admitted for resignation. Some cutting resolutions had been made upon the insolent passages of the late letters of *****, especially upon those parts which called for stigmas upon you or your brother. Immediately your letter is opened, and by your friends committed, instead of the resignation being instantly accepted, a favorable report was made, but overruled by a motion to postpone the consideration. Upon this General Gates sent in a recommendatory letter, explaining the circumstances of your appointment. But this would not do. Congress is greatly piqued at the style and manner of your demand, in a case which will now appear to you in the line of favor, and not of strict right.

You are to know, that General Gates's power was in Canada, so that your appointment, before his entrance there, was not strictly proper. Whether your first commission was dated after any formal debate upon the point I cannot say, but that and your late one were of one date, founded on your nomination in Congress I suppose.

Every member is entirely willing to accord you a commission agreeable to the date you expect, but they are determined to lose even your acknowledged abilities, if they do not receive a different request from that now before them.

You were certainly unacquainted with the criticisms which may take place as to Gen. Gates's power of appointment out of Canada. You were also unacquainted with the provocations which have been given to Congress for attention to the style of their officers, prior to the receipt of yours. Gen. Gates is attached to you—the Congress admit your merit—and while they are disposed to give you a rank which shall save you from all appearance of demerit, they think that you yourself will judge the commission more valuable for proceeding from a body attentive to their own honor.

No time will be lost by this accident, if you determine to procure the commission by the method which I shall take the freedom to point out, because you may go on to act from certainty to receive it by the first opportunity after your letter shall arrive here.

To the Hon. JOHN HANCOCK, Esq., &c. &c.

SIR—Since I addressed a letter to your honor from Providence, enclosing my commission, I have been led to find that I was mistaken in the apprehension that my appointment to the office of deputy adjutant general on the 28th of June, (from which time I have acted,) was so much in the usual manner, as to render the commission bearing an after date a decisive degradation, when compared with the usual practice. But the same desire of serving my country in the most effectual manner, which has governed my actions in the whole course of my adjutancy, since the day of my first appointment, leads me to be anxious that I may not be under any appearance of disgrace from any circumstance in the date of my commission, as this would lessen my most vigorous exertions; therefore, I entreat that your honor would move the honorable Con-

gress to favor me with a commission consonant in date to my appointment by Gen. Gates. Assuring them of my zeal for the service of the United States, and of my highest respect for their body, I am, &c. &c.

I do not affect to point out a verbal model for you ; it is the tenor only ; with something similar you may be sure of an instant compliance here. The delay therefore depends on yourself ; I hope you will make none,

And am, &c. &c. J. LOVELL.

To this I returned the following answer.

Lebanon, March 30th, 1777.

To the Hon. JAMES LOVELL, Esq., &c. &c.

SIR—I was yesterday honored by the receipt of your letter of the 22d inst. and have considered its contents.

I acknowledge the kind intentions of my friends in having my former letter committed, and shall remember the service they meant to do me with gratitude ; but I designed to have my resignation accepted, nor can I consent to the method which they propose of regaining the post which I have quitted.

It is perhaps true that my appointment by Gen. Gates was not *strictly* proper ; but, he could not be the less a judge of military merit, from being by mere accident deprived of the command which he expected ; and as the office in question in the northern army was vacant, and no rival to my pretensions offered, had I not good ground to expect that his recommendation would still be attended to ? and was it not a compliment justly due to him, when Gen. Schuyler, our proper commanding officer, not only made no objection to my appointment, but even wrote in my favor ?

It had ever been the custom of the army, to date commissions from the day on which the offices were entered upon by the appointment or recommendation of the general; and I had no reason to expect that I should be the person in whom the innovation was to commence.

Though my appointment may not have been *strictly* valid, yet from former practice in similar cases, my authority and rank had been admitted; and to sink under the command of men whose superior in rank I had been acknowledged, though perhaps not established, tasted indeed too loathsome of degradation.

I can see nothing in my former letters at which the honorable Congress can, with propriety, take umbrage. There is not in either of them, a sentiment or a word of disrespect to them; there is not a sentiment or word which I wish altered. They are written with freedom—a freedom which it would illy become the representatives of a free state to discourage. Neither can I suppose that any preceding insolence of other men, can influence so wise a body as the Congress in forming their judgment of me, or (when it is seen that there is no expression of designed insult or disrespect in what I wrote) that I shall be condemned for the sins of others.

I have never asked any office in the public service, nor will I ever; the very request would acknowledge and prove my unworthiness. If my services have not rendered me deserving of the notice of my country; if the manner in which I discharged the duties of the office which I have resigned, did not entitle me to the commission with which I expected to have been gratified,—surely my request cannot, and it is well that I have ceased to serve.

I forbear to say any thing further upon a subject now of perfect indifference to me, and will only add my sincere thanks to you and my other honorable friends in Congress, for having interested themselves in my behalf on this occasion. At the same time I regret that by this means the appointment of a necessary officer has been delayed; *since I cannot ask*, and therefore do not expect, the return of my commission. I am, &c. &c.

The "line by Mr. Bates" referred to in the foregoing letter from Mr. Lovell, did not come to my hands until that had been received and answered. The difference of style deserves to be remarked, and it would puzzle a wise man to account for it, except by a whimsical sickness of pride, which we would not willingly have supposed, could have influenced so respectable and wise a body as Congress were believed to be at that early day.

A copy of that letter follows.

Philadelphia, March 16th, 1777.

Col. JOHN TRUMBULL,

MY DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 22d of February, and though aware of the manly sensibility which governed you on the late occasion, yet I am sorry that any accident should have given you this particular occasion of showing yourself a man of spirited honor.

Your character is unblemished in the opinion of those who should have forwarded your commission; therefore I have attributed past omissions on their part to accident—I cannot think of design—in what has happened.

I showed your letter to Gen. Gates, who had before made the most honorable mention of you to me. He will not do without you; therefore, if the proper altera-

tion of date is made, I will not think you can obstinately disappoint *his* hopes, to say nothing of mine.

Perhaps before I put a wafer to this, I may have a word or two more to say on this subject. I took up my pen to prevent missing an opportunity, through the haste of the bearer, of assuring you of the esteem of, &c. &c.

J. LOVELL.

In explanation of this singular correspondence, it is proper that I should add the following anecdote.

While I was in General Washington's family, in 1775, Mr. Hancock made a passing visit to the general, and observing me, he enquired of Mr. Mifflin who I was, and when told that I was his fellow aid-du-camp, and son of Gov. Trumbull, he made the unworthy observation, that "*that family was well provided for.*" Mr. Mifflin did not tell me this until after he (Mr. Hancock) had left headquarters, but then observed that he deserved to be called to an account for it. I answered, "No, he is right; my father and his three sons are doubtless well provided for; we are secure of four halts, if we do not succeed." Gen. Gates was intimate with Mifflin and knew this anecdote at the time, and probably had mentioned it to Mr. Lovell, as indicative of a spirit of ill will to my father and his family which might have caused the delay and neglect in forwarding my commission, and hence probably the apologetic paragraph in the letter "by Mr. Bates."

CHAPTER IV.

Age, 21 to 24—1777 to 1780—3 years.

Return to Lebanon, and to painting; after some time to Boston—Hire the painting room built by Mr. Smibert—In it find some of his works, of great use—No one in Boston capable of giving me instruction, Mr. Copley being gone to Europe—Club of young gentlemen recently from Harvard—Anecdote of Dr. Korant, an ex-Jesuit from South America—In 1778, plan for recovering possession of Rhode Island, by a combined attack by a French fleet under the Count D'Estaing, and an army commanded by Gen. Sullivan—Offer my services to the general as a volunteer aid-du-camp—Result of the well planned effort—Successful retreat from the island, very highly honorable to Gen. Sullivan—Return to Boston, fatigued and ill—Visit from Gov. Hancock, in the highest degree gratifying—Resume the pencil—Friends dissatisfied with my pursuit—Finally succeed in persuading me to undertake a voyage to Europe, and the conduct of a mercantile speculation, which (on paper) promised a splendid result—Acquaintance in Boston with Mr., afterwards Sir John Temple, who undertook to procure for me permission from the British government, to reside in London for the purpose of studying painting under Mr. West—Succeeded, and before I sailed announced to me his success.

List of drawings and paintings executed in America, before I had received any instructions.

THUS ended my regular military service, to my deep regret, for my mind was at this time full of lofty military aspirations.

I returned to Lebanon, resumed my pencil, and after some time went to Boston, where I thought I could pursue my studies to more advantage. There I hired the room which had been built by Mr. Smibert, the patriarch of painting in America, and found in it several copies by him from celebrated pictures in Europe, which were very

useful to me, especially a copy from Vandyck's celebrated head of Cardinal Bentivoglio,—one from the continence of Scipio, by Nicolo Poussin, and one which I afterwards learned to be from the Madonna della Sedia by Raphael. Mr. Copley was gone to Europe, and there remained in Boston no artist from whom I could gain oral instruction ; but these copies supplied the place, and I made some progress.

At this period, 1777–8, a club was formed in Boston of young men fresh from college, among whose members were Rufus King, Christopher Gore, William Eustis, Royal Tyler, Thomas Dawes, Aaron Dexter, &c. &c.,—men who in after life became distinguished. The club generally met in my room, regaled themselves with a cup of tea instead of wine, and discussed subjects of literature, politics and war. About this time arrived in Boston from South America a singular person, who announced himself as Dr. Korant ; his complexion was unusually dark, countenance serious, manners monastic, but evidently a man of extensive learning, speaking several modern languages fluently—English tolerably, Spanish in perfection. The society of the Jesuits had been recently suppressed, and the general impression was, that Dr. Korant was an ex-Jesuit. The club thought that the society of such a man was worth courting, and he was invited to our meetings. After we had become acquainted, one of our members asked the doctor what he thought of our political state. “Gentlemen, you are all lately from college, and of course “you remember the Latin adage—*Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*. I have always admired that proverb ; for if “at any time the thunderbolt of Jove seemed to menace “me, I would retire to a great distance and be safe ; but “you seem to have in every town and village, a number

“of little Joves, each armed with a little thunderbolt, (committee of safety,) which though less terrible than the bolt of imperial Jove, are each of them sufficient to destroy the peace and happiness of an individual, and so numerous, and planted over all the country, that there is no possibility of escape. I do not like that.”

The war was a period little favorable to regular study and deliberate pursuits; mine were often desultory. A deep and settled regret of the military career from which I had been driven, and to which there appeared to be no possibility of an honorable return, preyed upon my spirits; and the sound of a drum frequently called an involuntary tear to my eye.

In the year 1778, a plan was formed for the recovery of Rhode Island from the hands of the British, by the coöperation of a French fleet of twelve sail of the line, commanded by the Count D’Estaing, and a body of American troops, commanded by General Sullivan. The fleet arrived off New York early in July, and in August sailed for Rhode Island. I seized this occasion to gratify my slumbering love of military life, and offered my services to General Sullivan, as a volunteer aid-du-camp. My offer was accepted, and I attended him during the enterprise.

The French fleet, which had passed Newport, and lay at anchor above the town, were drawn off from their well selected station by a clever manœuvre of Lord Howe, the very day after the American army had landed on the island. The two fleets came to a partial action off the capes of the Chesapeake, in which they were separated by a severe gale of wind; the French, more damaged by the tempest than by the enemy, put into Boston to refit, and General Sullivan was left to pursue the enterprise

with the army alone. The enemy shut themselves up in Newport, while he advanced to the town in admirable order, and the place was invested in form.

It soon became evident that the attempt was vain, so long as the enemy could receive supplies and reinforcements by water, unmolested; so soon as it was ascertained that the French fleet would not resume its station, the enterprise was abandoned—on the night between the 28th and 29th of August, the army was withdrawn, and reoccupied their former position on Butts' Hill, near Howland's ferry, at the north end of the island.

Soon after daybreak the next morning, the rear-guard, commanded by that excellent officer, Col. Wigglesworth, was attacked on Quaker, otherwise called Windmill Hill; and Gen. Sullivan, wishing to avoid a serious action on that ground, sent me with orders to the commanding officer to withdraw the guard. In performing this duty, I had to mount the hill by a broad smooth road, more than a mile in length from the foot to the summit, where was the scene of the conflict, which, though an easy ascent, was yet too steep for a trot or a gallop. It was necessary to ride at a leisurely pace, for I saw before me a hard day's work for my horse, and was unwilling to fatigue him.

Nothing can be more trying to the nerves, than to advance thus deliberately and alone into danger. At first, I saw a round shot or two drop near me and pass bounding on. Presently I met poor Col. Tousard, who had just lost one arm, blown off by the discharge of a field piece, for the possession of which there was an ardent struggle. He was led off by a small party. Soon after, I saw Capt. Walker, of H. Jackson's regiment, who had received a musket ball through his body, mounted behind

a person on horseback. He bid me a melancholy farewell, and died before night. Next, grape shot began to sprinkle around me, and soon after musket balls fell in my path like hailstones. This was not to be borne,—I spurred on my horse to the summit of the hill, and found myself in the midst of the *melée*. “Don’t say a word, “Trumbull,” cried the gallant commander, “I know your errand; but don’t speak; we will beat them in a moment.” “Col. Wigglesworth, do you see those troops crossing obliquely from the west road towards your rear?” “Yes, they are Americans, coming to our support.” “No, sir, those are Germans; mark, their dress is blue and *yellow*, not buff; they are moving to fall into your rear, and intercept your retreat. Retire instantly—don’t lose a moment, or you will be cut off.” The gallant man obeyed reluctantly, and withdrew the guard in fine style, slowly but safely. (See letter of General Mattoon in the Appendix.)

As I rode back to the main body on Butts’ Hill, I fell in with a party of soldiers bearing a wounded officer on a litter, whom I found to be my friend, H. Sherburne, brother of Mrs. John Langdon of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a fellow volunteer. They were carrying him to the surgeons in the rear, to have his leg amputated. He had just been wounded by a random ball while sitting at breakfast. This was a source of lasting mortification, as he told me afterwards,—“If this had happened to me in the field, in active duty, the loss of a leg might be borne, but to be condemned through all future life to say I lost my leg under the breakfast table, is too bad.” Mr. Rufus King was acting that day as a volunteer aid-du-camp to General Glover, whose quarters were in a house at the foot and east of Quaker Hill, distant from

the contested position of the rear-guard a long mile. The general and the officers who composed his family were seated at breakfast, their horses standing saddled at the door. The firing on the height of the hill became heavy and incessant, when the general directed Mr. King to mount and see what and where the firing was. He quitted the table, poor Sherburne took his chair, and was hardly seated, when a spent cannon ball from the scene of action bounded in at the open window, fell upon the floor, rolled to its destination, the ankle of Sherburne, and crushed all the bones of his foot. Surely there is a providence which controls the events of human life, and which withdrew Mr. King from this misfortune.

Soon after this, as I was carrying an important order, the wind, which had risen with the sun, blew off my hat. It was not a time to dismount for a hat. I therefore tied a white handkerchief round my head, and as I did not recover my hat until evening, I formed, the rest of the day, the most conspicuous mark that ever was seen on the field—mounted on a superb bay horse, in a summer dress of nankeen—with this head-dress, duty led me to every point where danger was to be found, and I escaped without the slightest injury. It becomes me to say with the Psalmist, "I thank thee, Oh thou Most High, for thou hast covered my head in the day of 'battle!'" For never was aid-du-camp exposed to more danger than I was during that entire day, from daylight to dusk.

The day was passed in skirmishing, and towards evening a body of the enemy (Germans) had pushed our right wing, and advanced so far as to endanger themselves. I was ordered to take Gen. Lovell's brigade of Massachusetts militia, and aid in repulsing them; this brigade was

very much weakened by the withdrawal of many officers and men, in consequence of the army having been left by the French fleet. For this reason I drew up the brigade in line, and disregarding their original distinctions of regiments and companies, told them off into ten divisions; assigned their officers among them, wheeled them off into column, and advanced toward the scene of action, intending to pass beyond the enemy's flank, and to attack his rear. As we advanced, the noise of the conflict seemed to retire, until we approached a small wood skirting the open fields, which lay in the direction of our march. This wood was occupied by a party of the enemy, whom it concealed from our view, while the fire which they opened upon us as we advanced, marked their position. As was common they fired too high, and their shot passed over our heads, doing no harm. In front of the wood, at a distance of thirty or forty yards, ran a strong stone fence, such as are common in Rhode Island. Generally, on such an occasion, this fence would have been made use of as a breastwork to protect us from the enemy's fire; but as my men had hitherto kept their order perfectly, and seemed to be in no degree disconcerted by the sound of the balls, which whistled over their heads, (perhaps they did not understand it,) I became elated with the hope of doing something uncommon, and therefore determined not to make use of this wall for defense, but to attack. For this purpose it was necessary to remove such an obstacle, for in attempting to climb over it all order would infallibly be lost. I therefore moved on until the front division of the column was within ten yards of the wall, and then gave the word of command as if on parade, "Column, halt—leading division, "ground your arms—step forward, comrades, and level

“this fence, it stands in our way—quick, quick!” The order was obeyed with precision; the fence was leveled in an instant, and we resumed our forward march without having a man hurt. From that moment the firing from the wood ceased, and we could find no enemy; they had been already engaged with, and overmatched by other troops, before we approached, and when they saw our cool manœuvre, they probably mistook us for veterans coming to the rescue, and prudently withdrew.

Still I hoped to be able to strike an important blow, and requested General Lovell to incline his march to the right, (by which means his movement would be screened from the view of the enemy by the form of the ground,) to move slowly and carefully, and to keep the men together in their actual order. I rode forward to reconnoitre and ascertain the position of the enemy. As I rose the crest of the hill, I saw the German troops, who had just been repulsed, in evident disorder, endeavoring to re-form their line, but fatigued, disconcerted and vacillating. I thought it a glorious moment, and hurried back to my brave column with the intention of leading it (under cover of the ground) into the rear of the enemy's flank. Judge of my vexation, when I found my men, not in slow motion and good order, as I had directed, but halted behind another strong fence, dispersed, without the shadow of order, their arms grounded, or leaning against the fence, exulting in their good conduct and success in having made the enemy run. I was cruelly disappointed; but as the success of the blow which I had meditated depended entirely upon rapidity of movement, and much time must be wasted before we could recover our original order and be prepared to move, I gave up my projected attack, and returned to make my report to my general.

The next day the army kept their ground on Butts' Hill, collected our wounded, buried the dead, and while we made a show of intending to maintain our position, were really busied in preparing for a retreat, which was effected during the following night, by transporting the whole in boats, across Howland's ferry to Tiverton, without the loss of a man, or of the smallest article of stores.

The entire conduct of this expedition, and of this retreat, (as well as of that from Canada,) was in the highest degree honorable to General Sullivan.

As soon as we had left the island, I took leave of my general, sent my servant back to Lebanon, with a descriptive letter to my father, a drawing of the field, and the sword which I had taken from its owner, a German sub-officer, my trophy of the action; and then took my own course to Boston, where I arrived on the second day, with strong symptoms of severe indisposition. Excitement of mind and fatigue of body had quite overpowered and prostrated my strength; I immediately took some cooling medicine and went to bed. Before I rose next morning, a visit from Governor Hancock was announced. He followed the servant to my bedside, and with great kindness insisted that I should be removed to his house immediately, where, if my illness should become serious, I could be more carefully attended than was possible in a boarding-house. I made light of my illness, and with many thanks declined his pressing invitation. But it was a proud and consoling reflection, that he who had been president of Congress at the time of my resignation, and who had both signed and forwarded the misdated commission which had driven me from the service, had now witnessed my military conduct, and seen that I was not a man *to ask*, but *to earn* distinction.

I soon recovered, and resumed the pencil, pursuing the study of painting with great assiduity during the following year. My friends, however, were not satisfied with my pursuit, and at length succeeded in persuading me to undertake the management of a considerable speculation, which required a voyage to Europe, and promised (upon paper) great results. They were to furnish funds, I to execute the plan, and share with them the expected profits. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1779, I gave up my studies in Boston, and returned to my father's house in Lebanon, to prepare for the voyage.

During this residence in Boston, I became acquainted with Mr. Temple, afterwards Sir John, and consul general of Great Britain in New York. He was married in Boston to a daughter of Gov. Bowdoin, and had also high connexions in England. He seemed to be regarded by both parties as a neutral person, and was occasionally permitted to pass from one to the other. He was acquainted with Mr. West in London, and strongly urged me to go there and study with him. Connected as I was, and personally hostile as my conduct had been, I did not believe that this could be done with safety, during the war; but Mr. Temple was confident, that through the influence of his friends in London, he could obtain permission for me from the British government. He soon after went to London, and before I was ready to embark on my commercial pursuit, I received information from him, that he had seen Lord George Germaine, the British secretary of state—had represented to him my wish to study painting under Mr. West—had explained my connexions, my past military pursuits, &c., concealing nothing—and had received for answer, “that if I chose to visit “London for the purpose of studying the fine arts, no

“notice would be taken by the government of my past
“life; but that I must remember that the eye of precau-
“tion would be constantly upon me, and I must therefore
“avoid the smallest indiscretion,—but that so long as I
“avoided all political intervention, and pursued the study
“of the arts with assiduity, I might rely upon being
“unmolested.”

Thus, in the event of failure of my mercantile project, the road was open for pursuing my study of the arts, with increased advantages.

The following is a list of drawings and pictures executed before my first voyage to Europe, and before I had received any instruction other than was obtained from books.

1. A head of General Wolfe, from an engraving in the Gentleman's Magazine.
2. Fire-works in London, on the occasion of the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748; copied in Indian ink, from an engraving, A. D. 1770, ætat. 14.
3. View of part of the city of Rome.
4. The Virginia water, in Windsor Park.
5. The Crucifixion of our Savior.
6. The family arms—first attempt in oil colors—age 15.
7. Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, &c., Palmyra, from an engraving in the Gentleman's Magazine; given to Master Tisdale.—The preceding were done at Lebanon, before going to college.
8. The Crucifixion, in water colors, from a print by Rubens.
9. Portrait of Dr. and President Holyoke, from one of Mr. Copley's pictures; given to Mrs. Kneeland, his daughter.
- 10 to 15. Six small portraits of eminent men, Newton, Locke, &c. &c.; given to Mr. Isaiah Doane.
16. Britannia, in Indian ink; given to Theo. Parsons.

17. Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, small, water colors, on vellum ; copied from the Italian picture in the philosophical lecture room, and given to Professor Winthrop.

18. The same in oil, size of the original.

19. Miniature of Rubens ; given to Mr. F. Borland.

20. Abraham's servant meeting Rebekah at the well, surrounded by her damsels ; copied in oil from an engraving after the picture by Noel Coypel, in the library of Harvard College, same size as the engraving ; in possession of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford.—These at Cambridge.

21. Death of Paulus Emilius at the battle of Cannæ, my first attempt at composition, many figures ; done at Lebanon in oil, 1774, age 18 ; now in the Gallery at New Haven.

22. Portraits of my father and mother, heads in oval spaces, surrounded by ornamental work, from Houbraken's heads—Justice and Piety, &c. ; in possession of Professor Silliman.

23. Brutus condemning his Sons—original design, at Lebanon, 1777 ; given to my eldest brother—perhaps at Windham, in the possession of the relatives of his wife, Miss Dyer.

24. Portrait of my brother David, a small whole length, standing in a landscape, 1777 ; in possession of his widow at Lebanon.

25. Crucifixion, a small single figure.

26. Head of myself, half size ; given to my sister, the late Mrs. Williams.

27. Portrait of Maj. Gen. Jabez Huntington of the militia, whole length, half size of life, 1777 ; possession of his family.

28. Portraits of my brother Jonathan, his wife and daughter—group, heads size of life, 1777 ; in possession of Professor Silliman.

29. Portrait of myself, head size of life.

30. Brutus and his friends, at the death of Lucretia—half length, reversed ; copied in part from a print after Gavin Hamilton, partly original, 1777 ; in possession of Peter Lanman, Esq., Norwich.

31. Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son, on a half length cloth ; in possession of Joseph Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford.

32. Portrait of Elisha Williams, head the size of life.
33. Portraits of my parents—group, size of life, on a half length cloth reversed; my father dressed in a blue damask night gown; in possession of Joseph Trumbull, Esq., Hartford.
34. Portrait of Major Roger Alden, small head—not bad.
35. Portrait of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Amelia Trumbull, widow of my eldest and favorite brother.
36. Portrait of Jabez Huntington, Jr.—These at Lebanon.
37. Head of Cardinal Bentivoglio; copied from Smibert's copy of Vandyck's celebrated portrait in the Florence Gallery.
38. Heads of two boys, (Charles and James 2d,) copied from Smibert's copy of Vandyck's beautiful picture.
39. Head of Dr. Franklin—a fur cap—from a French print.
40. Head of James Wilkinson, small.
41. Head of Mr. Edward Gray, size of life.
42. Head of Mrs. Edward Gray, size of life.
43. Head of Mr. Cutler, small.
44. A Nun by candlelight; copy.
45. The Continnence of Scipio; copied, with essential variations, from Mr. Smibert's copy of N. Poussin; at Mr. Wadsworth's, Hartford, in perfect preservation.
46. St. Paul preaching at Athens; a drawing in Indian ink.
47. Half length portrait of Washington; copy from Peale.
48. Landscape, from a print after Salvator Rosa; in possession of Joseph Trumbull, at Hartford.
49. Head of Rubens, } copied from pictures in possession of
50. Head of Vandyck, } Gov. Hancock.
51. Portrait of Mr. Ben. Call,—head size of life.
52. Portrait of my eldest brother Joseph, *from memory*, after his death; half length, size of life.—These at Boston.
53. Col. Wm. Williams, } heads.
54. Mrs. Williams, my sister, }
55. A Monk at his Devotion, by lamplight; copy.
56. Copy of 52, for his widow, my sister-in-law.
57. Gen. Washington, half length, from memory.
58. A Madonna; copy.—These at Lebanon, 1778.

CHAPTER V.

Age, 24 to 25—1780 to 1781—1 year.

Embark at New London for Europe, in May, 1780, on board a French ship bound to Nantes in France—Arrive on the coast—Enter the Loire—Journey up that beautiful river to Paris—Meet bad news, fatal to my commercial speculation—Stay in Paris short—Know Dr. Franklin and his grandson Temple, Mr. Adams, Senr., and his son John Quincy, Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver, and his lady, Mrs. Strange—Resolved to proceed to London and study under Mr. West—Procure a letter to him from Dr. Franklin—Set off for London through France and Flanders—Arrived—Delivered my letter and was very kindly received—Copied at his house the *Madonna della Sedia* of Raphael—Was commended and encouraged to pursue the study—Commenced a copy of the *St. Jerome* by Correggio at Parma—Interrupted—News arrives of the death of Major Andre—Arrested on the charge of high treason as a *pendant* for him—Conveyed to prison—Examined—Committed to the prison called Tothill-fields Bridewell—Very civilly treated, but carefully guarded.

I EMBARKED at New London about the middle of May, 1780, on board a French ship (*La Negresse*) of twenty-eight guns, bound to Nantes. She was an armed merchant ship from Hispaniola, which had been driven into New London by stress of weather, and having repaired her damages, now sailed for her original destination, having on board a valuable cargo of sugar and coffee. The Trumbull frigate got under weigh with her, and kept company for three days, until she was clear of the coast, and out of the usual track of the English cruisers. I had one fellow passenger, Major Tyler of Boston, who like myself had been an officer in the American army, and took this voyage for the purpose of settling some mercantile concern of his father, who was lately dead.

Our passage was pleasant; we met neither enemy nor accident, and in about five weeks saw the coast of Europe. As we approached, a lofty wall of rock rose before us, and the officers of the ship (who did not know the coast) were extremely anxious until we got a pilot on board. He steered directly for the reef, which was tremendous, and appeared to have no opening; an opening there was, however, for which the pilot directed our course, and which we at length saw, in appearance not wider than the ship. The officers, crew and passengers were breathless as we approached the reef, the rocks composing which were, in parts, as high as the ship's masts, and on which the waves of the Atlantic beat with fury. With the swiftness of an arrow, the ship shot through the opening, which as we passed, did not appear to be much wider than her main studding-sail booms; and in an instant we found ourselves in an extensive basin, calm as a mill-pond; it was a part of Quiberon bay. The old pilot turned proudly to the captain, and said, "*Mon capitaine, vous voilà en sûreté; les Anglois ne vous trouvent jamais ici.*" (Captain, here you are safe; the English will never find you here.)

As we stood across the bay towards the entrance of the beautiful Loire, and approached the land, I was very much struck with the total dissimilitude to the shores of America; there all is new, here all things bore marks of age; the coast was lofty, the very rocks looked old; and the first distinct object, was an extensive convent, whose heavy walls of stone seemed gray with age, and were surrounded by a noble grove of chestnut trees, apparently coeval with the building. We soon entered the river, and the next day we landed at Nantes. Here all was indeed new—a city built with white stone—some

imposing remains of ancient Roman architecture—a seaport of great bustle and activity—and a people whose appearance, manners and language, were entirely strange. I had flattered myself that I knew something of the French language, but I here found that the language of books and of educated people was not that of the market, or the port, especially at Nantes, where all partook largely of the *patois* of Brittany. Mr. Tyler and myself remained here two or three days only, and then set off in company for Paris *en poste*. He knew not a word of the language, and I had the sole management of the journey, which lay upon the beautiful banks of the Loire, and led us through Angers, Tours, Blois and Orleans, to Paris. Here bad news met us. Charleston in South Carolina was taken, and the British were overrunning the southern states, almost without opposition.

This news was a *coup de grace* to my commercial project, for my funds consisted in public securities of Congress, the value of which was annihilated by adversity. The study of the arts remained as a last resort, and I resolved to go to London, and there wait a possible change. I therefore remained but a short time in Paris, where I knew few except Dr. Franklin, and his grandson, Temple Franklin; John Adams, and his son, John Q., then a boy at school, of fourteen; and Mr. Strange, the eminent engraver, and his lady. As I was sitting one morning with Mrs. Strange, a fashionable old French lady came in to make her a visit. She was splendidly dressed, but her face was very brown and wrinkled, with a spot of bright red paint, about the size of a dollar, on the centre of each cheek, then the indispensable mark of a married lady. With difficulty I suppressed the desire to laugh, which convulsed me; Mrs. S. observed it, and

when her visitor was gone, gravely asked me what so much amused me. "My dear madam, to see how very "strangely extremes meet. In my own country, I have "often seen a squaw, dressed in finery—old, dusky, "wrinkled—with a dab of pure vermillion on each cheek, "and little thought that the poor old savage was dressed "in the height of Parisian fashion."

Having obtained from Dr. Franklin a line of introduction to Mr. West, I set off for London, travelling through Peronne, Cambray, Lisle, &c. to Ostend, and there embarked for Deal, (which was then the regular packet communication between England and the continent.) Arrived in London, I took lodgings near the Adelphi, and sent immediate notice of my arrival to my friend Mr. Temple, whose address I knew; by him the secretary of state was informed of my residence. The next morning information to the same effect was lodged at the secretary's office, by a committee of American loyalists, who thought they were doing the state some service; but they received the incomprehensible rebuke, "You are late, gentlemen; "Mr. Trumbull arrived yesterday at three o'clock, and "I knew it at four. My eye is upon him, but I must "observe to you, that so long as he shall attend closely "to the object of his pursuit, it is not the intention of "government that he shall be interrupted."

I presented the letter of Dr. Franklin to Mr. West, and of course was most kindly received. His first question was, whether I had brought with me any specimen of my work, by which he could judge of my talent, and the progress I had made; and when I answered that I had not, he said, "Then look around the room, and see if "there is any thing which you would like to copy." I did so, and from the many which adorned his painting-

room, I selected a beautiful small round picture of a mother and two children. Mr. West looked keenly at me, and asked, "Do you know what you have chosen?" "No, sir." "That, Mr. Trumbull, is called the Madonna della Sedia, the Madonna of the chair, one of the most admired works of Raphael; the selection of such a work is a good omen; in an adjoining room I will introduce you to a young countryman of ours who is studying with me—he will shew you where to find the necessary colors, tools, &c., and you will make your copy in the same room." Here began my acquaintance with Mr. Stuart, who was afterwards so celebrated for his admirable portraits. With his assistance I prepared my materials, and proceeded to my work. When Mr. West afterwards came into the room, to see how I went on, he found me commencing my outline without the usual aid of squares. "Do you expect to get a correct outline by your eye only?" "Yes, sir; at least I mean to try." "I wish you success." His curiosity was excited, and he made a visit daily, to mark my progress, but forbore to offer me any advice or instruction. When the copy was finished, and he had carefully examined and compared it, he said, "Mr. Trumbull, I have now no hesitation to say that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities; nothing more is necessary, but careful and assiduous cultivation." With this stimulant, I devoted myself assiduously to the study of the art, allowing little time to make myself acquainted with the curiosities and amusements of the city.

At the close of Mr. West's residence in Italy, in 1762, he stopped at Parma long enough to make a small copy of the celebrated picture by Correggio, called the St. Jerome of Parma, which is universally regarded as one

of the three most perfect works of art in existence. I have since seen several copies, by eminent men; one by Annibal Caracci, in the collection of the marquis of Stafford; another by Mengs, in the possession of the widow of the well known Mr. Webb, at Bath; and in 1797, I saw the original in the Louvre at Paris, and have no hesitation to give it as my opinion, that Mr. West's copy approaches much nearer to the exquisite delicacy of expression and harmony of clair-obscur of the original, than any other I have seen. I cannot compare the color, for when I saw the original it was in a room adjoining the gallery of the Louvre, under the hands of some mender of pictures, who deserves to be flayed alive for the butchery which he was inflicting upon this exquisite work. He had cleaned the body of the infant, and whole centre of the picture, till all the original surface color was taken away, and nothing was left but the dead coloring of blue-black and white; so that whatever may be its present appearance, it certainly is no longer the hand of Correggio, but of the cleaner. This picture early attracted my attention, but the number of figures and complexity of the composition deterred me from attempting to copy it; after having finished my Madonna, I resolved to attempt it, and with the approbation of my master, I commenced,—again without squares, and trusting to my eye alone. I had not advanced far, when an event occurred, which had well nigh put an end to my pursuit of the arts forever.

On the 15th of November, 1780, news arrived in London of the treason of Gen. Arnold, and the death of Major André. The loyalists, who had carefully watched my conduct from the day of my arrival, now thought themselves certain of putting an end to my unintelligible secu-

rity and protection. Mr. André had been the deputy adjutant general of the British army, and I a deputy adjutant general in the American, and it seemed to them that I should make a perfect *pendant*. They however took their measures with great adroitness and prudence, and without mentioning my name, information was by them lodged at the office of the secretary of state, that there was actually in London (doubtless in the character of a spy) an officer of rank of the rebel army, a very plausible and dangerous man, Major Tyler. In the very natural irritation of the moment, a warrant was instantly issued for his arrest. This warrant was placed in the hands of Mr. Bond of the police, and the additional instruction was given to him by the *under* secretary, Sir Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, (himself an American loyalist,) that "in the same house with the person who is "named in this warrant, lodges another American, who "there are strong reasons for believing to be the most "dangerous man of the two,—although his name is not "inserted in the warrant, you will not however fail, Mr. "Bond, to secure Mr. Trumbull's person and papers for "examination, as well as Major Tyler." This took place on Saturday. On Sunday, Winslow Warren of Plymouth, who was a somewhat amphibious character, and withal young, handsome and giddy, dined at Kensington with a party of loyalist gentlemen from Boston, when the arrest of Mr. Tyler for high treason, and his probable fate, became a subject of conversation at dinner. Tyler and Warren, from similarity of character, had become companions in the gaieties of London, and the moment Warren learned the danger of his friend, he excused himself from sitting after dinner to wine, by pretending an engagement to take tea with some ladies at the east end of the

city; and knowing where Tyler was engaged to dine, he drove with all haste, found him, and warned him of his danger. Of course he did not return to his lodgings, but prudently and safely made his escape to the continent. In the mean time, a few minutes after Tyler went out on Sunday morning, a party of the police were stationed in an opposite ale-house, to watch for him. I knew nothing of what was thus passing around me, and went out and returned several times during the day. In the evening I drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Channing of Georgia, and did not return home until past eleven o'clock; I found the mistress of the house sitting up, waiting for us; I asked for Tyler, and was answered that he was not yet come in. Soon after, we were startled by a loud knock at the door, and the servant came in to say, that it was a well dressed gentleman, who enquired for Mr. Tyler. "Aye," said I, "some of his merry companions, for another frolic." Some time after, the knock was repeated, and the servant announced that the same gentleman had enquired again for Mr. Tyler, and on being told that he was not yet come in, desired to see me. On entering the passage, I saw a very respectable looking, middle aged man, and requested him to walk into the parlor. He began with saying, "I am very sorry that Mr. Tyler is not at home, as I have business of importance with him; in short, sir, I have a warrant to arrest him." I replied, "that I had for some time been apprehensive that he was spending more money than he could afford." "You misunderstand me; I have a warrant to arrest the Major, not for debt, but for high treason; and, my orders are, at the same time, to secure your person and papers, Mr. Trumbull, for examination." A thunderbolt falling at my feet, would not have been

more astounding, for conscious of having done nothing politically wrong, I had become as confident of safety in London, as I should have been in Lebanon. For a few moments I was perfectly disconcerted, and must have looked very like a guilty man. I saw, in all its force, the folly and the audacity of having placed myself at ease in the lion's den; but by degrees, I recovered my self-possession, and conversed with Mr. Bond, who waited for the return of Mr. Tyler until past one o'clock. He then asked for my papers, put them carefully under cover, which he sealed, and desired me also to seal; having done this, he conducted me to a *lock-up house*, the Brown Bear in Drury Lane, opposite to the (then) police office. Here I was locked into a room, in which was a bed, and a strong well armed officer, for the companion of my night's meditations or rest. The windows, as well as door, were strongly secured by iron bars and bolts, and seeing no possible means of making my retreat, I yielded to my fate, threw myself upon the bed, and endeavored to rest.

At eleven o'clock next morning, I was guarded across the street, through a crowd of curious idlers, to the office, and placed in the presence of the three police magistrates, Sir Sampson Wright, Mr. Addington, and another. The situation was new, painful, embarrassing. The examination began, and was at first conducted in a style so offensive to my feelings, that it soon roused me from my momentary weakness, and I suddenly exclaimed, "You appear to have been much more habituated to the society of highwaymen and pickpockets, than to that of gentlemen. I will put an end to all this insolent folly, by telling you frankly who and what I am. I am an American—my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him

“whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aid-du-camp to him whom you call the rebel General Washington. These two have always in their power a greater number of your friends, prisoners, than you have of theirs. Lord George Germaine knows under what circumstances I came to London, and what has been my conduct here. I am entirely in your power; and, after the hint which I have given you, treat me as you please, always remembering, that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine.” The moment of enthusiasm passed, and I half feared that I had said too much; but I soon found that the impulse of the moment was right, for I was immediately, and ever after, treated with marked civility, and even respect.

Other business of the office pressed, so after a few words more, I was ordered in custody of an officer to Tothill-fields Bridewell, for safe keeping during the night, to be ready for a further examination the next day. I had not entirely recovered from the shock of this most unexpected event, so I drifted with the stream, without further struggle against my fate, *and I slept that night in the same bed with a highwayman.*

The next day, I was brought up to a second examination before the same magistrates. I had avowed the crime of which I stood accused—bearing arms against the king—and little else remained to do, but to remand me to prison. The clerk was ordered to make out my mittimus; I took the liberty to look over him, and found he was directing it to the keeper of Clerkenwell prison. The mob of the preceding summer, called Lord George Gordon’s mob, had in their madness destroyed all the

prisons in London except this, and of course it was filled to overflowing with every class of malefactors. This I knew, and therefore remonstrated against being placed in such detestable companionship. Sir Sampson answered with great civility, and apparent kindness, "We must necessarily place you in confinement, Mr. Trumbull, and unfortunately this is the only prison within our jurisdiction which remains unburnt; but if you will write a note to Lord George Germaine, I will myself take it to his lordship, and I have no doubt but you will receive a favorable answer." I wrote a few words, and Sir Sampson soon returned with a very civil verbal answer from Lord George, "expressive of regret for what had happened, as being entirely unknown to him, until it was too late to interfere; that he was disposed to grant any alleviation which was in his power; that therefore, I might make choice of any prison in the kingdom, from the Tower down, as the safety of my person, not the infliction of inconvenience or vexation, was the only object of the government."

A little enquiry satisfied me that it would be folly to select the Tower for my place of residence, as I should have to pay dearly for the honor, in the exorbitance of fees; and as I had been pleased with the quiet of Tothill-fields, and the civility of the people, I chose that, and was remanded to the care of Mr. Smith, the keeper of that place, who having been butler to the duke of Northumberland, had the manners of a gentleman, and always treated me with civility and kindness.

The building which bears the name of Tothill-fields Bridewell, was a quadrangle of perhaps two hundred feet—an old and irregular building—the house of the keeper occupying one angle and part of a side; the entrance,

turnkey's room, tap-room, and some space for prisoners, and a small yard, another side; the female apartments and yard occupy the third; and the fourth was little more than a high brick wall. Besides the yards, a pretty little garden was enclosed within the walls; all windows looked upon the interior of the square. Its situation was behind Buckingham house, towards Pimlico.

After the first shock, during which I cared not where I slept, or what I ate, I hired from Mr. Smith, the keeper, one of the rooms of his house, for which I paid a guinea a week. It was a parlor on the ground floor, about twenty feet square; the door opened upon the hall of the house, at the foot of the stairs, and was secured by a strong lock and bolts. Two windows looked upon the yard, and were also firmly secured by strong iron bars. The room was neatly furnished, and had a handsome bureau bed. I received my breakfast and dinner,—whatever I chose to order and pay for, from the little public house, called the *tap*. The prison allowance of the government was a penny-worth of bread, and a penny a day; this I gave to the turnkey for brushing my hat, clothes and shoes. Besides these comforts, I had the privilege of walking in the garden. Every evening when Mr. Smith went to his bed, he knocked at my door, looked in, saw that I was safe, wished me a good night, locked the door, drew the bolts, put the key in his pocket, and withdrew. In the morning, when he quitted his own apartment, he unlocked my door, looked in to see that all was safe, wished me a good morning, and went his way.

CHAPTER VI.

Age, 25 to 27—1781 to 1783—2 years.

Kindness of Mr. West—His interview with the king—Intercession on my behalf—Successful so far as security from *the worst extremity of the law*—Remained in prison during the winter and spring, eight months, and finish the copy of Correggio—Liberated at length by an order in council, to admit me to bail, obtained through the kind influence of Mr. Burke, &c.—Leave London for Amsterdam—Anecdote at Antwerp—At the counting-house of John De Neufville & Son, find letters from my father, covering authority and instructions to negotiate a loan in Holland for the state of Connecticut—Time utterly unfavorable—Resolved to return to America—Embarked on board the South Carolina—Went north about—Put into Corunna in Spain—Quitted the ship for the Cicero, a private armed ship belonging to the Cabots of Beverly—Sailed for Bilboa—Arrived—Detained until December, then sailed for America—Arrived at Beverly in January—Hastened to my friends in Lebanon—Seized with a severe and dangerous illness, the consequence of so many vexatious adventures and disappointments—Recover—In connexion with my brother take part in a contract for supplying the army—Passed the winter at New Windsor, and frequently saw my fast friend, General Washington—Here received the news of the signing of the preliminaries of peace—Desultory occupations at an end—Necessary to choose an occupation for life—Last conversation with my father on the subject—He recommends the study of the law, as leading in a republic to profit and honor—I still tenacious of the arts, and supporting my opinion by arguments drawn from the history of *Athens* and Greece—My father's patient endurance of my eloquence and pithy reply, "My son, you appear to forget, that Connecticut is not Athens"—I triumph—Quit all other pursuits and again embark for London and the arts.

THE moment when Mr. West heard of my arrest, was one of extreme anxiety to him. His love for the land of his nativity was no secret, and he knew that the American loyalists (at the head of whom was Joseph Galloway,

once a member of Congress from Pennsylvania) were outrageous at the kindness which the king had long shewn to him, and still continued; he dreaded also the use which might be made to his disadvantage of the arrest for treason, of a young American who had been in a manner domesticated under his roof, and of whom he had spoken publicly and with approbation. He therefore hurried to Buckingham house, asked an audience of the king, and was admitted.

Mr. West began with stating what had induced him to take the liberty of this intrusion,—his anxiety lest the affair of my arrest might involve his own character, and diminish his majesty's kindness,—spoke of my conduct during the time he had known me, as having been so entirely devoted to the study of my profession as to have left no time for political intrigue, &c. &c. The king listened with attention, and then said, "West, I have known you long, and have conversed with you frequently. I can recollect no occasion on which you have ever attempted to mislead or misinform me, and for that reason you have acquired my entire confidence. I fully believe all that you have now said, and assure you that my confidence in you is not at all diminished by this unpleasant occurrence. I am sorry for the young man, but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result—I cannot interpose. Do you know whether his parents are living?"

"I think I have heard him say that he has very lately received news of the death of his mother; I believe his father is living."

"I pity him from my soul!" He mused a few moments and then added, "But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that,

“in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe.” (See anecdote in the Appendix.)

This message was immediately delivered, and received, as it deserved to be, with profound gratitude. I had now nothing more to apprehend than a tedious confinement, and that might be softened by books and my pencil. I therefore begged Mr. West to permit me to have his beautiful little Correggio, and my tools;—I proceeded with the copy, which was finished in prison during the winter of 1780–81, and is now deposited in the Gallery at New Haven.

But, with every alleviation, confinement within four walls soon became irksome, and with the advice of some friends, (for my friends were permitted freely to visit me,) I resolved to endeavor to force myself to a legal trial; for the tide of military affairs, as well as of public opinion, began to run in favor of America, and it was believed that no jury could be found, who would enforce the penalty of the law. I therefore consulted an eminent lawyer—the Hon. John Lee—and received for answer, that the suspension of the act of habeas corpus, rendered such a measure impossible, and that my only hope was, by impressing the minds of ministers with a sense of the uselessness of severe measures, in the actual state of the dispute, and thus inducing them to release me, as a step towards conciliation.

In the course of the winter, I received kind visits from many distinguished men, among whom were John Lee, lately attorney general, Charles J. Fox, and others. Mr. Fox was very kind; he recommended a direct application to ministers, on the ground of impolicy, and added, “I would undertake it myself, if I thought I could have any influence with them; but such is the hostility be-

“tween us, that we are not even on speaking terms. Mr. Burke has not lost all influence—has not thrown away “the scabbard, as I have; I will converse with him, and “desire him to visit you.” A few days after, Mr. Burke came to see me, and readily and kindly undertook the negotiation, which after some unavoidable delay, ended in an order of the king in council to admit me to bail, with the condition that I should leave the kingdom in thirty days, and not return until after peace should be restored. Mr. West and Mr. Copley became my sureties, and I was liberated in the beginning of June, after a close confinement of seven months. (See Appendix.)

During this time, and amid the variety of crime with which I was surrounded, I necessarily saw much of the dark side of human character, and met with some traits of deep interest; but their narration can do no good—the world is already too deeply read in evil. I remained in London a few days, and then determined to return to America by the shortest route, Amsterdam. Again I crossed from Deal to Ostend, and there was joined by my friend, Mr. Temple, who had the same intention of returning to America. We travelled together, and at Antwerp met with a little adventure sufficiently ridiculous, as well as annoying, to merit notice.

The morning after our arrival at Antwerp, we rose early, that we might have time to view some of the curiosities of the city, especially the cathedral. We took a guide, but reached the cathedral too early; morning mass was being celebrated, during which the finest paintings, &c., could not be seen. Not to lose time, our guide offered to conduct us to the house of a gentleman in the vicinity, who possessed (he said) one of the finest collections of paintings in the city. We went, were admitted,—

shown into a neat parlor, and desired to wait ; we expected to see some upper servant to guide us. A young gentleman soon came in, dressed very well, but somewhat negligently, who we soon discovered could neither speak English nor French, but as far as signs could go, he was very attentive and civil. He left the room for a moment, and I seized the opportunity to ask Mr. Temple, as being better acquainted with European manners than I was, "whether this could be the master of the house, or only "his valet, or *maitre d'hotel*." "Certainly not the master," said he ; "we cannot suppose that he would be so attentive to strangers at so early an hour." The gentleman returned, showed us from one apartment to another, pointing out, with great assiduity and precision, the finest pictures, and this with a manner so entirely polished, that my heart misgave me as we approached the last of the suite of rooms ; there, however, I did what was customary—offered him silver for his attention. He smiled, *like a gentleman*, and succeeded in making us understand that the *servant* was at the door. Never was I more mortified. It was a direct insult to offer money to the master of the house, and argued gross ignorance in us to mistake the master for a servant. Every way it was a most mortifying blunder, and I felt the dread of being recognized so severely, that I carefully avoided going again to that house, when afterward I passed some days in Antwerp.

We passed through Bergen-op-Zoom, and visited the fortifications, then the finest in Europe ; thence passed through Williamstadt to Rotterdam ; slept there, saw the statue of Erasmus, and other curiosities of the city, and passed on through Gorcum, &c., by the canal, to Amsterdam.

The next day I called at the counting-house of Messrs. John De Neufville & Son, and there found important letters from my father. This house was then in high mercantile repute, and favorable to the cause of America; the other great houses of Amsterdam, the Hopes, Willinks, &c. were in the English interest. I had seen the junior partner of this house in London, (the son,) and requested that any letters which might come to their hands, to my address, might be retained. Mr. De Neufville invited me to accept an apartment in his house, which I did. I found that one of the packets from my father contained authority and instructions to negotiate a loan in Holland, for the state of Connecticut. (See Appendix.)

On consulting with Mr. John Adams, whom I again met here, endeavoring in vain to accomplish a similar purpose for the United States, I learned that the moment was entirely unfavorable, that he was unable to succeed for the nation, and of course I could not hope to do better on the credit of a small state, which was comparatively unknown in Europe. My friends, the De Neufvilles and the Van Staphorsts, the only considerable capitalists from whom I had reason to entertain any expectations, expressed the same opinion, and therefore I gave up the attempt. Thus was I baffled at every point—my original mercantile speculation—my flattering pursuit of the arts—and now this honorable gleam of hope, all seemed to fade and elude my grasp;—nothing therefore remained but to yield to circumstances, and find my way back to America, and the quiet of home, as soon as possible.

Two opportunities offered for America; one was a small fast sailing merchant vessel, unarmed, and relying entirely upon her speed to avoid the British cruisers which she must expect to meet; the other was the South Carolina,

commanded by Commodore Gillon, a frigate of the first class, too strong to fear any thing less than a ship of the line. My friend, Mr. Temple, wisely chose to go in the small ship, and arrived at Boston in three weeks. Several other gentlemen were going on board the *South Carolina*; they, as well as Mr. Gillon, urged me to go with them, and unfortunately I separated from my friend.

The story of this ship has been the subject of much discussion since, as well as of several publications. The want of funds or credit, and the dread of those who had advanced money for her outfit, occasioned her officers (after she had been permitted to drop down to the *Texel*) to run her out of the roads, and to anchor on the outside, beyond the jurisdiction of the port, at the distance of more than a league from land. Here several of us passengers went on board, and on the 12th of August, soon after sunrise, the wind began to blow from the northwest, directly on shore, with every appearance of a heavy gale. The proper thing to have done, was to have run back into the *Texel* roads, but that we dared not do, lest the ship should be seized. We dared not run for the English channel, lest we should fall in with British cruisers of superior force. The gale soon increased to such a degree, that it would have been madness to remain at anchor on such a lee shore. The only thing which could be done, therefore, was to lay the ship's head to the northeast, and carry sail. A fog soon came on, so thick that we could hardly see from stem to stern; the gale increased to a very hurricane, and soon brought us to close-reefed topsails; the coast of Holland was under our lee, and we knew that we were running upon the very edge of the sands, which extend so far from the shore, that if the ship should touch, she must go to pieces before we could even see the land,

and all hands must perish. We passed the morning in the deepest anxiety; in the afternoon we discovered that we had started several of the bolts of the weather main-chain plates. This forced us to take in our close-reefed topsails, as the masts would no longer bear the strain of any sail aloft, and we were obliged to rely upon a reefed foresail. By this time, we knew that we must be not far from Heligoland, at the mouth of the Elbe, where the coast begins to trend to the northward, which increased the danger. At ten o'clock at night, a squall struck us heavier still than the gale, and threw our only sail aback; the ship became unmanageable, the officers lost their self-possession, and the crew all confidence in them, while for a few minutes all was confusion and dismay. Happily for us, Commodore Barney was among the passengers, (he had just escaped from Mill prison in England,)—hearing the increased tumult aloft, and feeling the ungoverned motion of the ship, he flew upon deck, saw the danger, assumed the command, the men obeyed, and he soon had her again under control. It was found, that with the squall the wind had shifted several points, so that on the other tack we could lay a safe course to the westward, and thus relieve our mainmast. That our danger was imminent no one will doubt, when informed that on the following morning, the shore of the Texel Island was covered with the wrecks of ships, which were afterwards ascertained to have been Swedish; among them was a ship of seventy-four guns, convoying twelve merchantmen—all were wrecked, and every soul on board perished. The figure-head of the ship-of-war, a yellow lion, the same as ours, was found upon the shore, and gave sad cause to our friends for believing, for some time, that the South Carolina had perished.

When the gale subsided, we stood to the northward, made the Orkneys, then Shetland, and when off Faro encountered another gale, more furious, if possible, than that of the 12th, but we had now sea-room and deep water. In the night, however, the ship labored so heavily as to roll the shot out of her lockers; several of us passengers had our cots slung in the great cabin, over the guns, which were forty-two pounders, and it was by no means a pleasant sight to see several dozens of these enormous shot rolling from side to side of the ship, with the roar of thunder, and crushing all that stood in their way, whether furniture, trunks or chests, while we hung over them swinging in our canvass bags. This difficulty was overcome, and the rolling of the shot stopped, by throwing the people's hammocks among them.

Another danger was also apprehended—that some of the immense heavy guns might break loose. They were secured by running one of the cables outside, fore and aft, in front of the open port-holes, and passing strong lashings around that; by this addition to the usual ring-bolts, all was held safe until the gale was over.

We had now cleared the land of the British islands, and were off the west coast of Ireland, when it was thought to be necessary to examine into the state of our provisions and water. The enormous heavy metal of the ship rendered necessary a very strong crew, and so injudicious was the construction of the ship, that when the men, &c. were accommodated, too little room remained for provisions, water and stores. This examination showed that we were short; consequently, instead of continuing our course for America, it was determined to bear away for Corunna in Spain, the nearest friendly port. We arrived in safety, in a few days. There we found the

Cicero, a fine letter of marque ship, of twenty guns and one hundred and twenty men, belonging to the house of Cabot in Beverly. She was to sail immediately for Bilboa, there to take on board a cargo, which was lying ready for her, and to sail for America. Several of us, (among whom were Major Jackson, who had been secretary to Col. John Laurens, in his late mission to France, Capt. Barney, Mr. Bromfield, and Charles Adams,) tired of the management of the South Carolina, endeavored to get a passage to Bilboa, on board of this ship, and were permitted to go on board their prize, a fine British Lisbon packet. The usual time required to run from Corunna to Bilboa was two to three days. We were again unfortunate; the wind being east, dead a-head, we were twenty one days in making the passage, and, as if Jonas himself had been among us, at the end of eighteen days, we fell in with a little fleet of Spanish coasters and fishermen, running to the westward before the wind, who told us that when off the bar of Bilboa, they had seen a ship and two brigs, which they believed to be British cruisers, and cautioned us to keep a good look-out. Capt. Hill of the Cicero, immediately hailed his prize, a ship of sixteen guns, and a fine brig of sixteen guns, which was also in company, and directed them to keep close to him, and prepare to meet an enemy. At sunset we saw what appeared to be the force described, and about midnight found we were within hail. The Cicero ran close alongside of the ship, and hailed her in English—no answer; in French—no answer. The men, who were at their guns, impatient of delay, did not wait for orders, but poured in her broadside; the hostile squadron (as we supposed them) separated, and made all sail in different directions, when a boat from the large ship came

alongside with her captain, a Spaniard, who informed us that they were Spanish vessels from St. Sebastians, bound to the West Indies—that his ship was very much cut in her rigging, but happily, no lives lost. He had mistaken us for British vessels, and was delighted to find his mistake. We apologized for ours, offered assistance, &c. and we parted most amicably. Soon after, we entered the river of Bilboa, and ran up to Porto Galette. The disabled ship with her comrades put into Corunna, where it was found that one of our nine pound shot had wounded the mainmast of our antagonist so severely, that it was necessary to take it (the mast) out, and put in a new one. This was not the work of a day, and her consorts were detained until their flag ship was ready. In the mean time, we had almost completed taking in our cargo at Bilboa, when a messenger from Madrid arrived, with orders to unhang the rudders of all American ships in the port, until the bill for repairs of the wounded ship, demurrage of her consorts, &c. &c., was paid. We were thus detained in Bilboa until the 10th of December, and even then had to encounter one more vexation and delay.

At the entrance of the river of Bilboa is a bar, on which the water is so shallow, that a ship of the Cicero's size can pass over, only at spring tides. When we dropped down from Porto Galette, we found the wind at the mouth of the river, blowing fresh from the northward, which caused such a heavy surf upon the bar, that it was impossible to take the ship over. We were obliged to wait until the wind lulled, and then the pilot insisted that he could not take her over safely, until the next spring tide. Several of the passengers thought it was folly to remain on board, consuming the ship's stores, and proposed to the captain that we would go back to Bilboa

for a few days. He acceded, promising to send up a boat for us, whenever he might have a prospect of getting to sea. We went, and amused ourselves among the friends we had made; on the third or fourth day, we were walking with some ladies in the Alameda, a public walk which ran upon the bank of the river, when we espied a boat coming up with sails and oars, which we recognized as being from below. One of her men sprang on shore, and ran to us, with the information that the Cicero, and other vessels, had got over the bar that morning at eight o'clock, and were standing out to sea, with a fair wind—that Capt. Hill desired us to make all possible haste to get on board—that he would stand off and on for a few hours, but not long, as he could not justify it to his owners. We, of course, made all possible haste, but the distance from town was eight or nine miles, and when we got down, it was near three o'clock, and the ship was out of sight. We obtained a spy-glass, ran to the top of the house, and could thence discern a ship in the offing, apparently standing in. We persuaded ourselves that it must be the Cicero, and bid for a boat and crew to put us on board. The pilots made great difficulty—the sea was very rough—the ship was too far out—perhaps it was not the Cicero—they thought it was not; all this was said to work up the price. On the other hand, we were desperate; among us we could not muster twenty guineas to carry us through the winter, and the bargain was at last made, at a price which nearly emptied all our pockets, and before sunset we got on board the Cicero, in the Bay of Biscay, two or three leagues from land. The mountains of Asturia were already covered with snow, but the wind was fair, and we went on our way rejoicing.

No accident befel, until the last day of our passage. We saw the land of America, (the Blue Hills of Milton, near Boston,) in the afternoon of a beautiful day in January; at six o'clock, P. M., we laid the ship's head to the eastward, and stood off under easy sail until midnight, when we hove about, and stood in to the westward, under the same sail, expecting to find ourselves at sunrise, at about the same distance from the land, and all was joy and merriment on board, at the near approach of home. One honest old tar was happily on the lookout, and at three o'clock sung out from the forecastle, "breakers! breakers! close under our bow, and right ahead!" He was just in time; the crew, though merry, were obedient, and flew upon deck in time to escape the danger. We found we were close upon the rocks of Cape Ann. We must have been drifted by a very strong current, for our course had been judicious, and could never have brought the ship there. Before noon, we were safe in the port of Beverly, where we found eleven other ships, all larger and finer vessels than the *Cicero*—all belonging to the same owners, the brothers Cabot—laid up for the winter. Yet such are the vicissitudes of war and the elements, that before the close of the year they were all lost by capture or wreck, and the house of Cabot had not a single ship afloat upon the ocean. In the evening, after we got into port, a snow storm came on, with a heavy gale from the eastward. The roads were so completely blocked up with snow, that they were impassable, and we did not get up to Boston until the third day; but, *per tot discrimina rerum*, I was at last safe on American land, and most truly thankful.

I returned to Lebanon, as soon as possible, and occupied myself with closing all accounts respecting my un-

fortunate mercantile experiment. My reflections were painful—I had thrown away two of the most precious years of life—had encountered many dangers, and suffered many inconveniences, to no purpose. I was seized with a serious illness, which confined me to my bed, and endangered my life; and it was autumn before I had recovered strength sufficient to attempt any occupation.

My brother was engaged in a contract for the supply of the army. It was necessary to have a perfectly confidential agent residing with the army, to superintend the faithful execution of the contract there. He offered me this situation, and as soon as I had recovered sufficient strength, I commenced my duty at the quarters of the army, on the North river—presented myself to my early master and friend, General Washington, and was very kindly received. I remained at New Windsor during the winter of 1782 and 1783. Here we received the news of the signing of the preliminary articles of peace, and an end was thus put to all further desultory pursuits. It was now necessary to determine upon a future occupation for life. The gentlemen with whom I was connected in the military contract proposed a commercial establishment, in which they would furnish funds, information and advice, while I should execute the business, and divide with them the profits. The proposal was fascinating, but I reflected that if I entered upon regular commerce, I must come in competition with men who had been educated in the counting-house, and my ignorance might often leave me at their mercy, and therefore I declined this offer. My father again urged the law, as the profession which in a republic leads to all emolument and distinction, and for which my early education had well prepared me. My reply was, that so far as I understood the question, law

was rendered necessary by the vices of mankind—that I had already seen too much of them, willingly to devote my life to a profession which would keep me perpetually involved, either in the defense of innocence against fraud and injustice, or (what was much more revolting to an ingenuous mind) to the protection of guilt against just and merited punishment. In short, I pined for the arts, again entered into an elaborate defense of my predilection, and again dwelt upon the honors paid to artists in the glorious days of Greece and Athens. My father listened patiently, and when I had finished, he complimented me upon the able manner in which I had defended what to him still appeared to be a bad cause. “I had confirmed his opinion,” he said, “that with proper study I should make a respectable lawyer; but,” added he, “you must give me leave to say, that you appear to have overlooked, or forgotten, one very important point in your case.” “Pray, sir,” I rejoined, “what was that?” “You appear to forget, sir, that *Connecticut is not Athens*,” and with this pithy remark, he bowed and withdrew, and never more opened his lips upon the subject. How often have those few impressive words recurred to my memory—“Connecticut is not Athens!” The decision was made in favor of the arts. I closed all other business, and in December, 1783, embarked at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for London.

CHAPTER VII.

Age, 28 to 30—1784 to 1786—2 years.

Arrived in London in January, 1784—My father's letter to Mr. Edmund Burke—Anecdote of Sir Thomas Lawrence—Portrait of Col. Wadsworth and son—Copy for Mr. West his battle of La Hogue—Begin the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the death of Gen. Montgomery—Invited to dine with artists—Sir Joshua Reynolds one of the party—Anecdote—Mr. West paid constant attention to the progress of these pictures—Form a connection with Mr. A. di Poggi as publisher—Visit Paris for the purpose of finding engravers—Meet Mr. Jefferson there, and reside at his house—In company with Mr. and Mrs. Cosway of London, I visited all that was curious in the arts, in Paris, Versailles, &c.—Return to England—Anecdote of Mr. John B. Church, and his most constant and essential kindness in pecuniary affairs.

I ARRIVED in London in January, 1784, went immediately to Mr. West, and was received most cordially.

My father had written a letter to Mr. Edmund Burke, expressive of his gratitude for the kindness shown to his son when in prison, and commending me to his future protection. This letter I early presented, and was most kindly received. "Your father speaks of painting as "being the great object of your pursuit; do you not intend "to study architecture also," asked Mr. Burke. I replied, "that I thought I knew enough already, for my purpose in "backgrounds, &c." "I do not mean that, Mr. Trumbull; "you are aware that architecture is the eldest sister, that "painting and sculpture are the youngest, and subservient "to her; you must also be aware that you belong to a "young nation, which will soon want public buildings; "these must be erected before the decorations of painting "and sculpture will be required. I would therefore

“strongly advise you to study architecture thoroughly
“and scientifically, in order to qualify yourself to super-
“intend the erection of these national buildings—decorate
“them also, if you will.”

This was wise and kind advice, and I had afterwards sufficient evidence of my own want of wisdom in neglecting to follow it; a few of the hours of evenings, which, with all my fancied industry, were trifled away, would have sufficed for the acquisition of thorough architectural knowledge.

Mr. Burke was the personal friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when I mentioned my predilection for history, and spoke of my intention to study especially under Mr. West, he did not appear to regard this preference with cordiality. I went on, however, painting by day at Mr. West's house, and in the evening, drawing at the academy. Here I frequently sat by the side of Lawrence, (afterwards Sir Thomas,) so celebrated for his exquisite portraits; his manner there, was, to finish elaborately, such parts of the model before him as struck his taste;—of course he rarely had time to work up the other parts of his figure with equal care, *and the whole was not unfrequently, out of drawing.* The consequence of this bad habit of study may often be traced in his paintings.

In the early part of my studies, in 1784, my friend, Col. Wadsworth, and his son, were in London, and I was desired to paint their portraits. I attempted it—the father dressed in gray cloth, sitting, the son leaning on his shoulder—small, whole length figures. This picture still exists, in possession of Mrs. Terry of Hartford, the daughter of the former and sister of the latter of these two gentlemen, and is, in truth, bad enough. I had the vanity, however, to take it to show to Sir Joshua Reynolds;

the moment he saw it, he said, in a quick sharp tone, "that coat is bad, sir, very bad; it is not cloth—it is "tin, bent tin." The criticism was but too true, but its severity wounded my pride, and I answered, (taking up the picture,) "I did not bring this thing to you, Sir Joshua, merely to be told that it is bad; I was conscious of that, and how could it be otherwise, considering the short time I have studied; I had a hope, sir, that you would kindly have pointed out to me, how to "correct my errors." I bowed and withdrew, and was cautious not again to expose my imperfect works to the criticism of Sir Joshua.

In the summer of 1785, I finished, for Mr. West, a copy of his glorious picture of the battle of La Hogue, on cloth, a few inches larger on every side than the original. This work was of inestimable importance to me, and soon after, I composed and painted the picture of "Priam returning to his family with the dead body of Hector," which is now in the Atheneum at Boston.

In the autumn of the same year, I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Preston of Chevening, in Kent, to pass a week at his house, in company with Mr. West's eldest son. The library of Mr. Preston (which at his death he bequeathed to the library of Philadelphia, where it now is) was rich in works relating to the arts, and among others were the Trajan, Antonine and other columns, the triumphal arches, bas-reliefs, &c. &c., of Rome; these I studied attentively. Here also, I made my first attempt at the composition of a military scene, taken from the war of the Revolution; it was a small sketch in Indian ink, on paper, of the death of General Frazer, at Behmus's heights; and here I was introduced to the learned and excellent Earl and Countess of Stanhope.

Upon my return to town, I resumed my studies with Mr. West, and at the academy, with ardor; and now began to meditate seriously the subjects of national history, of events of the Revolution, which have since been the great objects of my professional life. The death of General Warren at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and of Gen. Montgomery in the attack on Quebec, were first decided upon. These were the earliest important events in point of time, and I not only regarded them as highly interesting passages of history, but felt, that in painting them, I should be paying a just tribute of gratitude to the memory of eminent men, who had given their lives for their country. These pictures (which are now in the Gallery at New Haven) were both painted in the room of Mr. West, and when the Bunker's Hill was pretty far advanced, he said to me one day, "Trumbull, will you dine with me to-morrow? I have invited some of our brother artists, and wish you to be of the party." He received his friends in his painting-room, where by his direction, my picture was standing in an advantageous light. Among the guests was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when he entered the room, he immediately ran up to my picture,—“Why, West, what have you got here?—this is better colored than your works are generally.” “Sir Joshua,” (was the reply,) “you mistake—that is not mine—it is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull; permit me to introduce him to you.” Sir Joshua was at least as much disconcerted as I had been by the *bent tin*; the account between us was fairly balanced.

Mr. West witnessed the progress of these two pictures with great interest, and strongly encouraged me to persevere in the work of the history of the American revo-

lution, which I had thus commenced, and recommended to me, that I should have the series engraved, by which means, not only would the knowledge of them, and of my talent, be more widely diffused, but also, in small sums from many purchasers, I should probably receive a more adequate compensation for my labor, than I could hope from the mere sale of the paintings, even at munificent prices. He proceeded to detail to me a history of his own method, and of his success in the publication of the engravings from his history of England, and explained to me, with the kindness of a father, all the intricacies of such an enterprise—the choice of engravers, printers, publisher, &c. &c.

My only objection to this was, that the necessary superintendence would require more time and attention than I was willing to spare, from the direct pursuit of my studies. I was conscious of having entered upon the profession at too late an hour, and feared to divert my mind from the unremitted course of study which I had so successfully pursued during the last two or three years. This objection was removed; Mr. West was well acquainted with an Italian artist, by the name of Antonio di Poggi, of very superior talents as a draughtsman, and who had recently commenced the business of publishing. He suggested that Mr. Poggi might be advantageously taken into connection, as the publisher, for which his great precision and elegance of drawing peculiarly qualified him. After some reflection, I determined to pursue the course thus pointed out to me;—I entered into an agreement with Mr. Poggi for the publication of the two paintings now in hand; and while he sought for engravers, I continued to work upon the pictures. He soon found that there was not, at the time, a single

engraver in England, disengaged, of sufficient talent to be safely employed in a work of the first class, as we meant this to be; he therefore soon went to the continent, in pursuit of this, in connection with his other affairs; when the two pictures were finished, I took them with me, and joined him at Paris,—with the great object of finding proper engravers.

On this occasion, Mr. Adams, (minister of the United States in London,) and other friends, gave me letters of introduction to a number of important persons in Paris, from which I entertained hopes of a pleasant reception; and Mr. Vander Gucht, a dealer in pictures in London, requested me to deliver a letter to Mr. Le Brun, his correspondent in Paris; from this I expected nothing, as I had little acquaintance with Mr. Vander Gucht, and supposed it merely a letter of business. It happened, however, that when I reached Paris, every person to whom the letters of Mr. Adams and other friends were addressed, was in the country, and the letters of course useless, while that to Mr. Le Brun, aided by the sight of my pictures, made me known to all the principal artists and connoisseurs in Paris.

In the summer of 1785, political duties had called Mr. Jefferson, then minister of the United States in Paris, to London, and there I became acquainted with him. He had a taste for the fine arts, and highly approved my intention of preparing myself for the accomplishment of a national work. He encouraged me to persevere in this pursuit, and kindly invited me to come to Paris, to see and study the fine works there, and to make his house my home, during my stay.

I now availed myself of this invitation, and went to his house, at the Grille de Chaillot, where I was most kindly

received by him. My two paintings, the first fruits of my national enterprise, met his warm approbation, and during my visit, I began the composition of the Declaration of Independence, with the assistance of his information and advice.

Through the acquaintance which I formed with the principal artists, David in particular, who became and continued my warm and efficient friend, I had the best opportunity of seeing all that related to the arts, in Paris and its vicinity. At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, of London, were in Paris; he (then the admired miniature painter of the day) had been invited by the Duke of Orleans, to paint the duchess and her children. I became acquainted and intimate with them, and availing myself of all these advantages, I employed myself, with untiring industry, in examining and studying whatever had relation to the arts. I kept a journal of each day's occupation, which has narrowly escaped perishing by dampness, but by considerable labor has been saved in part, and will form the two following chapters.

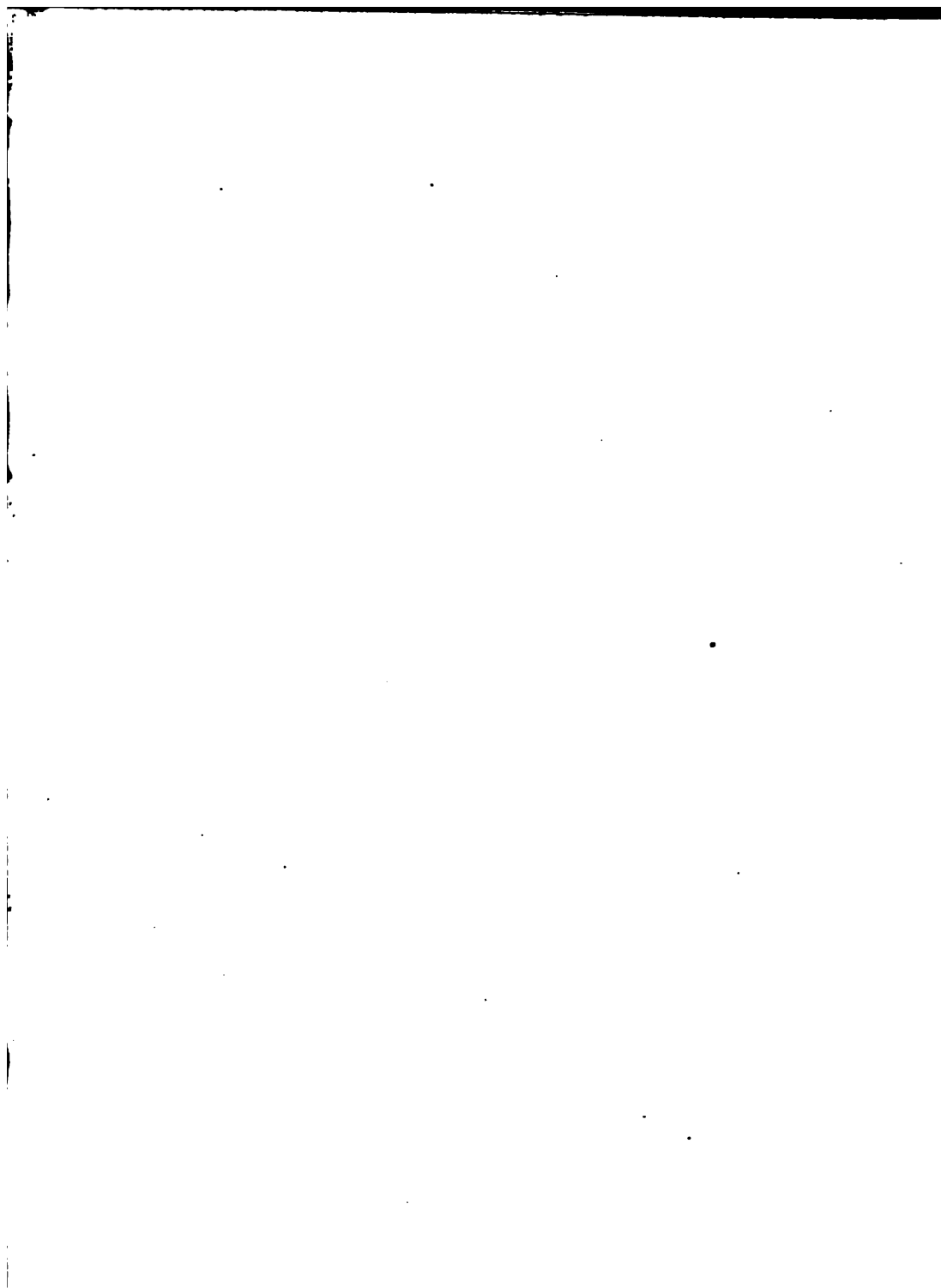
In May, 1777, immediately after my resignation, my military accounts were audited and settled at Albany, by the proper accounting officer, John Carter. This gentleman who, soon after, married Angelica, the eldest daughter of General Schuyler, resided in 1778 and 1779, in Boston, where I was studying, and the acquaintance which commenced at Albany was continued. On my return from Europe in 1782, he was one of the contractors for the supply of the American and French armies, in company with my friend Col. Wadsworth of Hartford. After the preliminaries of peace were signed, these gentlemen proposed the commercial connection which I declined; and when I resolved to return to Lon-

don for the purpose of studying the arts, I purchased from Mr. Carter, a bill of exchange upon a banking house in London, with the full amount of all my disposable means, which were small enough to begin such a course with.

In London, 1784, my acquaintance with this gentleman was renewed, under the name of John Barker Church, (Carter had been but a *nom de guerre*.) where he lived in great elegance, a member of Parliament, &c. &c.; and although I was now but a poor student of painting, and he rich, honored, and associated with the great, Mr. Church continued to treat me on the footing of equality, and I frequently dined at his table with distinguished men, such as Sheridan, &c.

In 1786, Mr. Church called upon me, one morning very early, and said, with a little hesitation, "I am glad to find you at home and alone, Trumbull; I wish to ask you a question, at which I hope you will not take offense." "Certainly, my friend, you can say nothing at which I can be offended." "I wish to know then, how your money holds out." "Almost exhausted." "I should think so; I cannot comprehend how you have made it last so long; now do not regard this as an enquiry of silly curiosity; I hear very favorable accounts of your industry and probable success, and was afraid that the want of money might oblige you either to relax your studies, or to ask pecuniary favors from strangers. My real business, therefore, is to ask, that you will consider me as your banker, and that whenever you may have occasion for fifty, one hundred, or five hundred pounds, you will go to no one else, but apply to me, and you shall always have it, on your personal security. I shall ask no guarantee or endorser—your simple receipt only, and five per cent. interest."

Instances of patronage like this, to young men studying the fine arts, I presume are uncommon, and deserve to be gratefully remembered. By reference to my accounts at that time, I find that I availed myself of my friend's singular kindness to a considerable amount, and for several years; and when the account was closed by my final payment of the balance due on the 5th of March, 1797, I made an entry, of which the following is a copy: "The kindness of Mr. Church, in advancing me, at times "when my prospects were not the most promising, and "on my personal security merely, the sums which form "the above account, will forever deserve my most sincere "acknowledgments; without such aid, my subsequent "success would have been checked by pecuniary embarrassments.—J. T."





Invalid Soldier - Old - Blind & Poor
begging - Picardy 1st Aug^t 1786 JZ



James Oglethorpe - 1734 - 1784
Founding of Georgia - 1733



Pleasant Girl, leading a donkey to feed
 on the Road side - Secunderabad 1781
 J. G.

CHAPTER VIII.

Age, 30—1786.

Journal of a visit made to France, Germany and Flanders, in the summer and autumn of 1786—Passed through Amiens, Chantilly, &c.—First view of Paris—Introduction to artists, &c. through the means of my two pictures—Versailles, St. Cloud, &c.—Journal nearly ruined by damp—Pass the time, by invitation, at the house of Mr. Jefferson, the American minister—Towards the close of our rambles, became acquainted with the Count du Moutier, and his sister, la Marquise de Brethon—By him introduced to the Count de Vergennes, Mr. de Breteuil, &c.—Anecdote of Madame de Bonouil, and her mission afterwards by Buonaparte to the court of Russia—Dinner (maigre) in Lent, at two celebrated abbés in Passy, most luxurious—Draw pencil sketches in black lead of various objects—Views of Paris, &c., facsimiles engraved for this work.

THE façade of the cathedral of Abbeville is very good Gothic, but the interior is entirely destitute of any ornament in sculpture or painting worthy to be remembered. At Moulines, is nothing worth naming. At Amiens, the cathedral is a noble Gothic building; the chapels have been mostly repaired and modernized within a few years; the ornaments principally sculpture, and some parts tolerably well, but nothing of a high class; the pulpit in the body of the church, is worthy of notice for the elegance of the design. It is supported by the four cardinal virtues, large as life, and on the canopy, an angel holding the sacred volume, "*sic age, ut vivas*,"—the angel is finely conceived. A statue of St. Charles Borromeo, on the right side of the church, as you enter, and near the choir, is one of the best things here; the devotion with which he contemplates the cross is well conceived and executed.

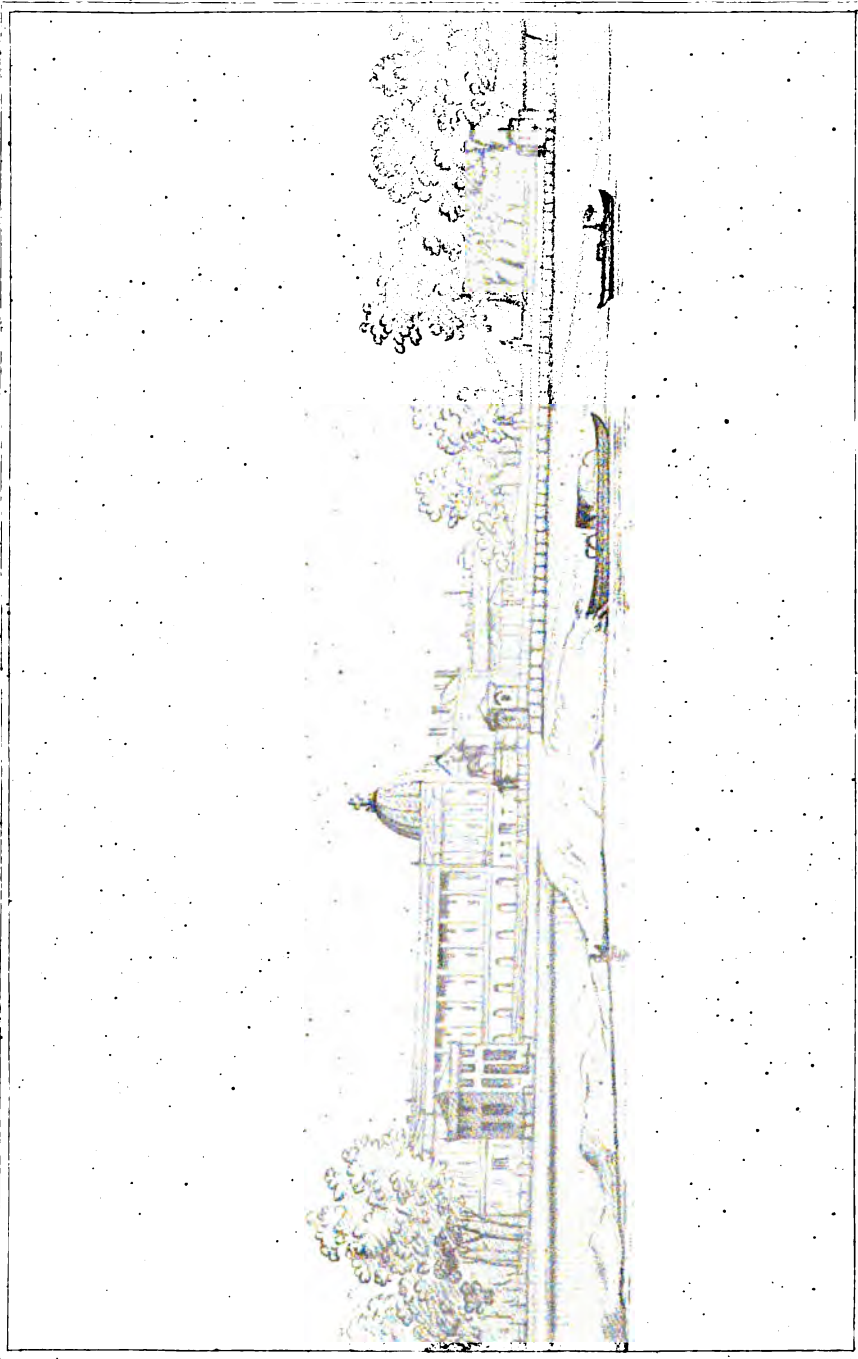
A monument behind the great altar is also good. Several figures of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus, are well in the disposition of the upper parts, but generally the lines of the lower part of the figure are too parallel, straight, and tasteless. Here are also some alto-relievos of Gothic sculpture in wood, lives of saints, &c., worthy to be attended to; the compositions have great simplicity and nature. Some others in gold, &c., on the sides of the great altar, are shown as fine, but are only tolerable. * In painting, there is nothing worthy to be remembered; an offering of the three kings, by Parrocel, is most striking, but has little real merit.

The stables of the Prince of Condé, at Chantilly, are said to be the grandest in the world; the architecture simple, and well adapted to the purpose of the building, the circus particularly. The fountain in the centre of the stables is a good design; the horses and figures which hold them, very well executed; the other ornaments of stags' heads, &c., are well conceived and executed. The chateau has nothing particularly fine, in architecture, sculpture or painting.

PARIS.

The façade of the old Louvre is fine, *very fine* indeed; the very best thing which I have as yet seen. The Tuilleries is the vilest possible jumble of antique and Gothic, perfectly, utterly bad. The Palais Royal is magnificent, and in good taste; Place de Louis quinze, so far as regards the architecture of the Garde Meubles du Roi, is good, but the effect of the square is destroyed, by being cut into numberless small parts, divided by heavy balustrades of stone and deep trenches; the little abominable buildings, like watchhouses, are vile, and the





The Square of Louis 15th at Paris—the Assembly & entrance
of the Tuilleries & Champs Elysees—afterwards the Square of the Revolution

statue itself, with its accompaniments, bad; the horse is the best part; the caryatides at the angles of the pedestal are vile, and the bas-reliefs little better.

Count de Vaudreuil—house and furniture elegant and magnificent in a high degree—few pictures, and mostly of the modern French school; some fine drawings and sketches by Rubens; Madame Le Brun's portrait of herself, Venus binding Cupid, from which the print is done, and some others, possess great merit; architecture and figures, by Mr. Robert, is a fine picture, in which the aerial perspective is beautiful; a village feast, small, by Le Prince, is better drawn, with more elegance of character than Teniers, with great beauty of execution; Bacchanals, by Poussin, very good.

Sunday, August 5th.—Went with Mr. Jefferson and others to see the ceremony of crowning the *rosiere* of Sarenes, a village near St. Cloud, four miles from Chaillot. Every year, the most amiable, industrious and virtuous poor girl of the parish is elected, who is received by all the village, and a crowd of strangers, in the church with great solemnity; the service is performed, a sermon preached, and the ceremony of crowning with roses is performed, with the benediction of a bishop. The *rosière* of the year, with the preceding candidates, is arranged on the right of the bishop—their parents and friends with them; the crown of flowers is placed by a little girl, daughter of the seigneur of the parish, with the *benedicite* of the bishop, and accompanied by music; the *rosière* is then conducted home, attended by the clergy, music and company, when she receives three hundred livres—the annual legacy of a clergyman, whose institution this is. Returned to Paris on foot, over the Pont de Neuilly, a very beautiful stone bridge over the Seine; the floor of



this bridge is horizontal; it consists of seven arches, which have a beautiful degree of lightness; these arches, which in fact and intrinsically are hemispherical, are sloped from one fourth of the piers on each side to the outer face, so that the arch externally appears to be a very flat ellipse, but within and under the centre of the bridge, they are hemispheres.

Monday, 6th.—Went with M. and Madame Houdon, to the *salon* on the Boulevards, to see his little Diana in marble, a very beautiful figure—an honor not only to the artist, but to the country and age in which he lives. She is represented as in the chase, the bow in one hand, an arrow in the other, running; the countenance animated with a noble severity, a dignity worthy the chastity and virtues of the goddess.

From the *salon*, went to Mr. Girardon's, where is a beautiful bronze of the same figure, large as life, and some clever pictures; several by Vernet were standing in the *salle à manger*, but could not be seen. We then went to Mr. Pinceau's, a gentleman singularly curious for his anatomical preparations in wax. The human body is here seen modelled in wax, shewing not only the external muscles, and the vessels of the heart and viscera, but likewise the internal distribution of the arteries, &c. You here may see, also, the anatomy of various animals, both skeletons and injected blood-vessels; the various states of an egg, until it becomes a chicken, &c. &c.

The Bibliothèque du Roi.—Here are a great number of curious works; busts of Voltaire, Franklin, de Suffrein, &c. The library is open every Tuesday and Friday, to all who choose to read; the books, a vast collection, are generally old and worn. The Parnassus of France is here seen, in sculpture,—a rock, steep, rugged, and diffi-

cult of ascent; Pegasus at the top; and at various points of the ascent, little statues of the elegant and favorite French poets, prettily enough conceived, and some parts beautifully executed. The great globes, twenty or twenty five feet in diameter, are very fine. Here also are many models of machines belonging to the Duke of Orleans, which are placed here while the Palais Royal is repairing; they represent various manufactures, as mills, furnaces, glass-houses, China works, &c. &c.

From the Bibliothèque du Roi, we went to the Salle des Antiques, in the old Louvre, where are the statues, casts, bas-reliefs, &c. of the Academy. The casts from some of the antique statues which are deposited here, are very fine, and there are some statues in marble of modern men, of great merit, particularly that of Tourville, by Houdon; this has a grandeur and simplicity about it worthy of any age; the air and dress of the head in particular are charming. In fact, here is a collection worthy • of a great nation, but kept in a state of dirt and disorder that would disgrace a plaster-shop; many of the fine things are broken and mutilated, and the whole has the appearance of having never been cleaned, since they were deposited there.

Hence to the apartments of the Academy in the Louvre, through the Hall of the Farnese Hercules, so named from an admirable cast of the statue, which adorns this room; —to the Salle du Conseil, which, with the antichamber through which you pass, is adorned with the *morceaux de reception* and portraits of the academicians of the institution; among them are many fine things, but not in that careful preservation which could be wished.

We then went to the Gallery of the Academy, in which are the battles of Alexander, by Le Brun; in point

of composition, these are among the finest things which have ever been produced—*perhaps the finest*. The drawing is good, though the style of the figures is heavy, and the coloring unpleasant in a high degree. It is impossible to see these superb things to any advantage, as the *morceaux de reception* of several living artists are standing on easels before them; among these, Madame Le Brun's Peace and Plenty holds a conspicuous rank; the coloring is very brilliant and pleasing. Chiron teaching Achilles the use of the bow, is a very good picture, by M. Reynaud; the body of Achilles beautiful, both in drawing and color; the head not quite so well, something in the outline of the right cheek and eye seems incorrect, but the action and expression of both figures are well understood. Andromache lamenting the death of Hector, by David, is a picture of much merit, with some defects; the style of the drapery is too little, too much cut up; the expression well, and the drawing pretty good. These are the best of the present artists. The rooms in which the students draw from the life, of which there are two, are much smaller, and less convenient than that in London. The specimens of sculpture which we see here, are much superior to the painting. The apartments of the Academy are extensive and princely, but kept in very bad order. In one of the model rooms, is a small picture by a young man, just gone to study at Rome, which has much simplicity and nature; it gives fair promise of future excellence. It is a style of which one may venture to say, that assiduous study will improve into the dignity of Poussin.

From the Academy, went to the Palais Royal, where we found workmen employed in taking down the old gallery, in order to rebuild the whole, in a modern style;

the pictures taken down, and placed in the middle of each room, on great easels, and obliquely to the light, resting partly upon each other, and with such small intervals that it was impossible to view the large pictures with any advantage or satisfaction. The collection is most princely; the best works of the first masters are to be found here—the Sacraments, by Poussin—Murder of the Innocents, by Le Brun—the Cupid making his Bow, by Correggio—the dead Christ, by Annibal Caracci—sketches and pictures, by Rubens, in profusion—the best things of Teniers—in short, the best works of every great man. Few however of these fine works can be advantageously seen, while the apartments remain in their present state of disorder. Here is also a duplicate or copy of the head of Christ crowned with thorns, which Mr. West possesses, but if *by* Guido, certainly very much inferior to that, in color, execution and expression. The Annibal Caracci is superb, but I think not quite equal in color, execution or preservation to that of M. Au Frere; but in composition, it will scarcely be thought inferior. Le Brun's Murder of the Innocents is *terribly* fine; maternal horror and distress are too wonderfully represented.

From the Palais Royal we went to the new church of St. Genevieve; it is unfinished, but the entrance at the grand portico is really in a fine style of architecture, and to judge from that part of the interior from which the scaffolding is removed, and which is nearly finished, the whole will be one of the most elegant works in Europe. The general plan appears to resemble St. Stephen's, Walbrook, but on a much larger scale; all the ornaments are intended to be of sculpture only, in white stone; no paintings are to be admitted in the church. The exterior has much novelty and elegance.

To the church of the Carmelites; rich without taste; several large pictures by Champagne; one said to be by Guido, the Visitation of the Virgin, very unworthy of so great a name, except the head of the Virgin, and two little angels over her. The Magdalen of Le Brun, Madame de la Valiere, is a charming picture; the coloring much superior to that of his works in general. Here are also one or two large pictures, said to be by his hand, but very inferior.

Tuesday, August 7th.—Went to the house of the Count D'Orsay, said to be one of the most superb in Paris; it is in truth overloaded with elegance; the furniture is expensive and rich, to a fault; the eye can find no rest; the windows, in one of the apartments looking upon the garden, are of plate glass, only two pieces in each. The picture room contains the most beautiful collection of perfect little things that I have ever seen together; the Visitation of the Virgin, by Rubens—the taking down from the Cross, by Rembrandt—an Infant Saviour, by Vandyck—are superb. Teniers, Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Mieris, Metz, Netscher, Van Oort, &c. &c., have precious specimens here. Small bronze copies of the finest antique statues, the choicest porcelain, &c. &c. literally crowd every apartment. The dining room is magnificent, ornamented with marble copies of some of the best antiques; the columns which separate the windows are of green and white marble; the windows are of plate glass, of prodigious size; but in my opinion, this room has one inexcusable fault,—it looks upon the court yard, where is all the dirty business of the stables, &c., objects far from pleasing to contemplate, in convivial hours.

From the Maison D'Orsay, to the Hotel des Invalides. This is a noble institution; the buildings are extensive

and well planned, equal to the accommodation of six thousand men; at present, there are only four thousand seven hundred. The church in which the service is performed is plain; through it you pass to the dome, which is truly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in this kind that has hitherto been executed. It is light and airy in its proportions—the sculpture well wrought—the paintings barely tolerable—the whole clean and well kept—the four chapels, in the angles of the dome, are very elegant and rich; but among all the paintings, whether of the chapels or the dome, there is nothing worthy of much attention. The centre of the dome is the best, and in one apartment adjoining the Salle du Conseil there is a small picture, said to be the original design from which this centre was painted, which is very well, much better in truth than the great work. The Salle du Conseil contains a number of portraits of great men, but in general intolerably bad.

Passy.—The view of Paris from the house formerly occupied by Dr. Franklin is very beautiful. La Muette, a small house of the king, is pretty; Madrid, an old Chateau near the Bois de Boulogne, built by Francis the 1st, in great Gothic grandeur, to elude a parole which he had given to remain a prisoner at Madrid; the Pont de Neuilly is still more beautiful at a second view than at the first.

Wednesday, August 8th.—Went with the Marquis Trotti to M. Houdon's, and afterwards to MM. Martinis and Güttenberg's. Proposal made to Güttenberg to come to England, to engrave one of my pictures,—a plain, honest German, industrious, and ambitious of fame, and one of the best engravers at present in France. Thence to the church of Nôtre Dame—Gothic, but not the grand style;

ornamented with many paintings of the French school, of which no one made sufficient impression upon me to be particularly remembered; they appeared to be not above mediocrity. To the church of St. Sulpice—Grecian architecture, but heavy, clumsy, and unpleasing; some pictures, but none of a high class; St. Jerome, in the first chapel on your right, as you enter the church, is a finely colored picture, but incorrect in the drawing, and there is a Nativity in a chapel near the choir, still on the right hand, which I could not approach near enough to see well, but it appeared to be a sweet thing, and over it was another small picture of three half figures; the Creator and two Angels adoring, which, at the distance from which I saw it, had a very good effect, and beautiful color.

Thursday, August 9th.—Went to the Luxembourg palace with Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, Mons. Belesaire, *architecte du Roi*, the Marquis Trotti, &c. &c. Saw the Gallery of Mary de Medici, painted by Rubens—the Empire of Color, Allegory, and Composition. ‘The gallery is in so decayed a state as to be supported by props, to prevent its falling; the pictures want cleaning, the varnish being so chilled as to destroy, in a great degree, their effect, but still enough is visible to charm every spectator. The Death of Henry is in the best state, and is indeed a model of grandeur in composition, and of splendor of coloring; the richness, the glow, and at the same time the truth of color and effect, is wonderful, and the drawing generally more correct than I had been taught to expect. The picture at the end of the gallery—France—is the most perfect of all, and appears to have been painted entirely by the hand of Rubens; splendor and harmony are here wonderfully united—the truth of nature, and the

glow of a nature superior to ours. From the condition in which the building is at present, there is great difficulty in obtaining permission to see the paintings; Mr. Cosway obtained it through Madame de Polignac, and I owe this almost greatest pleasure I ever received from the arts, to his politeness. In the other parts of the palace there is nothing of art worth seeing. The gardens are pleasant, but as well as the building, very much out of repair.

Went thence to the apartments of the Sieur David, in the old Louvre; took the liberty to introduce myself; found him a pleasant, plain, sensible man of perhaps thirty five or forty years of age. Found a picture finished of the three Horatii receiving their swords from their father, and swearing to use them bravely in the service of their country, before their famous battle with the three Samnites; figures large as life, the story well told, drawing pretty good, coloring cold;—Belisarius receiving alms, likewise large as life—as well composed and drawn as the other, and better colored.

Again went to the apartments of the Academy—magnificence, neglected and decaying. The pictures of Le Brun are by no means so pleasing as the prints; the coloring is all that is bad, and after seeing such works of Rubens, quite insufferable; the flesh is a dirty, brick dust red—shadows more heated than the light—violent red near the extremities of the pictures, and even in the distances; in short, while they have infinite merit as compositions, and great in point of drawing, they are, as colored pictures, bad as possible.

Thence, to the *Jardin du Roi*. The collection of plants is very great, beautifully disposed, and kept in perfect order; the cabinet of natural history perfectly arranged,

but, if what I saw be the whole, by no means so extensive or various as that of Sir Ashton Lever.

Friday, August 10th.—Went to the Sorbonne. The church is very good architecture; no paintings worthy of much notice. The monument of Cardinal Richelieu is finely conceived and executed; the figure of Science weeping at his feet, is, of all the marble I ever saw, the most expressive; it is the only thing of this kind which ever forced an involuntary tear from my eye—such dignity of sorrow, yet so simple and unaffected, so directly addressed to all the tender feelings, that the heart which does not melt before it, must be still harder and more cold than the marble. In one of the halls for disputation is a whole length portrait of the Cardinal, very finely painted, and worthy of Vandyck; this hall contains many other pictures, unworthy to be remembered. Here, two learned young men were carrying on a most edifying theological dispute in Latin, upon the merits of Judas and the degree of his sins, before two grave doctors, who sat wisely nodding over their theses, and a most attentive audience, consisting of one young man.

Went again to the church of St. Genevieve, and through every part of it, to the highest scaffolding of the dome, the inner columns of which seemed just carried up to their height, and the workmen laying up the arches of the intercolumniations, which are to form the windows; the external colonnade was carried to about half its height—the diameter of its columns here is about four feet; to the summit of the dome, above what is now finished, will be near one hundred feet. The view of Paris from this highest scaffolding is magnificent and vast; it was a very fine day, so that the eye, without interruption, wandered over the immense extent of buildings, which lay

beneath it. The Tuilleries, the Louvre, with the church of Nôtre Dame, St. Sulpice, the dome of the Invalides, the Bastile, the Salpetriere, Val de Grace, and a vast number of inferior buildings, towering above the dwelling houses. The extent of the city; the vast and opulent country, terminating partly in rough and broken hills, partly in a fine champaign, ornamented with the palaces of Meudon and St. Cloud; the aqueduct of Marly, the convent of Mount Calvaire, and a number of other splendid buildings, form altogether a *coup d'œil* entirely superior to any thing I have heretofore seen.

Dined to-day (the 10th) at Mons. Le Brun's, the Count Vaudreuil, M. Menagiot, Le Brun *l'aîné*, &c. &c. Madame Le Brun is one of the most charming women I ever saw; her pictures have great merit, particularly a portrait of herself and her daughter, which is not yet finished; in the composition of this picture there is a simplicity and sweetness worthy of any artist, and a brilliancy of coloring quite charming. Among female names, Angelica alone can come in any competition with Madame Le Brun. After dinner, the Sieur David, with one of his friends, did me the honor to visit my pictures; his commendation, I fear, was too much dictated by politeness.

Saturday, August 11.—Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, M. D'Hancharville, M. Belesaire, Marquis Trotti, &c. Went to Madame Guyard's—a plain, diverting woman; thence to M. Vincent in the Louvre, a very elegant gentleman and good artist; saw his picture of Pœtus and Arria,—full of expression and energy;—also his Henry IV, of France, meeting Sully wounded,—the characters good, drawing fine, coloring a little weak, effect too broken and *éparpillé*, but close attention to the costume of the time, and great propriety and simplicity of action

and expression. From M. Vincent's, I went to see M. Pajou, sculptor, in the Louvre; his works (*à mon avis*) by no means equal to those of Houdon;—thence to M. Boileau, and M. Paillet.

August 12th.—Went to Versailles, with Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, MM. D'Hancarville, Poggi, Bulfinch, Coffin, &c.—quite undress,—the chapel, antichamber, gallery, &c., magnificent in the highest degree. Saw here the whole length portrait of King Charles I, engraved by Strange—the most perfect and loveliest of Vandyck's portraits that has come to my view. In the same apartment are three Labors of Hercules, by Guido, very fine; that with the hydra almost the same as Ralph West's etching, the upper part of the figure perfectly the same. Adoration of the Kings, by Rubens, an admirable composition; the expression and color of the old man's head in the centre is particularly fine, and a black face of vast dignity. A Holy Family, by Vandyck, is very fine. In other apartments, we saw the works of Paul Veronese, of the Caracci, Le Brun; particularly the Tent of Darius, so much admired by the French. The composition is undoubtedly very fine, but the drawing in some parts not correct, especially the right arm of Alexander; it is too small for the character, or even for the other parts of the figure; the coloring, as in the other pictures of this series, utterly bad; the characters and expression are all good—some of them admirable. I cannot like Paul Veronese; his outline is so universally and equally hard, that his figures have the appearance of being cut out in pasteboard, and stuck upon the canvass; his local colors are certainly fine. In this apartment one of his famous works hangs, as the companion of the Tent of Darius; but I cannot like it—his characters are often vulgar.

The gallery looking over the gardens, is most splendid ; the material, solid variegated marble ; the ornaments are bronze gilt, the statues marble, and very fine ; the view from the windows, magnificently beautiful. The apartments of Madame Adelaide are simple and elegant ; her workshop, in which she is alternately joiner, carver, turner, engraver, &c., is curious and complete. The apartments of the royal children, neat and simple ; the dauphin is a beautiful boy ; Madame, no beauty, but pleasing ; Monsieur, very young and pretty. The theatre is very elegant, after designs by Le Brun, the ornaments are principally figures in bas-relief, gilt, and very fine.

In the apartments of the Count D'Angervilliers, *intendant des ponts et chaussées*, (of roads and bridges,) is a collection of the most precious things I have yet seen ; a Holy Family with Angels, by Correggio, in fresco, covered with plate glass, in point of taste and elegance is a most lovely composition ; the Marriage of St. Catherine in oil, half figures, large as life, an enchanting picture—nothing can exceed the gracefulness of the three hands of the Virgin, St. Catharine and the Infant—the coloring exquisite. Titian, Raphael, Julio Romano, the three Caracci, &c. &c. have their place here ; but, for color, composition and expression, nothing can excel a Rubens. Lot and his family leaving Sodom—the tender regret, the pity, the reluctance, with which the good old man quits the place where he had so long lived, his eyes cast up to heaven, as if praying that even yet his countrymen might be spared, is wonderfully expressed. The amiable, the heavenly manner of the angel who hastily leads him forward, pointing to happier and more virtuous scenes ; the trembling hesitation of the wife, who is even urged forward, by another heavenly comforter ; the beauty and resigna-

tion of one of the daughters, and the meretricious carelessness of the other; the heavens filled with ministers of the divine vengeance, urging on the tempest of lightning and fire upon the devoted city, forms altogether a scene, the most sublime in imagination, the most perfect in expression, and most splendid in coloring, that I have ever seen from this great man! Vandyck, Teniers, &c., complete this precious little cabinet, with their most choice specimens.

The Royal Collection—*Maison de surintendance*—I had no imagination of ever seeing such works in existence. Here is Michael Angelo, a marble painted on both sides with the story of David and Goliath, figures large as life, and in perfect preservation; for grandeur and correctness of drawing, admirable,—action, expression and composition, very fine, but the color not to be mentioned. Of Leonardo da Vinci, here are several heads and in perfect preservation; and the picture, of which the sketch is at Somerset House, a charming composition. Here too is the famous Holy Family by Raphael, engraved by Edelink. This exquisite work was painted on wood, which was perishing by worms and decay; it has been transferred to canvass lately, as well as many others, and is perfectly and successfully cleaned, and in fine preservation. Another large picture, and several small ones by him, are also here. Titian has several fine heads. The Caracci, Guido, Julio Romano, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Berghem, &c. &c., have here fine things. The collection is in fact composed of the finest works of the first masters, many of which are in perfect condition; and much care seems to have been and to be taken, to restore and preserve those which were in a decaying state. Some of the finest pictures, partic-

ularly of Raphael, which had been done on wood, (thick plank,) were in a very bad state, and the world owes much to the man, whose ingenuity has discovered a method of transferring them to canvass. By this means many are perfectly restored, and in a state to endure to future ages, for them to admire and imitate.

The gardens of Versailles must be seen; they cannot be described. I had expected to see immense monuments of labor and bad taste, where nature was overwhelmed in art; but I was disappointed. There is much more of nature than I expected; and the art, though perhaps too lavish, yet so vast, so magnificent, as to bear down all criticism. The *orangerie* is a noble work, worthy of those days when the baths of Rome were erected; the approach to the Egyptian statue, (which is fine,) has the gloomy solemnity and grandeur of an ancient temple. The bath of Apollo is very fine, both in idea and execution; the *petit bosquet* in which it is enclosed is charming. The Fountain of the Giants has grandeur of imagination, and the beautiful fairy-like scene, where the court sometimes dance, surrounded with trees and flowers—the colonnade with its numerous fountains—the grand cascade, are all delightful. The evening was advancing, and the growing obscurity of twilight left the imagination at liberty to vary and veil the forms of objects to suit its own taste. We left the gardens at half past eight, and were in Paris a little after ten, most heartily fatigued. I had indeed seen too much. It was an effort of no little difficulty to recall even the imperfect traces of memory, which I endeavor here to preserve.

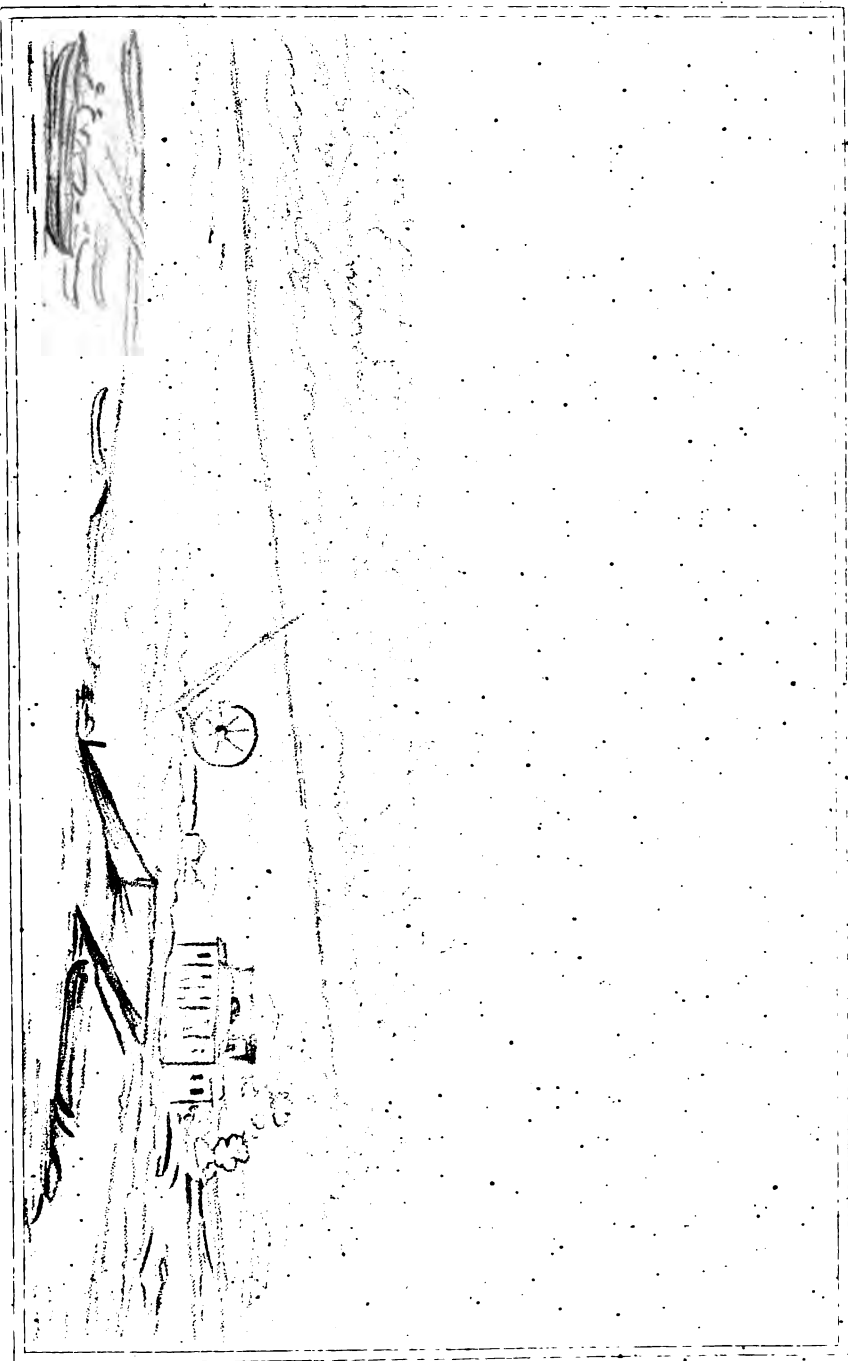
Monday, August 13th.—Again at the Louvre; saw the part of the Royal Collection which is there; among them are numberless inestimable things. Rubens, his wife and

two children, a beautiful small sketch which was sometime since in England, and for which the king paid one thousand pounds, is here ; a very fine portrait by Vandyck, some sweet things by Teniers, seven specimens of the Chevalier Vanderwer, from the collection of Sir Gregory Page. Wouvermans, Berghem, Vandervelde, Ostade, Rembrandt, &c. &c., are here in such numbers as to fatigue the eye, and all of the very first class. In another apartment, among many fine things, is the martyrdom of a saint, (I think Hubert,) by Rubens ; figures larger than life, grand and terrible in the highest degree. They have cut out the tongue of the sainted bishop, and one of the executioners gives it to a dog ; the head of the saint, and that of the villain who has the bloody knife in his mouth, are wonderfully fine. Another apartment contains Poussin's pictures of the elements, of which water or the Deluge, is generally considered a very fine work ; a very beautiful landscape by Rubens—an assumption of the Virgin by a multitude of little angels, exquisitely colored, and his famous boors merry making, in the manner of Teniers. This is one of the finest things imaginable, for color, composition, character, humor and landscape—painted on pannel, and in perfect preservation. The sea-ports of France, by Vernet, and many fine things of the Italian and Flemish schools, are here.

Dined, in company with Mr. Jefferson, at the Abbés Chassí and Arnout in Passy ; a *jour maigre*, or fast day, but the luxury of the table in soups, fish and fruits, truly characteristic of the opulent clergy of the times. After dinner, visited Madame De Corny.

Tuesday, August 14th.—Morning, visited Mons. David, and Mons. Julien, sculptor ; afternoon, the Count Vaudreuil, Madame Le Brun, MM. Menageot, D'Hancharville,

79) View, as seen from the house of the Abbé Chabre & Remond at Joly - 18-1736



Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, &c.; saw the pictures, and had the politeness to commend them.

Wednesday, August 15th.—At mass at the Eglise St. Roch, with M. Boileau, to hear M. Balbastre; introduced to him. Dined with the Count de Vaudreuil, in company with Madame Le Brun, the Abbé St. Nom, Count Parois, M. Menageot, M. Robert, and others.

Thursday, August 16th.—Saw at M. Massard's, the Murder of the Innocents, a copy from Rubens, and touched by himself—a wonderful composition. Went again to the Palais Royal; saw an admirable landscape by Rubens; Hampton Court; King Charles I, in the character of St. George, protecting his queen from the dragon, spectators, &c.,—beautiful works of Correggio, Raphael, Titian, Guido, &c.

Friday, August 17th.—The Count de Moustier, Marquis Cubiere, M. D'Hancharville, M. Boileau, called to see my pictures—expressions of great civility. Went to see the collection of the Duke de Praslin; some exquisite pictures by Murillo, &c.; the most extraordinary Rembrandt I have met with; Gerard Dow, Teniers, Count —, M. Robert, &c. saw my pictures. * * * *

Saturday, August 18th.—Visited Sir John Lambert's collection—a fine portrait by Vandyck; a very fine Teniers, himself, wife and family, near his house; a Holy Family, by Rubens; a Visitation, by M. Fragonard, a most striking picture, small; the effect aërial, mystical, &c.—cost three hundred pounds.

August 19th.—Here my manuscript fails me; I presume that one if not two sheets, have perished entirely. Of the next fragment, one half of four pages are consumed vertically; that is, half of each line only remains. This begins with the 10th of September, commencing

my journey to Frankfort. I very much regret the loss of these twenty days ; for, after fifty years, memory unaided, can do little to restore the chasm. I distinctly recollect, however, that this time was occupied with the same industry in examining and reviewing whatever relates to the arts, and that Mr. Jefferson joined our party almost daily ; and here commenced his acquaintance with Mrs. Cosway, of whom very respectful mention is made in his published correspondence. In the course of this interval, I became acquainted with the Count de Moustier, afterwards minister to the United States, and his sister, the Marquise de Brethon. She was a most interesting little woman, who had been married to an abandoned brute, with whom it was impossible for any woman of delicacy, or of any sense of virtue, to live. She was therefore separated from him, and went with the Count, her brother, soon after to the United States, where she became unpopular in consequence of her dispirited, retired, melancholy manners, which, if her domestic history had been known, would, I trust, have endeared her to my fair countrywomen.

By M. de Moustier, I was presented to the Count de Vergennes, the Baron Breteuil, and other great men of the day. I became known also to the Marquis de Biceore, and de Cubiere, who married a beautiful young woman, daughter of the Countess de Bonouil, herself one of the most splendid women I ever met, and moving at this time in the first and highest orders of society. In 1795, being in Paris soon after the death of the miscreant Robespierre, I found the beautiful Madame de Bonouil in an obscure garret, with barely the means of existence. In 1799, I met her in London, living in a pretty house near Hyde Park, apparently at her ease. Soon after she was sent to

St. Petersburg by Buonaparte, who knew well how to choose his agents. She was there at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, and wrote to her court the following account of the ceremony: "*L'Empereur y marchoit en grand procession. Les assassins de son père le prece-
doient. Ceux de son grand père le suivoient. Et les siens l'entourent de tout part.*" (The Emperor walked in grand procession. The assassins of his father walked before him. Those of his grandfather followed him. And his own surrounded him on all sides.) This letter was intercepted, and the beautiful diplomatist was conducted in safety to the frontiers, and there dismissed, with the injunction never to enter the Russian dominions again, under penalty of losing her exquisite head.

CHAPTER IX.

Age, 30—1786.

Journal continued—Leave Paris for Frankfort sur Maine, September 9th—Route through Chalons, Champagne, Deuxpont, &c. to the valley of the Rhine and to Frankfort—Leave my paintings with M. Poggi—Return to Mayence—Descend the Rhine to Dusseldorf—Sketches on the route of the river—Fac-similes engraved—Stay at Dusseldorf—Live in the gallery—Criticisms of paintings, &c.—Continue thence to Aix la Chapelle, Liege, Louvain, and Brussels, to Antwerp—There meet again Mr. and Mrs. Cosway—Examine all objects of the arts in their society—Remain three weeks, and then go on through Ghent, &c., to Calais—Embark there for England, and in November reach London.

September 9th.—LEFT Paris in the diligence for Metz, on my route to Frankfort sur Maine, where (at the great fair) I had appointed to meet M. Poggi. The environs of Paris on this route are uninteresting. Dined at Meaux, a small dirty city. The country through which we travelled in the afternoon was fine; slept at La Fertè en bois.

Sept. 11th.—Country uninteresting. Dined at Epernay, in Champagne, where lived M. Lochet Duchumet, one of our fellow passengers, a considerable wine merchant. He insisted upon my visiting his wine cellar, and tasting his champagne wine. The cellar is cut two stories deep, in that solid white rock of which Paris is built, and which underlies a considerable part of France. At the depth of this lower cellar the temperature is always equal, and the wine is kept in perfection; it was the finest I have ever tasted; the price in the cellar is six francs per bottle. Supped and slept at Chalons. The canal which is here commencing, to connect the Maine with the Loire, with

the bridge across the Marne, are elegant, useful, and noble works. The country from Epernay is mountainous, much resembling the county of Litchfield. In this part of Champagne, on the southern side of the hills, grows the fine blue grape: the meadows on the banks of the Marne are principally rich pasture and meadow; the country behind rising, and covered very much with corn-fields, but a poor soil. From Chalons to Clermont in Auvergne, the country is rough but beautiful; covered with corn, orchards of apples and pears, vineyards and wood, delightfully interspersed: it reminded me of the North River near Fishkill. Clermont is a fortified town, small, but strong,—a fine hospital here, . . . a part of the . . . who was with the legion de Lauzun. The road leads through a beautiful, variegated rough country to Metz. I had taken cold, and the jolting of a wretched carriage had given me such a severe pain in my back, that on our arrival, I was hardly able to get out of the diligence. My suffering caught the attention of an old invalid soldier, who served the hotel as a sort of *valet de place*: he assisted me, and offered to cure me—which he did, by administering when I got into bed, a basin of hot tea, apparently of peppermint, which brought on a profuse perspiration, and effected a cure.

Metz being a frontier town, is very strongly fortified, and garrisoned with several thousand men. The Moselle, on which it is situated, is not navigable, and therefore it has little commerce; the principal part of the town is occupied by public and military buildings, the Hotel du Government, new, &c. In the morning I learned, that being so near the frontier, no public carriage was established to any farther point, and therefore my journey to Frankfort was interrupted. Spent the day in strolling

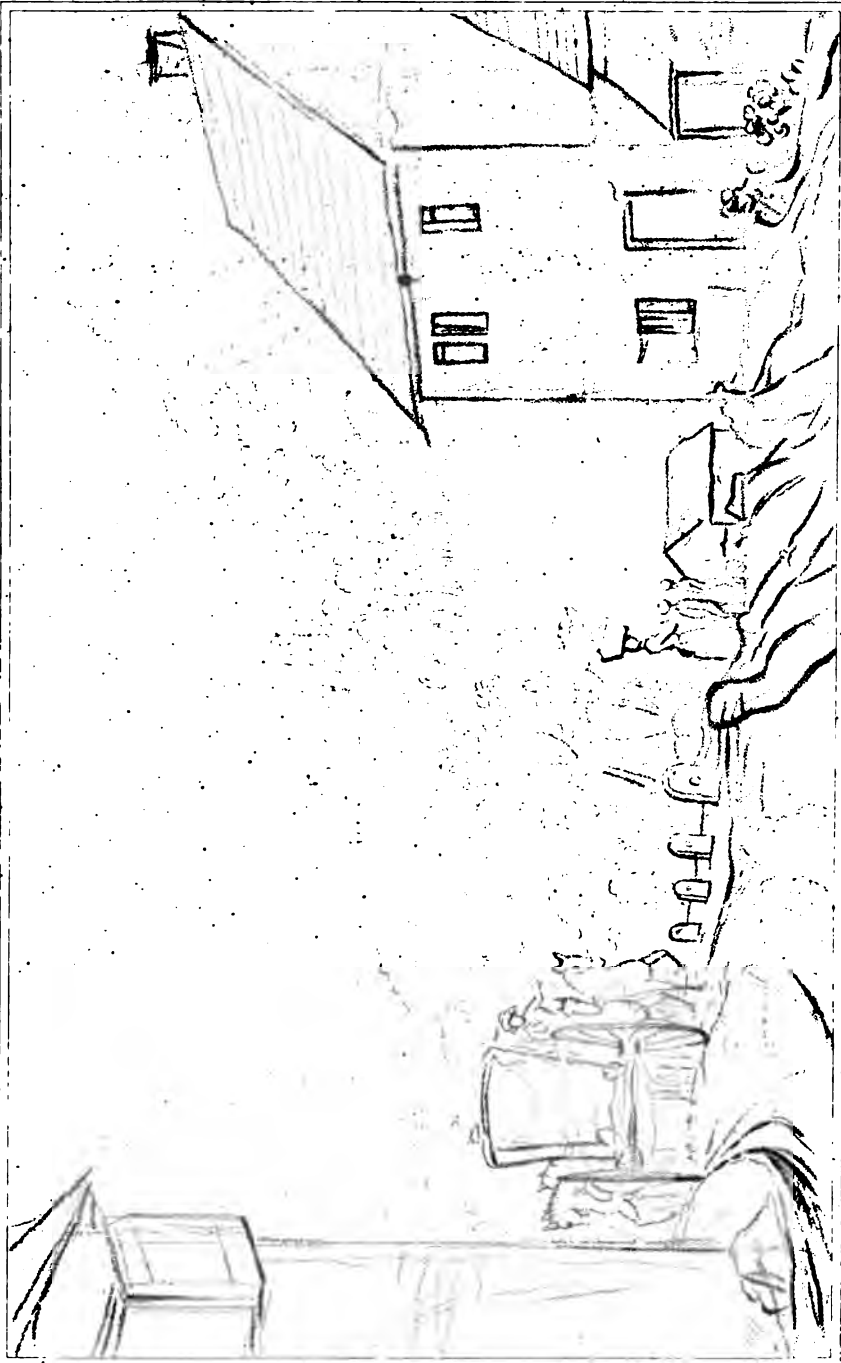
about the town. Went to mass in the cathedral; found the building old Gothic; service uninteresting us usual; music pretty good. Viewed the fortifications, barracks, and found every thing connected with the military in excellent condition.

Sept. 14th.—Left Metz for Frankfort, in a small neat chariot with a pair of horses, which I engaged to carry me in three days for six Louis d'ors, being a Louis a day for six days, to go and return. To lighten the expense, I admitted as a companion a German musician, returning from Paris to Erfuth—a heavy, silent man, speaking French no better than myself, and for German, a most wretched provincial *patois*: neither of us had any knowledge of the part of the country through which lay our road, and we formed a strange association. For a few miles, the road was good and the country pleasant; afterwards, poor and sandy. Breakfasted at — four leagues from Metz, in a house which poverty and filth seemed to have chosen for their residence: very bad food, scarcely two cups to be found in the house, and apparently not a decent utensil or article of furniture,—great quantities of wild pears, of which we made good use. Stopped at —, where are some decent houses and a convent of Benedictines; a regiment of cavalry stationed here, are the principal support of the town. Stopped at a miserable village entirely German; supped *maigre*, being Friday: the house almost destitute of furniture or comfort of any kind. All this day the country poor and road bad. Eleven leagues from Metz.

Sept. 16th.—In the morning passed through Saarbruck, the residence of —, a pretty little town; houses neat and good, some of them really elegant and of good architecture. There are several very pretty seats in the neigh-

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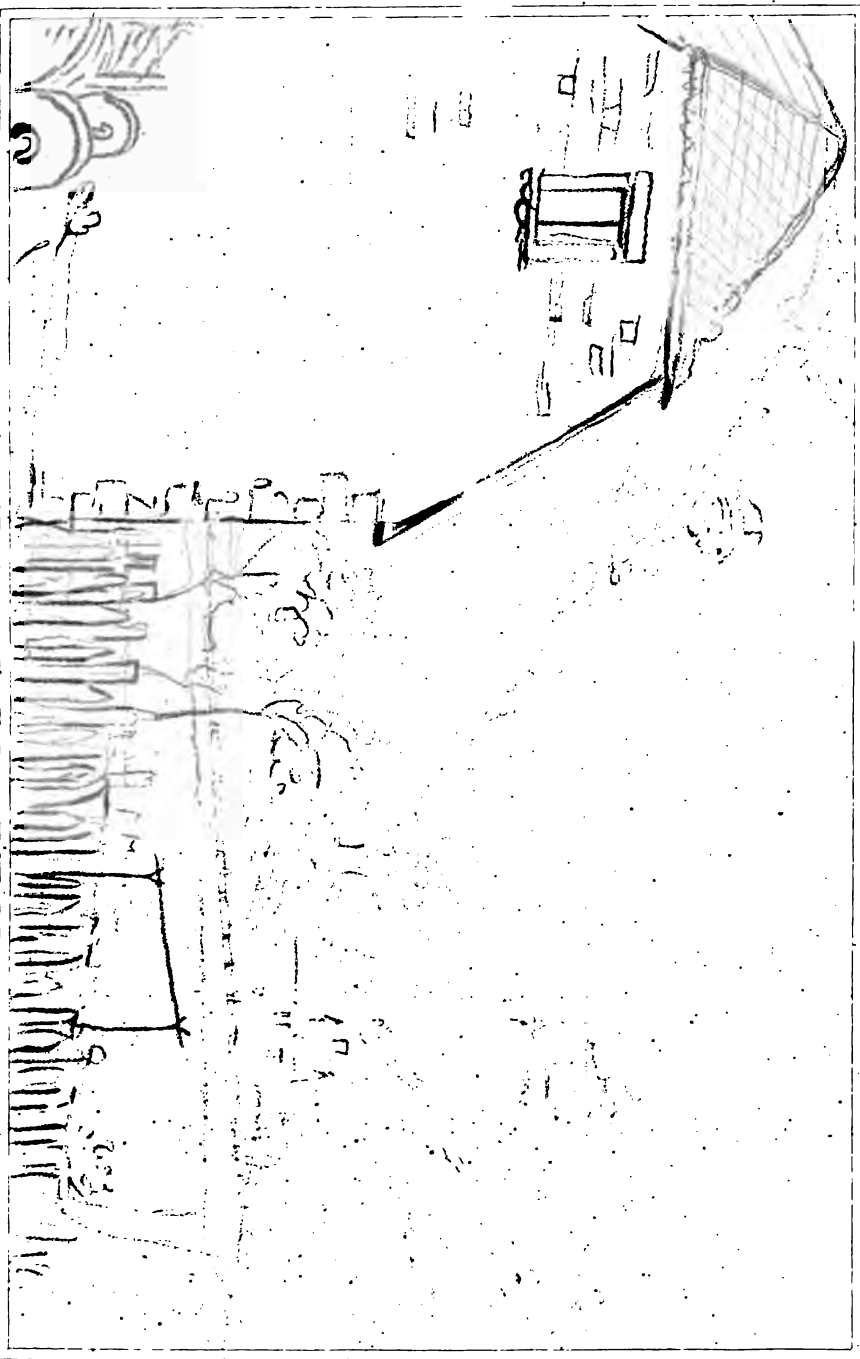
View of the room in which the author was born, 1791.

borhood. The small river Saar, on which the town stands, is navigable for boats, and has a handsome bridge. In the neighboring hills are iron mines, several fine forges for iron and steel, and of course, considerable commerce. The road is sandy and bad; the country clear, with tolerable crops of Indian corn, pumpkins, &c. At four o'clock supped at St. Embright, on very good coffee, bread and butter, &c.; the china handsome; the inhabitants appear to live comfortably;—the country woody and sandy—principal food of the poor appears to be potatoes, and bread of Indian corn, but bad; the soil is poor until very near Erbach. In this vicinity is the palace of the Duke de Deuxpont, prince of this country, and cousin of Count Maximilian Deuxpont, colonel of the regiment royal Allemand, one of the four superb infantry regiments who served in America under the Count Rochambeau; this residence appears to be fine and finely situated. The Count Maximilian was made king of Bavaria by Napoleon; the present king is his son, the king of Greece his grandson. Supped at Erbach on milk soup, that is, boiled bread and milk, fresh pea soup, broiled chicken, and a sallad of potatoes half boiled, sliced; raw onions, do. dressed with oil and vinegar, very good.

Sept. 17th.—Rose at five o'clock: dined at ——. The country more mountainous, wooded and sandy. Afternoon, passed over a very rough country resembling the highlands of New York; the road bad, running between two mountains rising high upon the sides of a small stream. Stopped and slept at a solitary post-house, in the wildest and most picturesque situation. Rose at four o'clock, the 18th, and set off for Turckheim: a few miserable houses are scattered along the roadside, which runs through an almost desert, among the wildest mountains, as far as

Frankenstein: here we left the mountains and entered upon the valley of the Rhine. The country is now rich with vines and various cultivation;—several villages in sight. Mannheim visible in the distance, backed by a range of very high mountains, (Heidelberg and part of the Black Forest, the eastern boundary of the valley.) The prospect is rich and luxuriant; but the crops which we pass are lean and bad, the weather having been unfavorable, produce and vegetation is backward. The vintage of Champagne and all this country, is made towards the end of September.

Sept. 18th.—Four leagues from Worms. The country here is rich, and abundantly cultivated in vines, corn, potatoes, turnips, radishes, &c. The manner of planting vines is different from what is usual in Champagne, and generally throughout France; they are here planted like Indian corn, in rows, but not quite so distant. Each vine is trained to about three feet high, beyond which height the plant is seldom permitted to rise; the field has thus the appearance of a cornfield. In some places, the field in ploughing is divided into lands; on the edge of each land is one row of vines, the space between is devoted to corn, potatoes, turnips, &c., and here the row of vines is permitted to rise higher, and to spread themselves upon slips of board extended from prop to prop, a kind of espalier. At four o'clock passed through the city of Worms, the first impression of which was favorable. At almost every window we passed, was a beautiful and well dressed young lady;—whether our eyes were prejudiced by the long tract of desolate frontier country, through which we had passed, we could not decide; but we thought the women here were in general remarkably pretty. The town is old, the houses neglected, ill built,



Plan & elevation of the Palace of the Sultan in the
city of Constantinople.

and apparently in decay. The cathedral is a very clumsy, heavy, Gothic building; we stopped a few minutes to see the interior, but found we could not have admittance unless we waited longer than was convenient, and we concluded from the style of the exterior, that we did not lose much. The fortifications, which were Gothic, were miserable and in ruins. It would give great pleasure to see rising upon the ruins of war, the habitations of peace and industry; but such pleasure is not to be expected in a country like this, where the inhabitants hold even their lives at the will of an arbitrary and despotic prince. "Sic nos non nobis," is a reflection which is painfully forced upon the mind at every step. The soil is abundantly luxuriant in various productions; but in the midst of plenty, the inhabitants, although numerous, appear to be wretched: to support the pride and pomp of one family, the happiness of the people is sacrificed.

September 19th.—At six o'clock reached Openheim, a wretched old Gothic town, once walled, now in decay. We here crossed the river Rhine, which is at this place twice the width of Hartford ferry, very deep and rapid. The boat was of a singular construction: a platform of twenty five or thirty feet square is laid upon two boats placed parallel to each other; over this platform is erected a sort of gallows of strong timber, twenty feet high, over which passes a strong hawser, at one end connected with a windlass, at the other, and at a considerable distance, to a boat, and this boat is made fast again by an iron chain to another, and so on for six or eight; the last boat is firmly anchored or moored in the middle of the stream, there is no tide in the river, and the force of the current acting upon these boats and their rudders, which are presented obliquely to it, maintains a constant effort to carry

the whole down the river—counteracted by the connected boats; this communicates a swinging motion to the ferry-boat, which sets it across the river in a very short time. On each side of the river is a short wharf, one end of which is secured to the shore, the other supported by a large boat, of the same height above the water as the platform of the ferry-boat, which rising or falling as the surface of the river, carriages may be driven in and out with perfect ease and safety.

The country from this landing to Gohrah, two and a half leagues, is like the other side of the river, a perfect garden, and the road fine. At Gohrah, for the first time in all this ride, I met children coming from school. Education and liberty would convert this country into an earthly paradise; but, an ox saddled and harnessed in a cart like a horse, formed a sad contrast of ignorance.

From Gohrah at twelve o'clock, for Frankfort, six leagues. After the first two miles, the road was very deep sand; soil poor, covered with a growth of white birch and small stunted pines. Walked a great part of the distance, and amused myself with trying to talk German with a corporal and his party of soldiers, of Hesse Darmstadt. At the distance of a mile and a half came in view of Frankfort, most delightfully situated in a beautiful fertile valley on the banks of the Maine, the distance formed by high mountains; the whole scene recalling most forcibly the beauties of my native country. As we approach, the town appears large and handsome, and on entering the gate of the small town opposite, we find it strongly fortified; the river passing through the town, is crossed by a bridge, very high, and built of stone. Passed through a considerable part of the town, to arrive at the lodgings which had been secured for me by M. Poggi,

where I found myself very well accommodated ; the town very full of strangers, come to attend the fair.

The 21st was passed in running about the town, and seeing the engravings in aqua-tinta of two clever artists ; those of Madame Prestor have very great merit. Saw also the collection of pictures of Mons. Stadle, the only one in the town ; it contains some tolerable pictures, and good architectural drawings ; the proprietor a very amiable, gentleman-like man. The environs of the town are extremely beautiful ; the land divided into small portions of one half to two acres, cultivated in the highest perfection and most charming variety, and on most of these little spots, a tastefully ornamented summer-house. The Jews' quarter is a very narrow street, or rather lane, impassable for carriages, with the houses very lofty, old-fashioned and filthy, not more than a quarter of a mile long,—no cross avenue or alley, and a strong gate at each end, carefully closed and secured at tattoo-beat, after which no one is allowed to go out or enter, and whoever is found out of the quarter after this time, is secured by the city guard and confined. This quarter is said to contain ten thousand of this miserable people ; how such a number can exist in such a narrow space is almost incredible, yet here (at one of the entrance gates) I saw them crowded together in filth and wretchedness, calculated to generate disease. And how were they to escape from a fire, after the two only avenues were closed for the night ?—Men, women and children must be in imminent danger of perishing. The sight of such misery was most painful, and the reflection of the possible, nay, probable, consequences appalling.

In the evening I went to the theatre, (strange transition !) which is a very neat small building ; the actors tolerable ; music excellent ; company numerous and genteel—some

elegant women—many very well dressed and beautiful young creatures; the whole *coup d'œil* striking.

Sept. 22d.—Went to see the cathedral; old, Gothic, overloaded with bad ornaments. In this building is performed the coronation of the king of the Romans; the choir of the cathedral, the council-room, &c. are remarkable for their great antiquity, and the council-room is decorated, or rather filled and crowded, with vile portraits of all the emperors. Here is also kept sacredly, the Golden Bull, or Magna Charta of Germany, dated 1230, and containing the constitution of the empire.

Frankfort contains forty thousand inhabitants, free, and carrying on an extensive commerce with the interior of Germany. The fairs are held spring and fall, continuing three weeks; that of the fall is the most important, during which it is calculated that at least ten thousand persons are attracted to this temple of commerce, from all parts of Europe, besides a great number of nobility and gentry, who resort to the place for amusement. The city is generally well built, with some broad handsome streets, and magnificent public buildings and hotels, of which the *Maison Rouge* is the finest. I dined once at this house, at the *table d'hôte*, with at least two hundred persons of all descriptions, from princesses and princes of the empire, who were there from curiosity, down to Jews and Gentiles of all descriptions, from the merchant to the pedlar, all seeking whom they might devour, at least plunder. The river Main, on which the town is built, is about as wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, and from eight to ten feet deep at ordinary times—smooth, but somewhat rapid.

I embarked at 10 o'clock for Mayence on the Rhine, on board a boat filled with two or three hundred people of all classes and nations, without one acquaintance, and speak-

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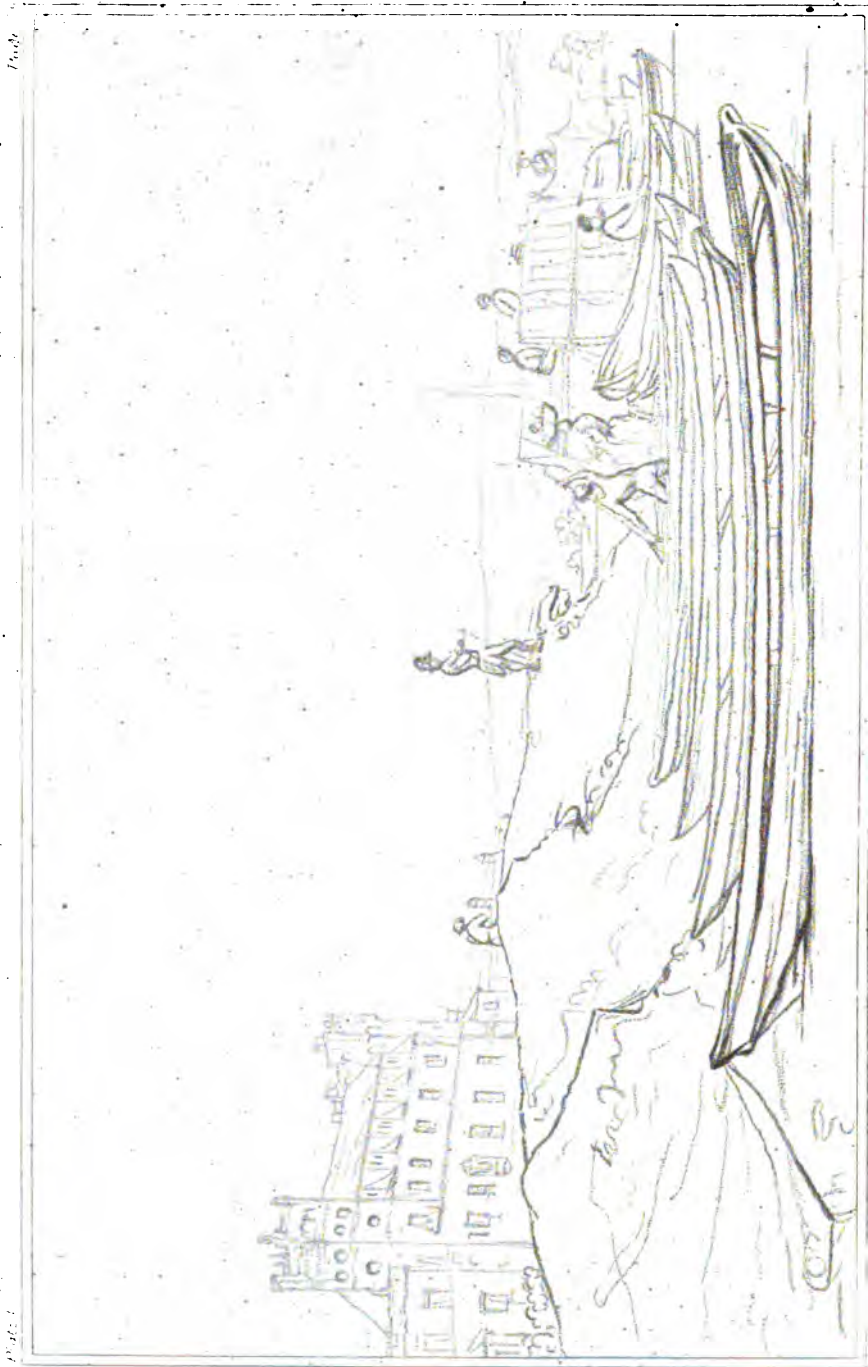
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Old Electoral Palace at Mayence. J. T. 1786.

ing hardly a word of German. Fortunately, there were among the number some very genteel and intelligent people speaking French, and in their society I passed the day very agreeably. Down the river to Mayence, the country is fertile and beautiful, with several picturesque small towns.

Arrived at Mayence at four o'clock ; was conducted by M. C. Haberle of Erfuth, a gentleman of the university here, and a fellow passenger in the boat, to see the cathedral, of rich but heavy Gothic architecture ; no paintings of value ; the choir of new Gothic Grecian. There are, in some of the chapels, pictures in fresco of some merit ; and a — not yet finished, by the principal canon of the cathedral, is a beautiful little work, of real Greek taste. The citadel stands upon the height of ground above the town, and is a fine specimen of modern fortification. Within the citadel is preserved what remains of an ancient tower, said to be the monument of Drusus ; in the neighboring country are many remains of ancient Roman works and buildings.

Mayence is the Maguntium of Cæsar, and when the water of the river is low, the remains of a Roman bridge may still be seen, at the lower part of the town, supposed to be of his time, and indeed to have been constructed by him across the Rhine. The view from the citadel is fine, overlooking the city, the river, and opposite country. The principal street of the town is handsome ; upon it are placed the electoral stables, and in the lower part, on the bank of the Rhine, stands the electoral palace, externally an old, irregular Gothic building ; the interior said to be decent, not magnificent ; I did not enter it, but made a slight drawing of the river front. The city contains thirty thousand inhabitants, a nunnery with its dependencies, an

university, &c.—mechanics, shopkeepers, &c., and has considerable commerce.

Sept. 23d.—Embarked for Cologne, in a boat, i. e. a batteau with oars and an awning. Again very fortunate in my companions; the person whom I first met was M. Herry of Antwerp, at whose house my friend, Major Brice of Maryland, formerly lived when studying painting in that city—I found M. Herry a very agreeable young man, speaking both French and English tolerably, and possessing great love for the arts, and considerable skill in painting. Our other companions, Mons. and Madame Payen of Maestricht, a very pleasant couple, who spoke French well, returning from a visit to his parents in Switzerland; and with them, under their protection, was a beautiful and amiable young lady, very like Mrs. Langdon of Portsmouth; she had been for two years at Lausanne with an aunt, and was the daughter of General Gresnier, in the service of Holland, residing at Breda, and commandant of Gertruydenbergh. Several others were on board the boat, to our great vexation, for we had understood it to have been engaged for our party exclusively; however, as they were all decent people, we reconciled ourselves to our fate, soon became acquainted, and at ten o'clock left Mayence. The morning was fine, the sky and the river clear and undisturbed, the country surrounding us rich, various, and bright, in the distance lofty mountains terminating the scene; the banks of the river covered with villages, and boats and barges crossing and recrossing, some coming up the river, others following us down.

At twelve o'clock we spread our little repast, consisting of a pair of roasted chickens and some veal, with good bread and some bottles of fine wine; the want of plates and dishes was supplied by bits of clean paper, the knives



Madame Payer-
Sept. 1786 - J.T.

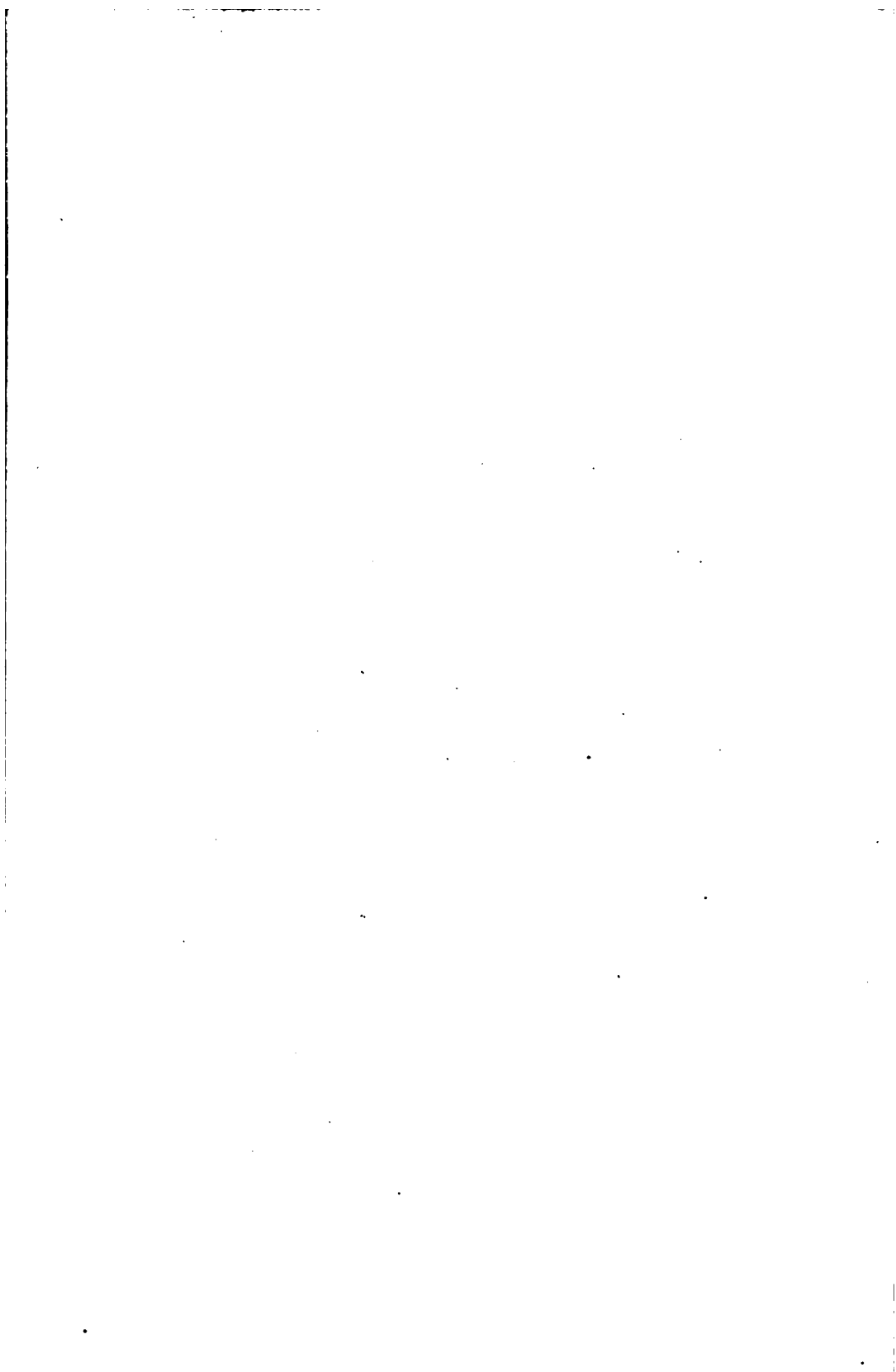
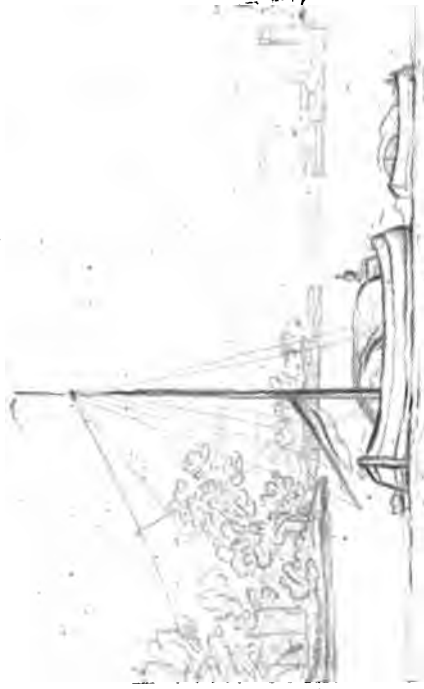




Fig. 11. Mademoiselle Grenier.

Mademoiselle Grenier de Brédas
sur le Rhin. Sept. 1786. — J. L.



Cherit - 2 ha. below Mayence Sept. 1786 J.C.

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

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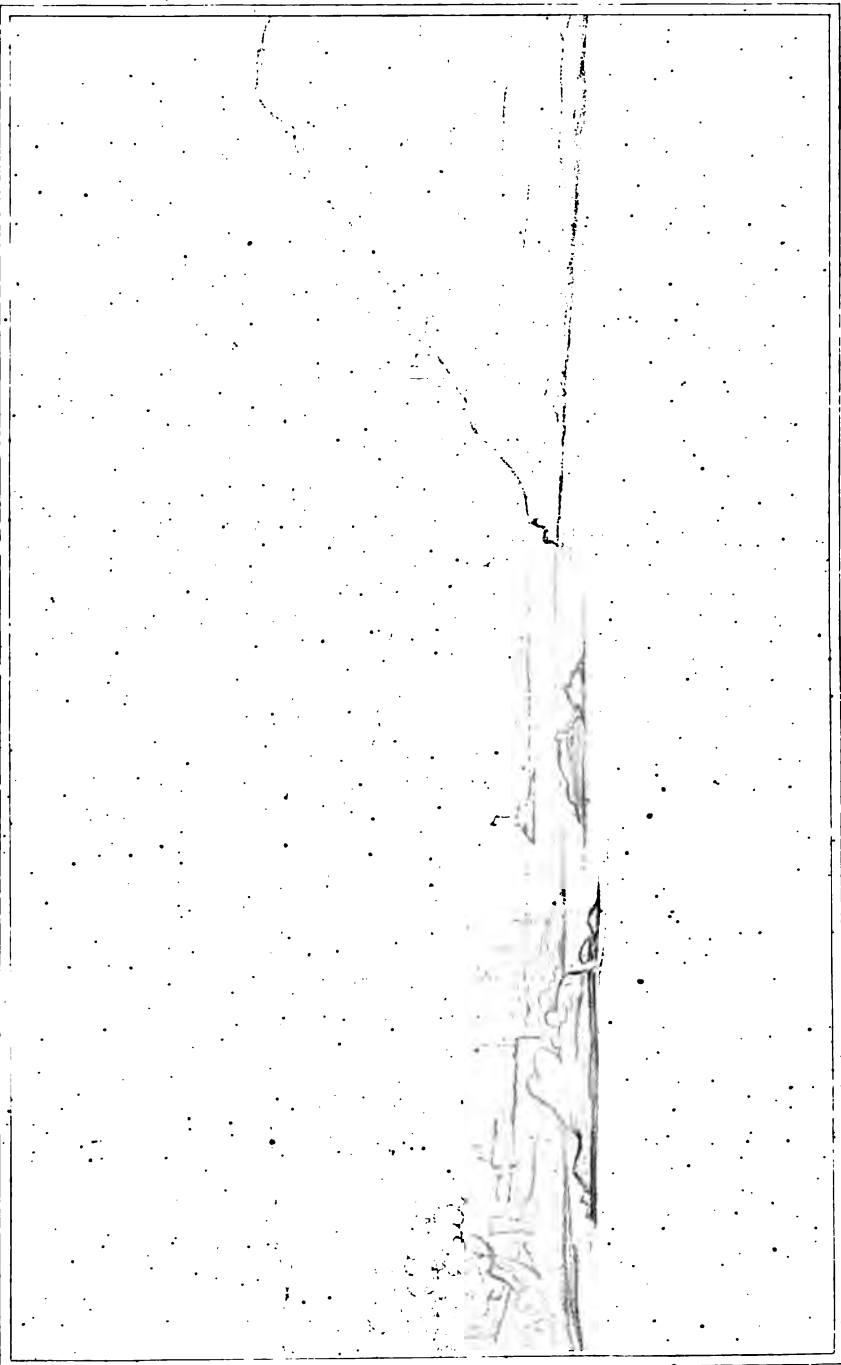
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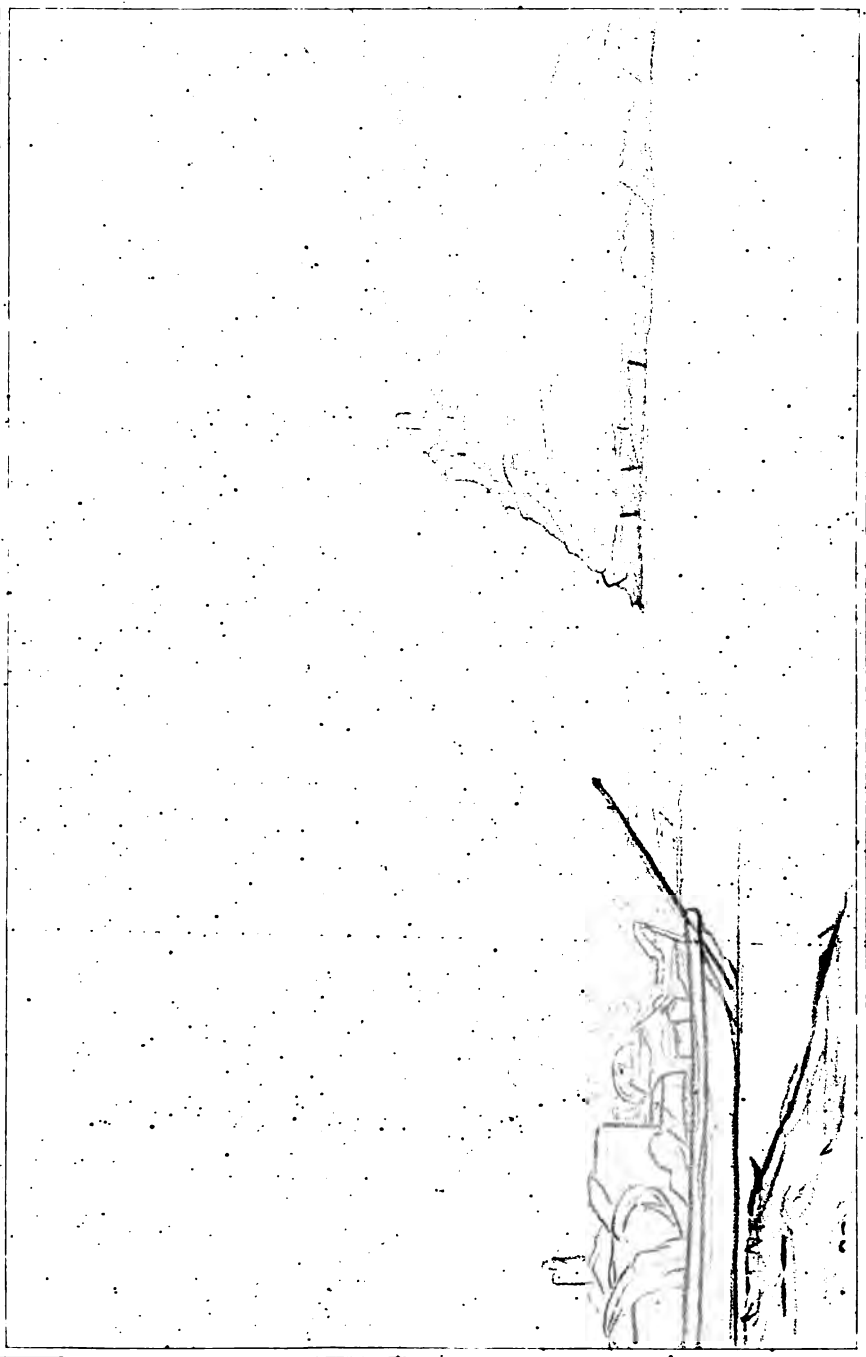
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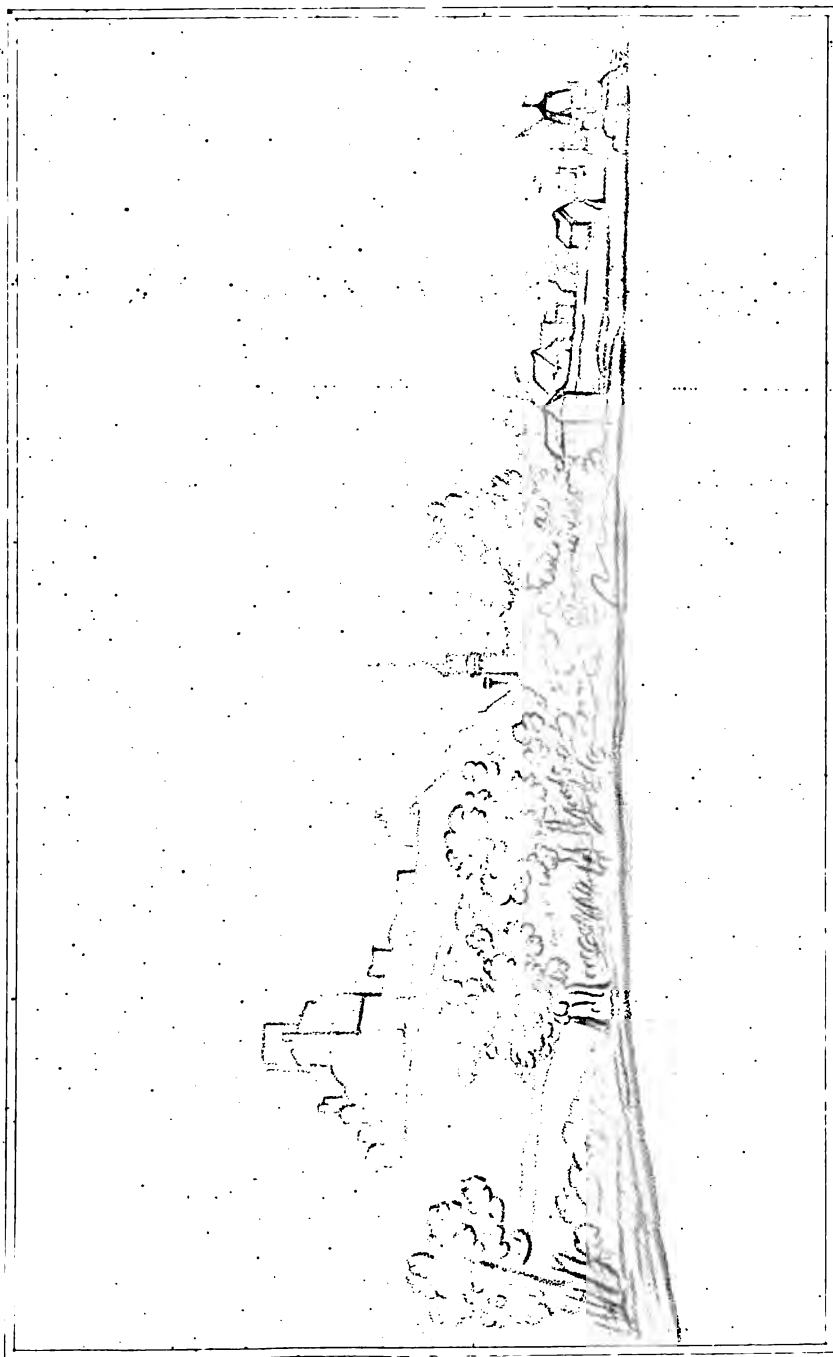


Entrance to the Highlands of the Rhine. Sep. 1786. J.F.



Near Bingen — entering the Highlands of the Rhine





Binnon 23 Sept. 1786 J.G.

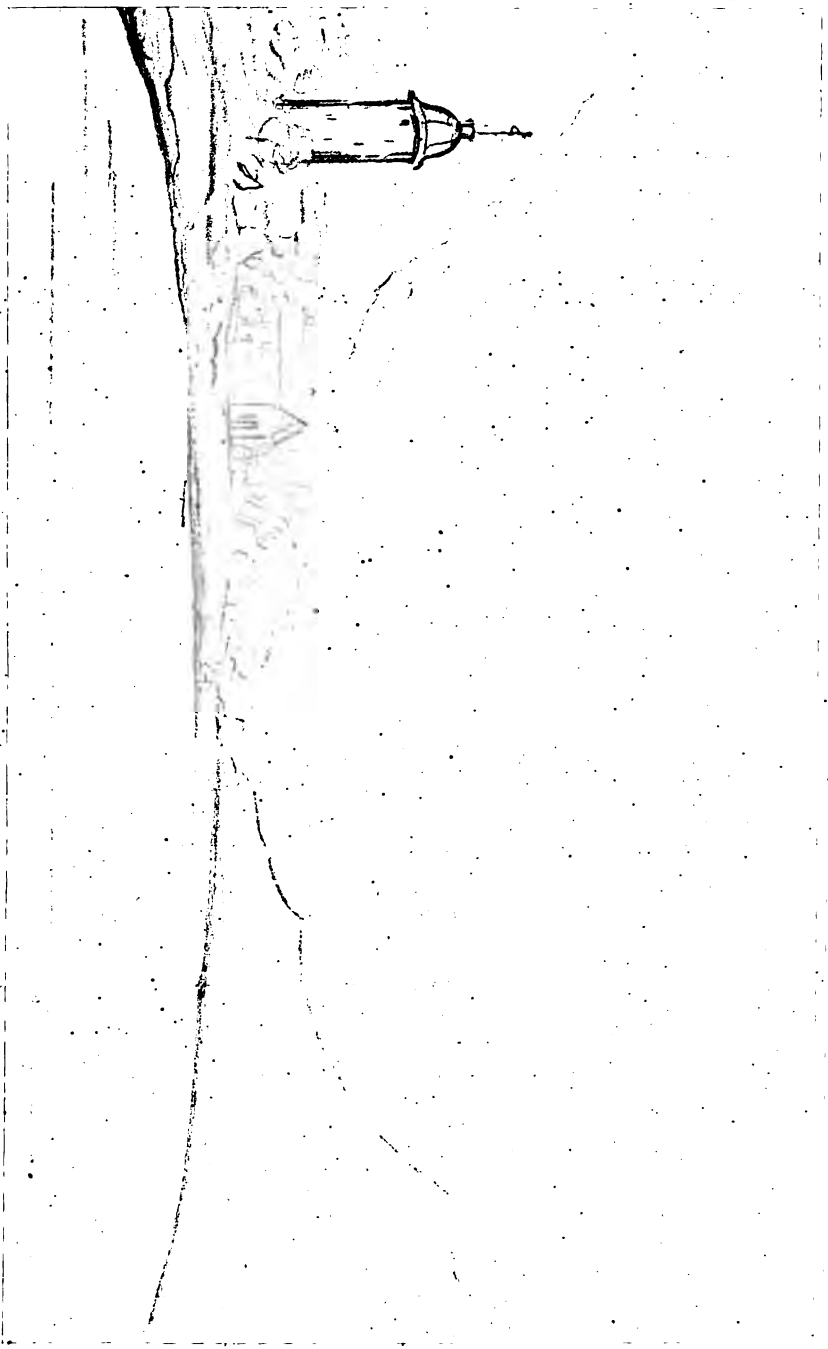
out of our pockets, and two tumblers we had to divide between the ladies and gentlemen. The singularity of our meeting, the oddity of our table, the whimsical mixture and confusion of languages, with the delightful beauty of the weather and the scene, all conspired to make our dinner the most charming party possible, and no travellers ever were happier than we. At two o'clock we went on shore a few minutes at Bingen, a small town on the west bank of the river, seven leagues from Mayence, at the entrance of the highlands, which are picturesque in the highest degree, far superior in grandeur to the highlands of the North River. The stream is contracted to a very narrow space, restrained between high mountains, rocky, wild, precipitous, and every summit ornamented with the ruins of some ancient Gothic castle, overhanging the river and subject country, like the eyrie of an eagle. The river just below Bingen runs rapidly; the channel is interrupted by rocks, but not dangerous; on one of these (not larger than Pollipell's island) is a formidable structure in stone, intended probably for a prison in ancient days. Soon after entering the channel between the mountains, the weather became obscure, then squally, and at four o'clock the wind blew violently in gusts, and we were very happy, when with some difficulty we reached a little landing-place on the west side, where we got safely on shore; the ladies were excessively frightened, and in truth with good reason. There was no house near to shelter or defend us from the storm; a few osiers, which had been cut and made into bundles by basket-makers, were all we could find to protect us from the rain. We reassured the ladies, drank a tumbler of wine, and walked on in a little foot-path until the wind abated, the lovely little girl leaning on my arm for support; we resembled a scene of ancient story,

knights and damsels, and difficulties and dangers. We soon recovered spirits to amuse ourselves with our adventure, and recollecting passages of poetry and romance, we returned cheerfully to our boat. The weather cleared, and we went on pleasantly to Bacherach, a village on the west shore, four leagues below Bingen, where we landed at seven o'clock. The ladies, after their fatigue and alarms, went immediately to rest ; we supped pleasantly, and slept soundly.

At six o'clock next morning breakfasted together, and pursued our voyage. The morning was squally, but the mountainous scene through which we were passing was picturesque in the highest degree ; every moment presented some new change of form or effect, some ruined castle in a new point of view—scenes sometimes pleasant, sometimes terrible, always grand. The gleams of sunshine and alternate squalls, which at times concealed, and then again unveiled the mountains, enriched the beauty of the day, but destroyed its pleasures and even comforts, for the frequent rain rendered our boat damp and cold, and the sudden violence of the wind was at times dangerous.

At twelve we repeated our little dinner, but not with the same pleasure as before. The sky was gloomy, the water rough, the wind frequently violent, with heavy rain, so that we were glad to shrink and cower under the canvass shelter of our awning, which was often in danger of being blown away. In the afternoon the weather became still more unpleasant. We landed for a few minutes, at Coblenz ; the town large and well fortified, the citadel strong, and the castle of Ehrenbrietzen on the opposite shore, placed on the lofty summit of an almost inaccessible rock, frowning on all below, river, town and country,

Baeherach - Sept. 1786. J. T.



with a stern and solemn grandeur. Coblenz is eleven leagues from Biberach, and twenty two from Mayence. We resumed our seats in the boat, and went on to Neuwidt, a beautiful little village on the eastern shore, like Esopus. Here we landed at seven o'clock; the evening dark, rainy, tempestuous; found our way to an inn, and inquired for Madame, the mother of Mademoiselle Gresnier, who had arranged to meet her daughter here, and conduct her to Breda. Having established the ladies in a comfortable room, I ran with M. Payen to the *pension*, (boarding-house,) where we found the mother, an elegant elderly woman, a sister somewhat older than Mademoiselle, and two fine chubby little boys, brothers, who were here at school. The people of the house were agreeable, and all, as well as Madame Gresnier, received the news of the young lady's arrival with the transports of real and undisguised affection. A carriage was immediately sent for the ladies, and M. Payen and myself were *commanded* to stay to supper and accept beds. The ladies soon arrived, and the meeting was the most tender and interesting I ever witnessed; the transports of filial and maternal affection were seen in their most lovely forms, and we passed an evening of such amiable, virtuous joy, as I shall never forget. An elegant little English supper closed the scene, and I took leave of this most estimable family and society, not without deep regret; all the parties gave me their address, and received mine in exchange. We parted, I believe with a mutual, sincere hope, that we might meet again.

Sept. 24th.—At seven o'clock, M. Herry and myself embarked at Neuwidt; the weather still rainy and cold, with heavy wind. We found it advisable to land at nine o'clock at Andernach, a small town one league below

Neuwidt, on the opposite shore. Service was performing in the church; we attended for an hour, and at ten returned to our boat; found that the wind had rather increased, and the water was very rough, but once more we attempted to descend the river. Soon, however, we found our situation very disagreeable and hazardous; the wind increased to a very heavy gale, the water was violently agitated, and we were glad to reach the shore again, at a little village opposite, at the distance of a mile. The gale increased to such a degree, (blowing directly up the river,) that we gave up all hope of being able to proceed by water, and inquired if it were possible to obtain post-horses; and to our great mortification learned that Andernach, which we had just quitted with no small risk, was a post-town, and that there was no practicable road down the east side of the river where we were, nor any horses. It remained, therefore, only to recross the river, and this was not only unpleasant, but dangerous. The desire to get on our way, and our reluctance to spend one, perhaps two or three days, in a miserable dirty little village, at length determined us to hazard the attempt. M. Herry having on board the boat a chaise, (cabriolet,) in which he had travelled from Dresden to Mayence, was so kind as to offer me a seat in it, and the river was all that obstructed our going forward. We therefore hired a larger boat, with fresh and skilful hands, shifted our baggage on board her, embarked, and in a few minutes found ourselves safe on shore, a short distance below Andernach, where we landed the chaise and our baggage. Meantime the tempest increased, with violent rain; I had not even a great-coat, and was thoroughly wet before we could finish our labor and secure our effects above the bank of the river, and out of its reach. There were no

houses near, but at length we observed at some distance a little chapel, by the roadside, which might afford some shelter from the rain ; we ran thither, carrying with us our little basket of eatables, and a couple of bottles of wine, and there made our dinner, waiting for horses, which we had sent for to the town. The little chapel proved to us the most delightful refuge ; some poor Italian travellers on foot, were driven to the same shelter by the storm ; we shared our provisions and wine with them, and enjoyed more satisfaction in this wretched little hovel, than is perhaps commonly seen in palaces. After waiting two hours, until one o'clock, we at last got horses, mounted the chaise, and proceeded on our journey, leaving our bottles, basket, glass, the fragments of our dinner, a small box, &c., in the entrance of the chapel, as a memorial of gratitude for the shelter which we had received, and for the benefit of any poor creature who might be our successor. The wind, still furious, blew directly in our faces, and the front of the cabriolet was open, but we were safe on land, and that reflection, when we looked towards the river, which the continuance of the gale had by this time rendered terrible, comforted us for the cold and rain to which we were still exposed. We went on in this weather six hours, to Remagh, eighteen miles, or six leagues. Here for want of horses, we were again detained nearly two hours ; having resolved to travel all night, we at length obtained horses, and went to Bonne, the residence of the Elector of Cologne. Arrived there at twelve o'clock ; the storm still continued, and we were most excessively cold ; the gates of the town were shut, but after some delay we gained admission, and were directed to an inn, where we found a fire and something to eat, which was the summit of our wishes ; we warmed ourselves, devoured

a leg of mutton, drank a couple of bottles of excellent *vin du Rhine*, and at two o'clock proceeded to Cologne, arrived at sunrise, procured fresh horses and went on to Dormagh, breakfasted, changed horses and went on to Dusseldorf, where we arrived at two o'clock, having travelled twenty five leagues in as many hours. The last twelve hours had been free from rain and violent wind, but very cold. Passing in this rapid way, and in the night, there was very little opportunity to form a just opinion of the country; I can only say, judging from the time we were passing through it, that Bonne is not large, and upon the same principle, that Cologne is; the latter is old and very ill built, but well paved. The road which we have passed, is in general good, frequently close on the bank of the Rhine; the river under you and a precipice of rock hanging over you, and frequently hardly width to admit two carriages to pass. From Cologne to Dusseldorf, the country is flat, highly cultivated and beautiful; the mountains continue as far as Bonne, from thence to Cologne the country is somewhat rough. We no longer see any vines.

Sept. 25th.—At Dusseldorf, a small pleasant town, pretty well built, paved and fortified; the only thing to be seen in it is the electoral palace, and of that, there is nothing worth notice, except the gallery of paintings, which is extensive and truly fine. The gallery is divided into five apartments, of which the first contains a number of choice works of eminent masters, Italian and Flemish, among which several hunting pieces, the animals by Snyders, and one with figures, by Rubens; portraits, by Vandyck; a large historical composition, by G. Crayer; the Wise and Foolish Virgins, by Schalken; one very fine Teniers, &c., are the finest of this division. In the second are several fine works by Vandyck, as the dead Christ and

attending angels, a superb picture; Susannah and the Elders, St. Sebastian, the Virgin and Child, &c. Here is also the celebrated master-piece of Gerard Dow, admirably painted, but the subject detestably low. In the third is a beautiful Christ and Magdalene, by Barroccio, sweetly colored; the Murder of the Innocents by Annibal Caracci, grand expression and coloring; St. John in the Desert, by Raphael, beautiful drawing, character and expression, and tolerable color; single figure, young, and large as life; Ascension of the Virgin, by Guido, not one of his choice works; and a multitude of other fine things, which it would require a volume to characterize, and a year to view. The fourth is devoted to the Vanderwerfs, which, of all the celebrated pictures I have ever seen, appear to me to be the very worst—mere monuments of labor, patience, and want of genius. Two Rembrandts, one a Crucifixion, the other a Descent from the Cross, small figures, are very fine. A Jordaens, the Satyr and the Pedlar, is charming, equally for color, expression and design; the figures are large as life; the subject perfectly suited to the painter. The fifth apartment may properly be called the monument of Rubens, and magnificently worthy of him; it contains near fifty of his most extraordinary works, and nothing by any other hand. They are of such variety in subject and style, as would almost inspire a doubt of their being the fruits of one mind, but that we see the hand and the color which are so peculiarly and exclusively his. The subjects vary, from the very lowest ribaldry and profligacy of human nature, to the most sublime conceptions of religion and poetry. The first on the right hand of the entrance is a small picture, figures not more than a foot high—a marauding party of soldiers pillaging the house of a peasant;

the commander, a vulgar profligate, is seated in a pompous attitude, in the assumed character of a gentleman, and directing a scoundrel of the lowest class in his attempt to search the person of the unhappy dame of the cottage, who struggles stoutly, but in vain, against the brutal strength of the ruffian; all the accompaniment of birds and animals of a rustic yard, are intermingled with the plunderers, and the whole has such a hurry of vulgar distress, the expressions and characters so appropriate, that one would suppose the painter to have passed a life in studying similar scenes. But what a transition do we see in a neighboring picture, the Resurrection of the Just, which is painted on a pannel not more than twenty by thirty inches—upright, the ground white—an unfinished sketch or study. In parts of some of the figures the outline is visible on the white ground, untouched—no correction, no repetition of line—correct and elegant, and graceful as Raphael. This most exquisite work consists of young women and children, aided by intermingled angels, mounting from earth to heaven; the forms are all correct as Raphael, all elegant as Correggio; the drawing of the most refined purity and grace; the color pure, delicate, and rich, but not gaudy—in some parts very thin, in others the ground visible; and all this accompanied with such expressions of joy, of gratitude, of humility, as are rarely seen. The entire group seem to be in motion, and you gaze lest they should escape and soar out of human sight; the whole effect is aërial, the color delicately bright and luminous. This appears to have been the study for a companion of the neighboring picture of the Fall of the Damned, which is larger, and more finished—a scene as tremendous as the other is lovely. The drawing in this is less correct, but the color, the charac-

ters, the expressions, the attitudes, tremendously fine. In the upper part is a figure in the attitude of the fighting gladiator, reversed, struggling against a demon, who endeavors to drag him to the immeasurable gulf; in others, the various vices of mankind are characterized, going reluctantly to their reward; near the bottom are laughing devils, dragging by their hair their wretched victims up a stream of liquid and burning brimstone; while the lowest part of the surface is filled with lions, tigers, and other savage beasts, tearing and devouring promiscuously each other and the miserable dregs of human nature. As a whole, this picture presents to the eye and mind, a scene of horror never before imagined. In other parts of this room are various other works—history, portrait and landscape—all fine, but those which I have attempted to describe, transcendently so. If I possessed the Resurrection of the Just, small and unfinished as it is, I would not give it in exchange for the entire Luxembourg gallery, for the Family of Lot at Versailles, nor indeed for any or almost all the specimens of the art which I have seen. This little picture establishes the claim of Rubens to a place among the highest, most chaste, and most correct of the profession; no hand but his has touched, no mind but his could have conceived, these two wonderful compositions.

The reflection here occurs to me, that there is in nature, in the laws of optics, an insurmountable difficulty in rendering a large work equal to a small; in small, the eye is near its object, and without change of place can compare the parts with the whole; not so in large,—while at work, the eye must be almost equally near the surface, but can form no judgment of the relation of the parts to the whole, without removing to a distance. I

am not certain that I am right, but at present I believe the theory.

The garden of the Elector, near the town, is the only other place worth notice. Living is here very cheap, and the wine of the country not only cheap but excellent; access of artists to the gallery perfectly easy, forming great attractions for the residence of young students. I lodged at the great fair of Heidelberg, and remained in Dusseldorf three days, most beneficially employed.

Sept. 29th.—At four o'clock, A. M., M. Herry having sold his cabriolet, we mounted (for the first time to me) a German post-waggon, for Aix la Chapelle; the most detestable carriage, I believe, that is now used in any civilized country. It was indeed a mere waggon, and a very bad one, without springs of any kind, covered with painted canvass instead of windows, and the apertures closed with sides of leather. We were eight passengers inside, and five out—crowded, jolted, and bruised most unmercifully; the weather, violent wind, with rain and cold. Quitted the banks of the Rhine near Dusseldorf, dined at Juliers, a small fortified town, eleven leagues from that place, and in the evening reached Aix la Chapelle, now famous for little else than its baths, which are convenient and medicinal, and its gambling houses, which are as systematic, extensive, elegant and infamous, as almost any in Europe. The country through which we have travelled to-day, is finely cultivated and flat, until we approach Aix, when it begins to be undulating and broken; the town is not fortified, but large, ill built, and dirty.

Sept. 30th.—At half past six, we mounted the diligence for Liege—(that for Maestricht, which we wished to have taken, being full)—the day windy and wet; the company of Brabant, and all speaking French. The country through

which we pass, is the territory of Liege, beautiful and finely cultivated, but the road bad. Entered Liege at seven o'clock, by a long and good bridge over the Meuse, which runs through the town.

October 1st.—Could get no carriage to go on towards Antwerp, every body being gone to Aix la Chapelle, to see an ascension of Blanchard's balloon. Amused ourselves with going first to see the citadel, from whence is a fine view of the town, and of a most delightful, variegated, and well cultivated country; the Meuse, larger than the Thames at Richmond, and navigable, wanders through a most fertile valley, and divides the town into two large and several small parts, crossed by one long bridge of six arches and several small ones. The citadel stands on the highest ground near the town, and is a pretty good fortification, but very much out of repair. It contains a well, which is very curious, being cut (principally through rock) to a depth level with the river, which cannot be less than five hundred feet, I believe much more, as a bundle of straw, ignited for the purpose of shewing us the depth, was forty seconds in falling to the water. The palace of the prince bishop is an old Gothic building, forming a square, larger than the Exchange of London; the style very bad, the apartments unadorned. The cathedral and some other churches which we ran through are very bad Gothic; not one tolerable painting could we find, nor any thing grand and noble, except the gates of some chapels in the cathedral, which are of brass and fine; a grand balustrade of brass and marble likewise surrounds and encloses the choir of the cathedral. The town is old, large, ill built and dirty, containing more beggars and fewer pretty women than any other of equal size I ever saw. The manufactures are principally of

iron; coal is found in abundance, but, before they burn it, it is broken into a coarse powder, mixed with clay, and formed into cakes, like brickbats; thus is formed a fuel incomparably more filthy than the coal alone, and which renders both inhabitants and streets, and atmosphere, dirty in the extreme. Here is also a manufacture of calimanco. In the evening we went to the theatre; very little company, but the actors and music tolerable; the piece, Richard Cœur de Lion.

On the 2d of October, we took the diligence for Brussels. The country, soon after quitting Liege, from hilly becomes flat, and so continues, beautifully cultivated. At about nine leagues from Liege, we entered the Emperor's dominions, where the custom-house officers were particularly careful in their visit; the wiseacres pretended to mistake me for some foreign dealer in small wares or jewelry, returning from the fair at Frankfort, and searched my little trunk and baggage with great care; they found a trifling piece of cambric, on which they demanded the duty, amounting to five pence and a half, and by their useless severity lost a *douceur* of much more value, which I should have given them, had they behaved with civility. Came on to Louvain, famous at present for its university, general stupidity and strong beer. The town is in a very ruinous state, the buildings old and Gothic; the Maison de Ville, however, is a very fine specimen of ancient Gothic.

Oct. 3d.—We left Louvain, and travelling through a rich and beautiful country, we arrived at Brussels at eleven o'clock. This town is large, clean, well paved, and the streets tolerably broad; the old part of the town ill built—the quarter adjoining the park very elegant. The park itself is a beautiful little square, elegantly varie-

gated with three grand walks, which unite in front of the Maison de Conseil, (an elegant building,) and a number of smaller irregular ones. At the end of the park is the Vauxhall, an imitation of that in England. The buildings which surround the park are new and of good architecture; the situation elevated and superb. The cathedral church is an ancient Gothic building, richly but heavily decorated within; many paintings, but none very good, except one by Rubens, (Christ's charge to Peter,) and in this the drawing is inferior to his works in general, and the color not in his best style, but the characters and expression are fine. Here is also a small head of a lady by Vandyck, very good; some landscapes, with sacred stories, by Artois; a picture by Otho Venius; and others by J. Van Cleve, and several of the early masters.

October 4th.—We saw the court or palace; it is near the park, contains some very elegant apartments, with very fine tapestry of Brussels and of the Gobelins, and two pieces of inlaid wood, very uncommon; they are historical compositions, executed at Neuweid by David Routgen, in 1779, after the design of Jan Zeck, of the same place. These compositions are very good, the drawing correct and spirited, heads and characters fine, the extremities well finished, the figures half the size of life; they are executed in various colored wood, upon a ground of pale straw-colored satin wood, and so well as to produce a very pleasing effect of clair-obscur. Saw very few pictures; one by Verague of Louvain, a bad thing, though in this country he has reputation.

The Maison de Ville is Gothic; the Tower fine; the Chambre des Etats is a very handsome apartment. Here is a portrait of the present emperor, by Herrcyns of Mechlin, who is the most esteemed painter of the present

day in this country ; the picture approaches nearly to the style of Dance, but not so good. The theatre is handsome, larger than any I have seen except those of Paris and London, the actors and music good, the company genteel, and very well dressed. The general language of all genteel people is French, and almost all speak some English. The little theatre on the park, where the actors are children, is pretty, and the performances amusing. In the church of Petits Carmes is another fine picture by Rubens, (Christ appearing to his disciples,) beautifully composed and colored, but not well drawn ; the altar-piece, the Assumption of the Virgin, is called Rubens' also, and his composition it certainly is, and very fine, but I believe the execution to be principally by some scholar ; the parts are doubtless by his own hand. Here also are copies of several other works of this master, one especially representing the triumph of the church over infidelity, bad in truth, but valuable because the original has been destroyed by fire ; painted by a monk of this order.

Oct. 5th.—Visited several other churches, old, Gothic, bad as are the paintings which load and encumber them. Saw also the collection of Mons. Lavocat, in which are several pretty little specimens of the Flemish school, and among others is one by Jan Schooreel, who was born in 1495, spent some time in Italy, and died in 1562. The subject is a Descent from the Cross ; the composition exactly the same as that of Rubens' celebrated picture in the cathedral of Antwerp. M. Lavocat read to me a history of the picture, by which it appeared that it was in the cabinet of Rubens at the time of his death ; the probability is, therefore, that he took this as his model for the great picture ; differences there certainly are, and

all in favor of Rubens ; but still, not only the composition of the whole, but of every figure, is essentially the same in both, the variations being in the arrangement of the hair, the folds of the drapery, the character not the airs of the heads, and the tint of the background, which in the small picture is universally very dark ; the heads of the Savior and Mother are also surrounded by a glory in gold. There are two or three other private collections in this town, but very difficult of access.

The new palace of the archduke at Laaken, three miles from the city, near the canal at Antwerp, is an elegant building ; the park and gardens are in the English style, very simple, finely varied, spacious and noble ; the building and its decorations are not indeed yet finished, but enough is done to convey a fine idea of simple grandeur and good taste. Unfortunately for the gratification of our curiosity, the court dined there, so that we could not see the apartments. The Chinese tower, or pagoda, on the high ground behind the palace, has a fine effect, and commands a most extensive view ; in fine weather, Antwerp may be seen distinctly.

In the evening we went to the theatre, where an opera was very well presented ; the music and actors fine. I became acquainted with Madame Ploetinks, Rue de la Madeleine, one of the handsomest and loveliest women I ever saw—the precise style of beauty which Vandyck so loved to paint.

The most obvious remark which a stranger makes in this elegant place, is its wonderful cheapness ; for very decent lodgings three nights, three suppers, and one breakfast, I paid only five shillings sterling, and for a dinner, which I was curious to see, only ninepence ; the dinner consisted of soup, boiled mutton and turnips,

bouillè with greens, roast mutton, veal and fowls, all very good, with a dessert of excellent bread, butter and cheese, nuts, pears, &c., and we drank as much very good strong beer as we pleased. How such a dinner could be given for such a price is to me inconceivable. The best houses around the park, and some of them are very elegant, let for £150 per annum. A single man, who does not keep a horse, may live here very genteelly for £100 per year.

October 6th.—Took the barge for Antwerp on the beautiful canal, the banks adorned with country seats; quitted the boat at two o'clock; at ——— crossed a small branch of the Scheldt, and took the diligence for Antwerp; the road fine, bounded by rows of trees so closely planted as to shut out the view of the country almost entirely. At five o'clock arrived at L'Hotel de l'Empereur, Place de Mer.

CHAPTER X.

Age, 30 to 33—1786 to 1789—3 years.

In November, 1786, returned to London—Resumed my labors on American subjects, especially the Declaration of Independence—Studied the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis—Arranged also the compositions of the battles of Trenton and Princeton—In May, 1787, heard from Mr. Poggi the story of the sortie from Gibraltar, and painted it—Its marked popularity—In the autumn of 1787, again visited Paris, where I painted Mr. Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and the French officers in the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis—Again in Paris, in the early autumn of 1789, and saw the first outbreak of the French revolution—Destruction of the Bastile, &c.—Important conversation with M. de La Fayette, reported to the President of the United States—Returned to London, engaged a ship for Mr. Jefferson and his family at Cowes, to transport them to America—I sailed at the same time in another vessel for New York—Mr. Jefferson proffered me the situation of secretary of legation—Letters which passed upon the occasion.

In November, 1786, I returned to London; my brain half turned by the attention which had been paid to my paintings in Paris, and by the multitude of fine things which I had seen.

I resumed my labors, however, and went on with my studies of other subjects of the history of the Revolution, arranged carefully the composition for the Declaration of Independence, and prepared it for receiving the portraits, as I might meet with the distinguished men, who were present at that illustrious scene. In the course of the summer of 1787, Mr. Adams took leave of the court of St. James, and preparatory to the voyage to America, had the powder combed out of his hair. Its color and natural curl were beautiful, and I took that opportunity

to paint his portrait in the small Declaration of Independence. I also made various studies for the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and in this found great difficulty; the scene was altogether one of utter formality—the ground was level—military etiquette was to be scrupulously observed, and yet the portraits of the principal officers of three proud nations must be preserved, without interrupting the general regularity of the scene. I drew it over and over again, and at last, having resolved upon the present arrangement, I prepared the small picture to receive the portraits. Some progress was also made in the composition of some of the other subjects, especially of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, for which I made many studies upon paper.

In May of this year, (1787,) M. Poggi told me the story of the sortie from Gibraltar, which had taken place in 1781; we were walking in Oxford street, in early twilight—I went to my lodgings, and before I slept, put upon paper a small sketch of the scene, now in possession of the Atheneum, Boston. I was pleased with the subject, as offering, in the gallant conduct and death of the Spanish commander, a scene of deep interest to the feelings, and in the contrast of the darkness of night, with the illumination of an extensive conflagration, great splendor of effect and color. I therefore proceeded to paint a small picture in colors, on cloth, fourteen by twenty one inches; this was carefully finished, and afterwards presented to Mr. West, as an acknowledgment of gratitude for his liberal and parental instruction and kindness. I soon discovered, however, that I had committed a great error, in dressing my principal figure in *white* and scarlet, supposing that to have been the uniform of the Spanish artillery. I therefore, in conformity with the advice which

Mr. West had always given me, instead of attempting alterations, determined upon painting a second study, on a cloth twenty by thirty inches, the size of my American works; and as I knew that by painting them, I had given offense to some extra-patriotic people in England, I now resolved to exert my utmost talent upon the Gibraltar, to show that noble and generous actions, by whomsoever performed, were the objects to whose celebration I meant to devote myself. I therefore studied this with great care, and obtained successful portraits of the officers who were engaged. This picture pleased, but I was not satisfied with all its parts; my Spanish hero seemed to express something approaching to ferocity, and several other parts appeared to me not well balanced; it was sold to Sir T. Baring for five hundred guineas. I resolved upon painting a third, on a surface six feet by nine, which would give to my principal figures, half the size of life; in this, my Spanish hero was thrown in an attitude like the dying gladiator, (the head studied from my friend Lawrence.) Being finished in the spring of 1789, it was exhibited at the great room, Spring Garden, entrance of St. James' park; and notwithstanding that I was a foreigner, not only without family connections or friends to support me, but with the remembrance of my adventure in 1780 still rankling in some minds, it attracted the public attention in a satisfactory degree. The military were partial to it, and I seldom looked into the room without being cheered by the sight of groups of officers of the Guards, in their splendid uniforms.

At this time, the king had a severe attack of that distressing illness, which some years after proved fatal; a regency was talked of; and even the ministry of the regent were arranged in common conversation. Lord

Moir, afterwards the Marquis of Hastings, who had served in the American revolution, was expected to be minister at war; and at this time, gave a splendid dinner to a number of military officers of rank. My picture became a subject of conversation at table, and caught his lordship's ear. "What painting is that of which you speak so highly, gentlemen?" He was told the subject. "And who is the artist?" Upon being told my name, he said with feeling, "Gentlemen, nothing done by that man, ought ever to be patronized by officers of the British army." I was told this anecdote the next day, by my friend, Lieut. Col. Smith of the Guards, who was present at the dinner, and at the same time lieutenant governor of the Tower.

After such an interdict, I of course saw few gentlemen in military uniform at my exhibition; it succeeded, however, better than I had reason to expect. A very fine engraving was afterwards made from the picture by Sharpe, and the picture itself is now placed in the gallery of the Athenæum at Boston, by which institution it was purchased.

Among those who saw this picture at Mr. West's, before its public exhibition, was the celebrated connoisseur, Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, who, on being asked his opinion, declared, "that he regarded it as the finest picture he had ever seen, painted on the northern side of the Alps."

Before the picture was exhibited, I was offered twelve hundred guineas, (six thousand dollars,) for it, which I refused, under the persuasion that the exhibition, the print, and the ultimate sale of the picture, would produce more; the event has proved, that I made a mistake.

In the autumn of 1787, I again visited Paris, where I painted the portrait of Mr. Jefferson in the original small

Declaration of Independence, Major General Ross in the small Sortie from Gibraltar, and the French officers in the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown in Virginia. I regard these as the best of my small portraits ; they were painted from the life, in Mr. Jefferson's house.

I was again in Paris in the early autumn of 1789, and witnessed the commencement of the French revolution—the destruction of the Bastile, &c.—and on one occasion attended the Marquis de La Fayette in a successful attempt to calm a mob, (principally *ouvriers*,) in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. Soon after, the Marquis invited me to breakfast with him at an early hour, and alone. I went ; he immediately entered upon a long conversation, of which the following is an outline.

He began by saying, “I am very desirous, Mr. Trumbull, that the President of the United States, (Washington,) should be accurately informed of the state and prospects of the affairs of France. I have not leisure to write so much at large, as would be necessary to make myself well understood, and knowing that you are about to return immediately to America, and knowing also upon what terms you are with him, I have asked this interview, that I may without interruption, explain myself fully to you, and I confidently hope, that immediately upon your arrival, you will communicate the same to him.

“You have witnessed the surface of things; it is for me to explain the interior. The object which is aimed at by the Duke de la Rochefaucault, M. Condorcet, myself, and some others, who consider ourselves leaders, is to obtain for France a constitution nearly resembling that of England, which we regard as the most perfect model of government which is hitherto known. To accom-

“plish this, it is necessary to diminish, very essentially,
“the power of the king ; but our object is to retain the
“throne, in great majesty, as the first branch of the legis-
“lative power, but retrenching its executive power in one
“point, which, though very important in the British crown,
“we think is needless here. The peerage of France is
“already so numerous, that we would take from our king
“the right of creating new peers, except in cases where
“old families may become extinct. To all this, the king
“(who is one of the best of men, and sincerely desirous of
“the happiness of his people,) most freely and cordially
“consents.

“We wish a house of peers with powers of legislation
“similar to that of England, restricted in number to one
“hundred members, to be elected by the whole body
“from among themselves, in the same manner as the
“Scotch peers are in the British parliament. This part of
“our plan meets no opposition, for, in the first place, it is
“an acquisition of immense importance to the body at
“large, to possess a share in the power of giving laws to
“the nation ; and in the second, it offers to every indi-
“vidual a chance of being one of the distinguished hun-
“dred.

“We wish as the third branch of the legislative body,
“a house of representatives, chosen by the great body of
“the people from among themselves, by such a ratio as
“shall not make the house too numerous ; and this branch
“of our project meets unanimous applause.

“From this representation, it might fairly be believed
“that our purpose was already attained, and that there
“remained nothing to be done but to put the machine
“in motion. But unhappily there is one powerful and
“wicked man, who, I fear, will destroy this beautiful fabric

“of human happiness—the Duke of Orleans. He does
“not indeed possess talent to carry into execution a great
“project, but he possesses immense wealth, and France
“abounds in marketable talents. Every city and town
“has young men eminent for abilities, particularly in the
“law—ardent in character, eloquent, ambitious of distinc-
“tion, but poor. These are the instruments which the
“Duke may command by money, and they will do his
“bidding. His hatred of the royal family can be satiated
“only by their ruin; his ambition probably leads him to
“aspire to the throne.

“You saw the other day in the mob, men who were
“called *les Marseillois, les patriots par excellence*. You
“saw them particularly active and audacious in stimula-
“ting the discontented artisans and laborers who com-
“posed the great mass of the mob, to acts of violence
“and ferocity; those men are in truth desperadoes, assas-
“sins, from the south of France, familiar with murder,
“robbery, and every atrocious crime, who have been
“brought up to Paris by the money of the Duke, for the
“very purpose in which you saw them employed, of min-
“gling in all mobs, and exciting the passions of the peo-
“ple to frenzy.

“This is the first act of the drama. The second will
“be to influence the elections, and to fill the approaching
“Assembly with ardent, inexperienced, desperate, am-
“bitious young men, who, instead of proceeding to dis-
“cuss calmly the details of the plan of which I have
“given you the general outline, and to carry it quietly
“into operation, will, under disguise of zeal for the
“people, and abhorrence of the aristocrats, drive every
“measure to extremity, for the purpose of throwing
“the affairs of the nation into utter confusion, when

“the master spirit may accomplish his ultimate purpose.”

This conversation was prophetic, for soon after, Mr. Pethion, the lawyer of Chartres, which gave his second title to the Duke of Orleans and Chartres, became mayor of Paris, and the next Assembly was filled with unprincipled young men, who pushed every thing to excess, and brought upon France and all Europe such a series of crime, disaster and blood, as the world never before saw, and all this under the abused names of liberty, equality, and the rights of man.

Soon after this conversation I returned to London, and Mr. Jefferson having obtained leave of absence for a short time, to return to America, and finding no ship in any port of France convenient for his family and himself, desired me to engage one in London, to receive him on board at Cowes. I did so, and we sailed on the same day, in different ships, for the United States; he for Norfolk in Virginia, I for New York.

In the course of this summer, Mr. Short, who had been the secretary of Mr. Jefferson during his entire mission, having expressed a disposition to leave the situation, for the purpose of returning to the United States, and entering upon the studies necessary for a profession in future life, the following letters were written.

Paris, May 21, 1789.

To JOHN TRUMBULL, London.

DEAR SIR—I have not yet received my leave of absence, but I expect it hourly, and shall go off within an hour after I receive it. Mr. Short will stay till I come back, and then I think he has it in contemplation to return to America; of this however I am not sure, having

avoided asking him, lest he should mistake mere curiosity for inclination. If he does not go, all which I am going to say may be considered as *non avendu*; if he goes, would you like his office of private secretary? Its duties consist almost entirely in copying papers, and were you to do this yourself, it would only occupy now and then one of your evenings; and if you did not choose to do it yourself, you can hire it done, for so many sous a sheet, as it is rare that there is any thing secret to be copied. Sometimes, indeed, there is a squall of work, but it can be hired, and comes very rarely. The salary is three hundred pounds a year, which is paid by the public. I have given Mr. Short his lodging and board, and shall do the same to you with great pleasure.

I think it will not take a moment of your time from your present pursuit; perhaps it might advantage that, by transferring it for a while to Paris, and perhaps it may even give you an opportunity of going to Italy, as your duties, performed by another during your absence, would cost a very little part of your salary. Think of this proposition, my dear sir, and give me your answer as soon as you can decide to your satisfaction, sending it after me to America, if I should be gone there. I should wish to know while there, because if you do not accept, I must bring from thence some other proper person.

But, whether you accept or not, be so good as to keep it secret till the moment of its execution, unless you choose to mention it to Mr. West, for the purpose of consulting him, (under the same injunction.) Observe, this need neither hasten nor retard your trip to America.

I am, with sincere esteem,

Dear sir, your friend and servant,

THOS. JEFFERSON.

Paris, June 1st, 1789.

JOHN TRUMBULL,

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 26th of May came to hand yesterday. As you express yourself doubtfully on the proposition in my last, and it may be because I did not sufficiently explain the event which may give place for that arrangement, I will observe to you, that Mr. Short and myself came here with an idea of staying but two years, because my commission was limited to that. Dr. Franklin's departure produced another commission to me, to remain here indefinitely. Though I do not propose to be very long in any office, yet as long as I remain in any, I believe I shall prefer the present one. This will be for some years, if it depend upon myself; but I am going out of life—Mr. Short is coming in. He has never viewed his present situation but as temporary; his views are justly directed to something permanent, independent, in his own country, and which may admit him to marry; his talents, his virtues, and his connections, ensure him any thing he may desire. Perhaps he has already let pass the most favorable opportunity of putting himself in the way of preferment; but these opportunities will recur. His letters to me during his absence, showed to me that he thought it time to return to his own country, and some expressions in conversation make me suppose that he means to do it on my return. I have not asked his decision, lest he might mistake my wishes. He put himself under my guidance at nineteen or twenty years of age; he is to me therefore as an adopted son, and nothing is more interesting to me, than that he should do what is best for himself. It is on this principle alone that I shall acquiesce in his leaving me, because I am persuaded that he will obtain better positions. Your great pursuit, on the con-

trary, renders a continuance in Europe more eligible to you, and it was the expectation that a residence here might be thought advantageous, which permitted me to indulge the wish that you would accept of Mr. Short's place, if he should decide to quit it. I hope from your letter, that you are not indisposed to it, and be assured that I shall do every thing in my power, to make the office further your improvement, and not obstruct it. I shall be happy to meet you in America, and to know there your decision, though it would be more convenient to me, to know it before, because I might be on the lookout for a person, if your decision is contrary to my wish. In all cases, I am, with sincere esteem and attachment, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

THOS. JEFFERSON.

London, June 11th, 1789.

To THOS. JEFFERSON, Esq., &c. &c., at Paris.

DEAR SIR—I have received yours of the 1st, by the last post, and am happy that you find the account correct; since writing that, you will have received by Mr. Broome, the bill of exchange. You will receive by the diligence to-morrow, Sterne's Sermons, Tristram Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey, unbound; being all of his works which have been published by Wenman, in his very small size; they cost eight shillings, sixpence.

If my affairs were in other respects as I could wish them, I should have given at once a positive answer to your proposition. It would have been an answer of thankfulness and acceptance, for nothing could be proposed to me more flattering to my pride, or more consonant, at least for a time, to my favorite pursuit. The

greatest motive I had or have for engaging in, or for continuing my pursuit of painting, has been the wish of commemorating the great events of our country's revolution. I am fully sensible that the profession, as it is generally practiced, is frivolous, little useful to society, and unworthy of a man who has talents for more serious pursuits. But, to preserve and diffuse the memory of the noblest series of actions which have ever presented themselves in the history of man; to give to the present and the future sons of oppression and misfortune, such glorious lessons of their rights, and of the spirit with which they should assert and support them, and even to transmit to their descendants, the personal resemblance of those who have been the great actors in those illustrious scenes, were objects which gave a dignity to the profession, peculiar to my situation. And some superiority also arose from my having borne personally a humble part in the great events which I was to describe. No one lives with me possessing this advantage, and no one can come after me to divide the honor of truth and authenticity, however easily I may hereafter be exceeded in elegance. Vanity was thus on the side of duty, and I flattered myself that by devoting a few years of life to this object, I did not make an absolute waste of time, or squander uselessly, talents from which my country might justly demand more valuable services; and I feel some honest pride in the prospect of accomplishing a work, such as had never been done before, and in which it was not easy that I should have a rival.

With how much assiduity, and with what degree of success, I have pursued the studies necessarily preparatory to this purpose, the world will decide in the judgment it shall pass on the picture (of Gibraltar) which I

now exhibit to them; and I need not fear that this judgment will deceive me, for it will be biased here, to a favorable decision, by no partiality for me, or for my country.

But, while I have done whatever depended upon my personal exertions, I have been under the necessity of employing, and relying upon the exertions of another. The two paintings which you saw in Paris three years ago, (Bunker's Hill and Quebec,) I placed in the hands of a print-seller and publisher, to cause to be engraved, and as the prospect of profit to him was considerable, I relied upon his using the utmost energy and dispatch; instead of which, three years have been suffered to elapse, without almost the smallest progress having been made in the work. Instead therefore of having a work already far advanced to submit to the world and to my countrymen, I am but where I was three years since, with the deduction from my ways and means of three years' expenses, with prospects blighted, and the hope of the future damped by the experience of past mismanagement. And the most serious reflection is, that the memory and enthusiasm for actions however great, fade daily from the human mind; that the warm attention which the nations of Europe once paid to us, begins to be diverted to objects more nearly and immediately interesting to themselves; and that France, in particular, from which country I entertained peculiar hopes of patronage, is beginning to be too much occupied by her own approaching revolution, to think so much of us as perhaps she did formerly.

Thus circumstanced, I foresee the utter impossibility of proceeding in my work, without the warm patronage of my countrymen. Three or four years more must pass

before I can reap any considerable advantage from what I am doing in this country, and as I am far from being rich, those years must not be employed in prosecuting a plan, which, without the real patronage of my country, will only involve me in new certainties of great and immediate expense, with little probability of even distant recompense. I do not aim at opulence, but I must not knowingly rush into embarrassment and ruin.

I am ashamed to trouble you with such details, but without them, I could not so well have explained my reason for not giving you at once a decided answer. You see, sir, that my future movements depend entirely upon my reception in America, and as that shall be cordial or cold, I am to decide whether to abandon my country or my profession. I think I shall determine without much hesitation; for although I am secure of a kind reception in any quarter of the globe, if I will follow the general example of my profession by flattering the pride or apologizing for the vices of men, yet the ease, perhaps even elegance, which would be the fruit of such conduct, would compensate but poorly for the contempt which I should feel for myself, and for the necessity which it would impose upon me of submitting to a voluntary sentence of perpetual exile. I hope for better things. Monuments have been in repeated instances voted to her heroes; why then should I doubt a readiness in our country to encourage me in producing monuments, not of heroes only, but of those events on which their title to the gratitude of the nation is founded, and which by being multiplied and little expensive, may be diffused over the world, instead of being bounded to one narrow spot?

Immediately therefore upon my arrival in America, I shall offer a subscription for prints to be published from

such a series of pictures as I intend, with the condition of returning their money to subscribers, if the sum received shall not prove to be sufficient to justify me in proceeding with the work; and I shall first solicit the public protection of Congress.

I am told that it is a custom in France, for the king to be considered as a subscriber for one hundred copies of all elegant works engraved by his subjects; that these are deposited in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and distributed as presents to foreigners of distinction and taste, as specimens of the state of the fine arts in France. Would this be a mode of diffusing a knowledge of their origin, and at the same time a lesson on the rights of humanity, improper to be adopted by the United States? And if the example of past greatness be a powerful incentive to emulation, would such prints be improper presents to their servants? The expense would be small, and the purpose of monuments and medals as rewards of merit, and confirmations of history, would receive a valuable support, since perhaps it may be the fate of prints, sometimes to outlast either marble or bronze.

If a subscription of this sort should fill in such a manner as to justify me, I shall proceed with all possible diligence, and must of course pass some years in Europe; and as I have acquired that knowledge in this country which was my only object for residing here, and shall have many reasons for preferring Paris hereafter, I shall in that case be happy and proud to accept your flattering proposal. But if, on the contrary, my countrymen should not give me such encouragement as I wish and hope, I must give up the pursuit, and of course I shall have little desire to return for any stay in Europe. In the mean time, viewing the absolute uncertainty of my situation, I must beg you

not to pass by any more favorable subject which may offer, before I have the happiness to meet you in America, which I hope will be ere long.

I have the honor to be, very gratefully,

Dear sir, your most faithful servant,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

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CHAPTER XI.

Age, 33 to 38—1789 to 1794—5 years.

Arrival in New York—The government organized—General Washington president—Communicate to him the state of political affairs in France—Proceed to visit my friends in Connecticut—Return to New York in pursuit of portraits for my great work—Congress in session—In April, 1790, offered my subscriptions for the pictures of Bunker's Hill and Quebec—In May went to Philadelphia—Returned to New York in July, and painted for the city a full length portrait of Washington—In September went into the country, and passed some time with my friends—Visited Boston and New Hampshire—Returned through Connecticut to Philadelphia, to which place Congress had adjourned—In February went to Charleston, S. C.—Obtained portraits—Return in June to Connecticut—Painted the portrait of Gen. George Clinton—In 1792 again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of Washington, at the order of the city of Charleston, S. C.—In 1793 again in the eastern states—Subscription languishes—Mission of Mr. Jay—Appointed by him to be his secretary—Embark with him June, 1794—The government insulted by a mob in Philadelphia—District of Columbia selected, and city of Washington planned.

I ARRIVED in New York on the 26th of November, 1789, where I found the government of the United States organized under the new constitution, General Washington president. I lost no time in communicating to him the state of political affairs, and the prospects of France, as explained to me by M. La Fayette, and having done this, proceeded immediately to visit my family and friends in Connecticut. My excellent father had died in 1785, at the age of seventy-five. My brother, and my friend, Col. Wadsworth of Hartford, were members of the house of representatives in Congress, which was to meet in New York early in December. With them I returned to New

York, for the purpose of pursuing my work of the Revolution ; all the world was assembled there, and I obtained many portraits for the Declaration of Independence, Surrender of Cornwallis, and also that of General Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in April, 1790, I offered my subscription for the two first engravings from the pictures of Bunker's Hill and Quebec, which had at last been contracted for with Mr. Müller of Stutgard in Germany, and Mr. Clements of Denmark. I obtained the names of the president, vice president, ministers, seventeen senators, twenty-seven representatives, and a number of the citizens of New York. (See, in the Appendix, the original proposals.)

In May, I went to Philadelphia, where I obtained some portraits for my great work, and a number of subscribers. I returned in July to New York, where I was requested to paint for the corporation a full length portrait of the President. I represented him in full uniform, standing by a white horse, leaning his arm upon the saddle ; in the background, a view of Broadway in ruins, as it then was, the old fort at the termination ; British ships and boats leaving the shore, with the last of the officers and troops of the evacuating army, and Staten Island in the distance. The picture is now in the common council room of the city hall. Every part of the detail of the dress, horse, furniture, &c., as well as the scenery, was accurately copied from the real objects.

At this time, a numerous deputation from the Creek nation of Indians was in New York, and when this painting was finished, the President was curious to see the effect it would produce on their untutored minds. He therefore directed me to place the picture in an advantageous light, facing the door of entrance of the room

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John, a Creek

John — a Creek —
 New York — July 1790 — A.T.



*Hysac, or the Woman's Man.
N. York July 1790 - J. T.*

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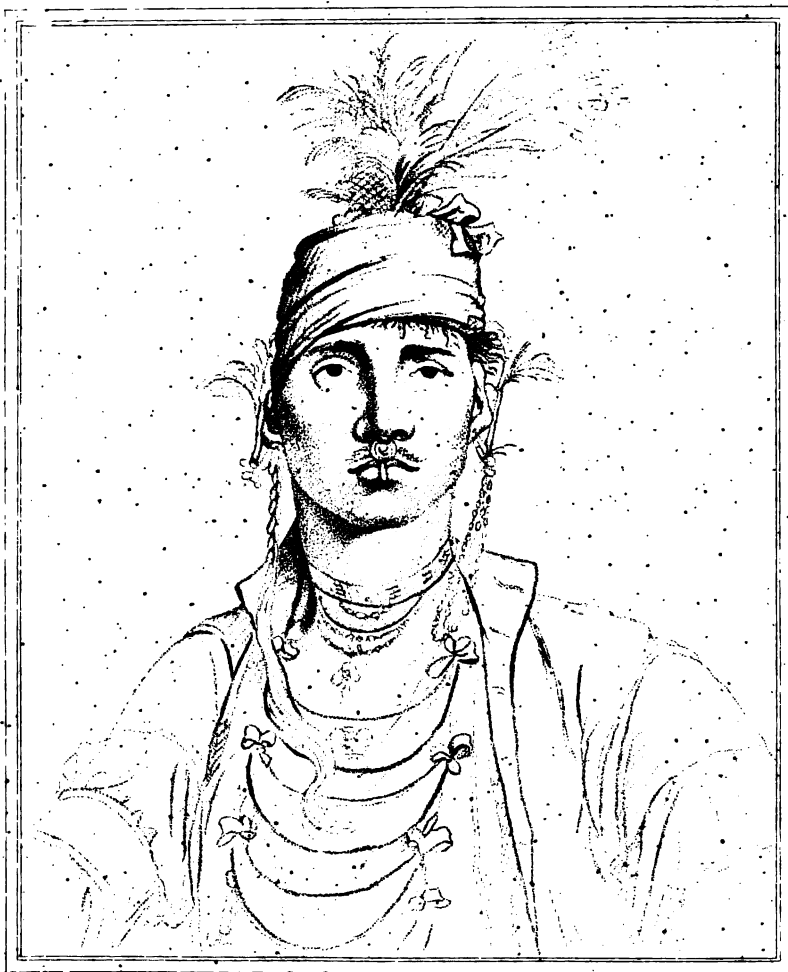
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Daggett, Minner & Co. S.

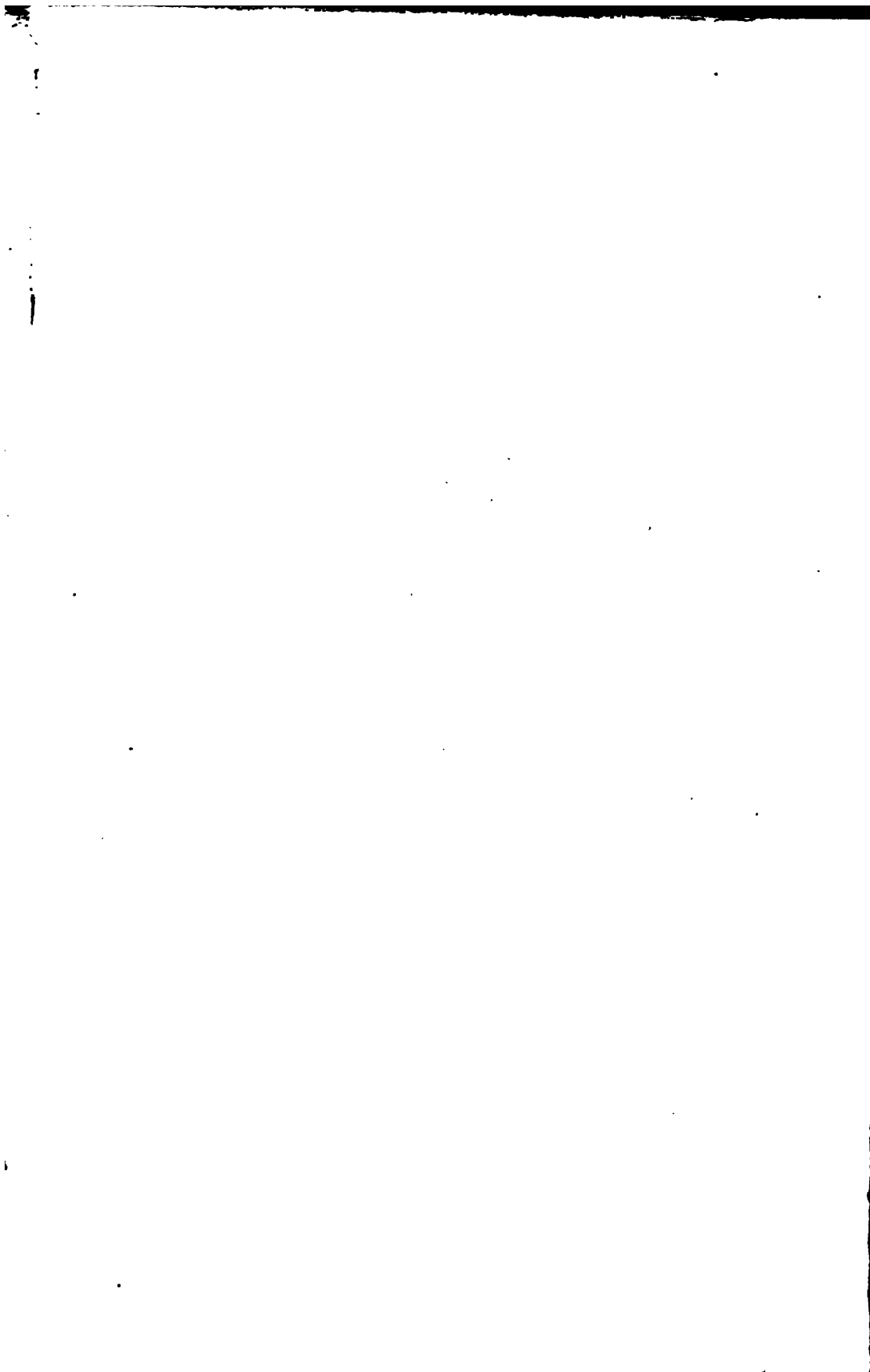
Samafutchki, or Good-Humour—
 of the Coosades, Creeks—
 New York July 1799.

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Douglass, Hinman & Co. N.Y.

*Hopothle, Prince - or the Tobacco King
of the Creeks - N.Y. New York
1779*





Tuskatche Micco, or the
Birdtail King of the Cusitahs.
N. York July 1790 - J. T.

where it was, and having invited several of the principal chiefs to dine with him, he, after dinner, proposed to them a walk. He was dressed in full uniform, and led the way to the painting-room, and when the door was thrown open, they started at seeing another "Great Father" standing in the room. One was certainly with them, and they were for a time mute with astonishment. At length one of the chiefs advanced towards the picture, and slowly stretched out his hand to touch it, and was still more astonished to feel, instead of a round object, a flat surface, cold to the touch. He started back with an exclamation of astonishment—"Ugh!" Another then approached, and placing one hand on the surface and the other behind, was still more astounded to perceive that his hands almost met. I had been desirous of obtaining portraits of some of these principal men, who possessed a dignity of manner, form, countenance and expression, worthy of Roman senators, but after this I found it impracticable; they had received the impression, that there must be magic in an art which could render a smooth flat surface so like to a real man; I however succeeded in obtaining drawings of several by stealth.

In September I went into the country, passed some time with my family, then went on to Boston and New Hampshire, obtained heads of several statesmen and military officers for my great work, and in Boston received a handsome addition to my list of subscribers. I returned through Connecticut to Philadelphia, to which place Congress had adjourned from New York. In February I went to Charleston, S. C., and there obtained portraits of the Rutledges, Pinckneys, Middleton, Laurens, Heyward, &c., and a handsome addition to my list of subscribers. On the 17th of April, I sailed for Yorktown in Virginia, and

there made a drawing of the spot where the British army, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, surrendered in 1781; thence rode to Williamsburg, and obtained a drawing of Mr. Wythe for the Declaration; thence to Richmond; thence to Fredericksburg, and obtained a drawing of General Weedon for the battle of Trenton; thence to Georgetown, where I found Major L'Enfant drawing his plan of the city of Washington; rode with him over the ground on which the city has since been built—where the Capitol now stands was then (May, 1791) a thick wood; delayed a few days in Philadelphia, and the same in New York, and in June was again among my friends in Connecticut.

After a few days' stay, I returned to New York, where I painted for the corporation the whole length portrait of General George Clinton, which is now in the common council-room of the City Hall. The background of this picture represents British troops storming Fort Montgomery in the Highlands, (where the general commanded,) and the burning of two frigates in the North River; this background is one of my favorite compositions.

In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington, which is now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best certainly of those which I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists, in his heroic military character. The city of Charleston, S. C. instructed William R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the *great man*, and I undertook it *con amore*, (as the commission was unlimited,) meaning to give his military character, in the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Princeton; when viewing the vast superiority of his approaching

enemy, and the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware, or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had just been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication, and destroying his depot of stores and provisions at Brunswick. I told the President my object; he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation. He *looked* the scene again, and I happily transferred to the canvass, the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the high resolve to conquer or to perish. The result was in my own opinion eminently successful, and the general was satisfied. But it did not meet the views of Mr. Smith. He admired, he was personally pleased, but he thought the city would be better satisfied with a more matter-of-fact likeness, such as they had recently seen him—calm, tranquil, peaceful.

Oppressed as the President was with business, I was reluctant to ask him to sit again. I however waited upon him, stated Mr. Smith's objection, and he cheerfully submitted to a second penance, adding, "Keep this picture for yourself, Mr. Trumbull, and finish it to your own taste." I did so—another was painted for Charleston, agreeable to their taste—a view of the city in the background, a horse, with scenery, and plants of the climate; and when the state society of Cincinnati of Connecticut dissolved themselves, the first picture, at the expense of some of the members, was presented to Yale College.

In 1793 I again went to Boston by the way of Newport and Providence, and there obtained drawings of Mr. Ellery, Col. Olney, Judge Howel, &c. Wherever I went I offered my subscription book, but wretched was now

the success, and rapidly decreasing the enthusiasm for my national work.

The progress of the French revolution was blasting to my hopes; for in four years which had elapsed since my interview and conversation with M. de La Fayette, in Paris, recorded in the preceding chapter, all the evils which he had there anticipated, had been realized. The money of that bad man, *the Citizen Egalité*, had been successfully applied to the nefarious purposes which he (the Marquis) had foretold—the elections had been corrupted—the worst of men had been introduced into the National Assembly—the beautiful theory of those estimable men, the early leaders of the revolution, had been subverted—France had been overwhelmed in crime, and deluged with blood—the king had been beheaded, Lafayette himself had been exiled, and the author of all these calamities had expiated his crimes under the same axe which had fallen on so many virtuous men.

In America, the artful intrigues of French diplomats, and the blunders of the British government, united to convert the whole American people into violent partisans of one or the other;—to such a degree did this insanity prevail, that the whole country seemed to be changed into one vast arena, on which the two parties, forgetting their national character, were wasting their time, their thoughts, their energy, on this foreign quarrel. The calm splendor of our own Revolution, comparatively rational and beneficial as it had been, was eclipsed in the meteoric glare and horrible blaze of glory of republican France; and we, who in our own case, had scarcely stained the sacred robe of rational liberty with a single drop of blood unnecessarily shed, learned to admire that hideous frenzy which made the very streets of Paris flow with

blood. And worse, some of our people, or of those who called themselves Americans, even hurraed when the head of Louis XVI, our real benefactor, was submitted to that instrument of wholesale butchery, the guillotine. Still worse, when the National Assembly of France, the elected rulers of a great nation, formed a procession to the metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame, which had been consecrated during long ages to the worship of God, and there in mock solemnity bowed their knees before a common courtesan, basely worshipping her as the goddess of reason, still there were those, and not a few in America, who threw up their caps, and cried, "glorious, glorious, sister republic!" The spirit of discord which thus distracted the people of America, pervaded also the very cabinet of the President, and Mr. Jefferson, the secretary of state, became the apologist of France, and was pitted against Mr. Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury.

In such a state of things, what hope remained for the arts? None,—my great enterprise was blighted.

In the mean time, the aggressions of Great Britain upon our commerce became intolerable, and the question of peace or war with her, came to be seriously agitated. The President, unawed by popular clamor, determined to try the effect of negotiation; and John Jay, chief justice of the United States, was appointed envoy extraordinary to Great Britain. He did me the honor to offer me the situation of secretary, and I accepted the proposal with pleasure.

It has been seen, that in Europe I had been on terms of confidence with Mr. Jefferson; this continued for some time, so that in America, when the first mission to the states of Barbary was determined on, it was, through him, offered to me, and declined; but as the French revolution

advanced, my whole soul revolted from the atrocities of France, while he approved or apologized for all. He opposed Washington—I revered him—and a coldness gradually succeeded, until in 1793, he invited me to dine. A few days before, I had offended his friend, Mr. Giles, senator from Virginia, by rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of a lady,* to whose favorable opinion he aspired. On entering the drawing-room at Mr. Jefferson's, on the day of the dinner, I found a part of the company already assembled, and among them Mr. Giles. I was scarcely seated, when Giles began to rally me upon the puritanical ancestry and character of New England. I saw there was no other person from New England present, and therefore, although conscious that I was in no degree qualified to manage a religious discussion, yet I felt myself bound to make the attempt, and defend my country on this delicate point, as well as I could.

Whether it had been pre-arranged that a discussion on the Christian religion, in which it should be powerfully ridiculed on the one side, and weakly defended on the other, should be brought forward, as promising amusement to a rather freethinking dinner party, I will not determine; but it had that appearance, and Mr. Giles pushed his railery, to my no small annoyance, if not to my discomfiture, until dinner was announced. That I hoped would relieve me, by giving a new turn to the conversation, but such was not the case; the company was hardly seated at table, when he renewed his attack with increased asperity, and proceeded so far at last, as to ridicule the character, conduct, and doctrines of the divine founder of our religion—Jefferson in the mean time, smiling and nodding approba-

* See Appendix.

tion on Mr. Giles, while the rest of the company silently left me and my defense to our fate; until at length my friend, David Franks, (first cashier of the bank of the United States,) took up the argument on my side. Thinking this a fair opportunity for evading further conversation on this subject, I turned to Mr. Jefferson and said, "Sir, "this is a strange situation in which I find myself; in a "country professing Christianity, and at a table with "Christians, as I supposed, I find my religion and myself "attacked with severe and almost irresistible wit and rail- "lery, and not a person to aid me in my defense, but my "friend Mr. Franks, *who is himself a Jew.*" For a moment, this attempt to parry the discussion appeared to have some effect; but Giles soon returned to the attack, with renewed virulence, and burst out with—"It is all a "miserable delusion and priestcraft; I do not believe one "word of all they say about a future state of existence, "and retribution for actions done here. I do not believe "one word of a Supreme Being who takes cognizance of "the paltry affairs of this world, and to whom we are "responsible for what we do."

I had never before heard, or seen in writing, such a broad and unqualified avowal of atheism. I was at first shocked, and remained a moment silent; but soon rallied and replied, "Mr. Giles, I admire your frankness, and it "is but just that I should be equally frank in avowing "my sentiments. Sir, in my opinion, the man who can "with sincerity make the declaration which you have just "made, is perfectly prepared for the commission of every "atrocious action, by which he can promise himself the "advancement of his own interest, or the gratification of "his impure passions, provided he can commit it secretly, "and with a reasonable probability of escaping detection

“by his fellow men. Sir, I would not trust such a man with the honor of a wife, a sister, or a daughter—with my own purse or reputation, or with any thing which I thought valuable. Our acquaintance, sir, is at an end.” I rose and left the company, and never after spoke to Mr. Giles.

I have thought it proper to relate this conversation, as helping to elucidate the character of Mr. Jefferson, on the disputed point of *want of credulity*, as he would call it. In nodding and smiling assent to all the virulence of his friend, Mr. Giles, he appeared to me to avow most distinctly, his entire approbation. From this time my acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson became cold and distant.

During this period, recurred to my remembrance, in all its force, the wise advice of Mr. Burke, which I had so absurdly neglected to follow, “*to study architecture.*” The government of the United States, having been insulted by a mob in Philadelphia, which they had not power to repress, had felt the necessity of possessing a territory under their own exclusive jurisdiction, where state authorities or mobs should have no power to influence or overawe the deliberations of Congress, and of there erecting permanent buildings for national purposes. The District of Columbia had been selected and ceded for that purpose, and Major L’Enfant, a French officer of engineers, who had served in the army of the Revolution, was chosen to survey the ground, and plan the future city of Washington. At the same time, an English gentleman, Dr. Thornton, assisted by a Russian officer of engineers, and the Vitruvius Britannicus, had made a drawing and plan for the Capitol or house of government. The doctor requested me to show these drawings to the President, and commend them to his attention, which I did. The plan was

generally adopted, and the erection of the building was commenced and proceeded under several superintendants, until in —, being then in London, I received a letter from the commissioners of the public buildings, (of whom Dr. Thornton was one,) requesting me to select, contract with, and send out a young architect, qualified to conduct and superintend the work. I consulted my friend, Mr. West, and Mr. Wyatt, (then the principal architect in London,) and they united in recommending George Hatfield, a brother of Mrs. Cosway, who had been a fellow student with me in the Royal Academy, from which he had received all the academical prizes, and who had recently returned from a three years' residence in Italy, where he had completed his architectural studies, under the patronage and at the expense of the Academy. He accepted the proffered terms, and came out; but his services were soon dispensed with, not because his knowledge was not eminent, but because his integrity compelled him to say, that parts of the original plan *could not be executed*. Poor Hatfield languished many years in obscurity at Washington, where however, towards the close of his life, he had the opportunity of erecting a noble monument to himself in the city hall, a beautiful building, in which is no waste of space or materials.

I have always felt as if I had been instrumental in causing the ruin of this most admirable artist, and excellent friend; for if I had not been the means of inducing him to leave London, his connexions there, who had some influence with the late king, George IV, might have procured him the execution of those extensive and splendid works, which were committed to Mr. Nash.

CHAPTER XII.

Age, 38 to 40—1794 to 1796—2 years.

Negotiation of Mr. Jay—Analysis of the difficulties attending that negotiation—Treaty signed 19th of November, 1794, and copies sent to the United States for ratification—None however reach America until the rising of Congress on the 4th of March—The senate called to meet on the —Treaty submitted to them, and at last ratified—Digression on the culture of silk—Admirable conduct and character of Gen. Thomas Pinckney, minister in London—Opposite conduct of Mr. Monroe in Paris—My duty as secretary ceased with the conclusion of the treaty—Resolved to go to Stutgard to examine the progress of my engraving of Bunker's Hill—Route through Paris—Mr. Jay requests me to commit to memory (verbatim) the entire treaty, for the purpose of repeating it to Mr. Monroe—See Mr. Monroe in Paris, present Mr. Jay's letter, and offer the communication—He declines, as contradicting his promise to the French authorities—I of course withhold my communication, and thereby incur the disapprobation of the French rulers—Receive no order to quit France—Remain and purchase paintings—Go to Stutgard—Return to Paris—Anecdote of an old officer at Mulhausen—Arrive in London—In the autumn a speculation offers to go over to France and purchase brandy—Final and complete disappointment—Return to London.

On the 12th of May, 1794, Mr. Jay embarked in New York, on his mission to Great Britain, amidst the acclamations of his fellow citizens. The passage across the Atlantic was pleasant, and on the 1st of June, we must have been near, almost within hearing, of the decisive naval battle which was fought on that day, between the British and French fleets; for on our arrival at Falmouth, a few days after, we found there a sloop of war just arrived with dispatches from Lord Howe. Nothing was suffered to transpire relating to the news she brought, and we met the note of triumph at Bath, on our way to London.

The reception of Mr. Jay by the government, in London, was calm and decorous, and his own conduct quiet and conciliatory; soon after the presentation of his credentials, it was determined by the British administration to meet the proposed negotiation, and Lord Grenville, then secretary of state, was appointed, with full powers to confer and conclude with Mr. Jay.

The negotiation was difficult, complicated, and intricate in the extreme; for not one cause of complaint only, but many, various, and mutual, were to be discussed, and if possible adjusted. For,

1st. Great Britain had infringed the treaty of peace of 1783, by retaining the military posts on the western frontier.

2d. She had not given up, or made compensation for the negro slaves, which had been carried away by her officers.

3d. Several of the American states had withheld the settlement and payment of debts, contracted before the Revolution.

4th. The geography of the western frontier was still unexplored, the true situation of the Lake of the Woods, as well as the course and extent of the Mississippi, were unknown, and of course the boundary of the United States on that side was unsettled.

5th. The boundary of the United States on the north-east was also unsettled, in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the real river St. Croix.

6th. Great Britain complained of damage done to her commerce, by French privateers fitted out in the ports of the United States.

7th. The United States complained of damage done to her commerce, by irregular or illegal captures on the ocean by British cruisers, to a great extent.

It was easy to foresee, that all these causes of mutual complaint must lead to interminable discussion, with little hope of a favorable result, if treated in the usual form, by diplomatic notes; and therefore, at his first official meeting with Lord Grenville, Mr. Jay proposed, "that they should meet, and discuss in conversation the several involved and intricate subjects of mutual complaint, (avoiding in the outset all written communications,) that they should continue so to meet and converse, until there should appear a probability of coming to some amicable mutual understanding; that then only, each should commit to paper informally, the conclusions at which he might have arrived—that these informal papers should be exchanged; that neither party should be considered as bound by any expression contained in these preliminary papers; that both should be at perfect liberty to change, or to retract entirely, whatever upon more deliberate consideration, might appear to be unadvisable; that in all this, they should avoid employing secretaries, or copyists, in order to escape the possibility of public opinion, or national feeling, coming in to influence that perfect calmness of discussion, which alone could lead to an amicable settlement; both parties always bearing in mind, that this was not a trial of skill in the science of diplomatic fencing, but a solemn question of peace or war between two people, in whose veins flowed the blood of a common ancestry, and on whose continued good understanding might perhaps depend the future freedom and happiness of the human race."

Lord Grenville being very much struck with the wisdom of this novel proposition, without hesitation gave it his entire approbation and assent; and on this plan the negotiation proceeded. Frequent meetings were held by the

two ministers, at which no other person was permitted to be present; and the secretaries, Sir James Bland Burgess and myself, had a real holiday for a month.

At length the work approached to an amicable termination, and then, secretaries and copyists had ample occupation. The treaty was signed on the 19th of November, 1794, and copies were immediately prepared and sent by several ships of both nations, to the government of the United States. None arrived, however, until after the 4th of March, on which day the session of Congress closed; and when the senate was afterwards convened to consider the treaty, the opposition made to its ratification was violent in the extreme. It was, however, ratified, with the exception of the twelfth article, which was rejected, among other reasons because it forbade the exportation of cotton from ports of the United States. At the time of signing the treaty, very little cotton, if any, grown in the country, had been exported—the first exportation took place in 1796, it was uncleaned from the seed, and packed in casks—and Mr. Jay believed that the admission, even of small vessels, to the trade of the British West India islands on free and equal terms, would prove to be a very important benefit to the commerce of the United States, while he was willing to trust the enlargement of the privilege to the wisdom of futurity.

I cannot forbear a digression here. Before the culture of cotton had made any considerable progress in the southern states, silk had received great attention in the north, and especially in Connecticut, my native state. Before the mission of Mr. Jay, almost all the dry, sandy, unproductive soil in the state, had been planted with mulberry trees, particularly the vicinity of New Haven, Mansfield, &c., and not only was the quantity of the silk pro-

duced considerable, but attempts had been made, with some success, to manufacture silk goods, particularly at Hartford; so that in 1793, an agent from that city presented himself to President Washington, at Philadelphia, offering for sale, specimens of silk manufactured there, of so good a quality, that the President purchased some yards, as did many other persons, friends of domestic industry. I also bought a pattern for a vest and small clothes, of a fabric resembling a coarse black satin. I had this made up, took the clothes with me when I went to London with Mr. Jay, and there I became acquainted with Mr. Titford, a considerable silk manufacturer in Spital-fields. I asked his opinion of the quality of this silk, and, after examining it carefully, he pronounced the quality to be excellent, although it was rudely manufactured. He expressed great surprise, when told that the silk was both grown and manufactured in Connecticut, and assured me that if the people there would raise silk of such quality and ship it to London in its raw state, as cotton is now generally shipped, they might rely upon receiving the highest market price, for that there was none of a superior quality received from Italy or France.

Now mark the miserable effect of that *auri sacra fames*—that hurry to become rich—which is becoming the disgrace and the curse of this country! No sooner did the northern people hear of the sudden wealth acquired at the south by the culture of cotton, which gives its result in one season, than silk, and its mulberry trees, which are of slower production, though not less certain, were neglected; so that, at this time, the trees have generally perished, and little silk is produced in Connecticut, except at Mansfield, where the inhabitants have been more wise, and now receive an annual income of about \$50,000 from labor

done principally by their children. If this culture had been pursued with proper industry and perseverance, silk would have become, at this time, an important and productive branch of national income, and we should not be seen, at this hour, relying upon the labor of slaves for almost the only article of direct remittance to Europe !

I must not omit to remark the admirable conduct of General Thomas Pinckney, then minister of the United States at the court of St. James. The appointment of Mr. Jay, as envoy extraordinary, might have been regarded by him as an affront, but his patriotism took no offense, and the greatest cordiality prevailed between Mr. Jay and him to the end of the negotiation.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Jay in London, Mr. Monroe arrived in Paris, having been appointed minister of the United States to the government of France. He was received by the Convention with marked distinction, and in a speech which he delivered upon that occasion, he made a most unfortunate promise "to communicate to the authorities of France all the information which he might obtain of the progress and character of the negotiation which was conducting between Mr. Jay and the government of Great Britain ;" and further, in pursuance of such promise, he wrote a letter to Mr. Jay, requesting him to keep him informed of the progress he made, for the purpose of enabling him (Monroe) to fulfill his promise by communicating the same to the French rulers. This strange proposal met, of course, the most decided disapprobation of Mr. Jay, and all intercourse on the subject ceased until the treaty was signed, and copies had been dispatched to the government of the United States.

My official duty having then ceased, I was anxious to know the progress of the engraving from my picture of

Bunker's Hill, which was in the hands of Mr. Müller at Stutgard in Wirtemberg. I determined to visit the engraver, and to take the shortest route, which was through Paris. Mr. Jay now requested me to commit the treaty, verbatim, to memory ; to wait on Mr. Monroe, and deliver to him a letter from Mr. Jay, in which it would be stated, that I was authorized to repeat to him the treaty, on condition that he would first promise me that he would not make any communication of the same to any person whatever, especially not to the French government.

I waited on Mr. Monroe as soon as I reached Paris, delivered the letter of Mr. Jay, and declared my readiness to proceed to the rehearsal of the treaty so soon as the condition proposed in the letter should be complied with. After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Monroe declined making the promise required, as involving a breach of his antecedent engagement to the Convention. The communication was therefore withheld on my part, and I became obnoxious to the French rulers.

Very soon after, I received an informal notice from Mr. Monroe, through Mr. B. Hichborn of Boston, that he had reason to know, from hints which he had received from a member of the French government, that my remaining in Paris gave great dissatisfaction, and advising me to leave the country without delay. I replied, that I had not acquired the habit of paying attention to hints, but had been taught to obey commands ; that I would ask leave to take breakfast with the minister the next morning. I did so—went into a long explanation, which ended with the assurance, that my visit to France was purely on individual, personal and pacific business ; that I was an artist by profession, and had been made a politician by accident ; that I could be governed in my conduct by *no*

hints, from whatever quarter, but would obey the *orders* of the French authorities the moment they should be officially signified to me ; that therefore I would, without delay, prepare for pursuing my journey to Stutgard, and, in the mean time, I begged leave to claim from him the protection of the minister of the United States.

I, of course, made my preparations, but receiving no order to quit the country, and having learned, that in the confusion of the time, and the consequent ruin of ancient and opulent families, paintings by the old masters might be advantageously purchased, I entered upon that speculation, with the advice of my friend, M. Le Brun, the most experienced judge on that subject then in Europe. With his advice and assistance I purchased more than an hundred valuable paintings, and leaving them in his hands to be packed for removal, I proceeded to Stutgard, through Basle in Switzerland, where, having examined the work of Mr. Müller with great satisfaction, I commenced my return to Paris, by way of Schaffhausen, Landshut, Basle, &c.

At Basle I was advised, on account of the ruined state of the other road, to take that which led down the banks of the Rhine for some distance, and when I arrived at Mulhausen, near sunset of the first day, I found the village full of French troops, and the yard and entrance of the inn crowded with officers. To my demand of horses for Schlestadt, the innkeeper said that it was not in his power to furnish them, and if he could, it would be useless for me to attempt to proceed, for that, before I could possibly reach the town, the gates would be shut, (it is the first fortified place on the old French frontier, in that quarter,) and I should be under the necessity of passing the night outside of the walls, in my carriage. "Can you, then, give

“me a bed?” “I am afraid that too will be impossible—hostilities are about to be renewed; the head-quarters of the commanding general are established at my house, and it is entirely occupied by him and his suite; but come with me, and I will do as well as I can.” I followed, through a crowd of young officers, and at the door met the old general coming out. The veteran looked at me keenly, and asked bluntly, “Who are you?—an Englishman?” “No, general, I am an American, of the United States.” “Ah! do you know Connecticut?” “Yes, sir, it is my native state.” “You know then the good Governor Trumbull.” “Yes, general, he is my father.” “Oh! *mon Dieu! que je suis charmée*; I am delighted to see a son of Governor Trumbull; *entrez, entrez*; you shall have supper, bed, every thing in the house.” I soon learned that the old man had been in America, an officer in the legion of the Duke de Lauzun, who had been quartered in my native village, during the winter which I passed in prison in London, and had heard me much spoken of there. Of course, I found myself in excellent quarters. The old general kept me up almost all night, inquiring of every body and every thing in America, especially of the people in Lebanon, and above all, the family of Huntington, with whom he had been quartered. In the course of the evening, some official paper was brought to him, for his signature, and observing that he wrote with his left hand, I glanced my eye at his right, and saw that it was disabled, useless. I remarked upon this. “Yes,” said he, “last year, in Belgium, the Austrians cut me to pieces, and left me for dead, but I recovered, and finding my right hand ruined, I have learned to use my left, and I can write and fence with it tolerably.” “But, sir,” said I, “why did not you

“retire from service?” “Retire!” exclaimed he, “ha!—“I was born in a camp, have passed all my life in the “service, and will die in a camp, or on the field.” This is a faithful picture of the military enthusiasm of the time, 1795.

Next day I proceeded on my journey to Paris. On my arrival there, heard no more of being ordered to quit the country; remained a few days, completed my business of pictures,—sent them on to Guernsey, and followed at my leisure.

The island of Guernsey is beautiful and fertile, and has a very extraordinary harbor—at high tide, perfectly safe, with a good depth of water—at low, entirely dry, with a bottom of solid rock; the entrance almost perfect by nature, and the defect supplied by a fine pier. The roadstead is surrounded by reefs of rock, with deep water, and perfect safety from almost all winds, but exposed to others. I remained here a few days, saw my paintings safe, gave orders to ship them for London, and make insurance. I then crossed the channel to Weymouth, and went up to London, where the pictures soon followed me, and arrived in safety.

The London docks were not then built, and goods were generally landed by the help of lighters. Orders were very thoughtlessly given by the broker, to get my pictures to the custom-house as soon as possible; and they were obeyed to the letter, without my reflecting that the next day was the 12th of August, the birth-day of the Prince of Wales, and of course a holiday at all public offices. The lighter-men brought my cases safely to the custom-house quay, when finding no one to receive them, the custom-house closed, no business doing, and all the porters, watermen, &c. making merry, they thought they might

as well join. It was near low water, so they made the lighter fast with a chain to one of the posts, for perfect security, and then went their way for a frolic. In the evening, when the tide came in, the bow of the boat being held down by the chain, she gradually filled with water, and my cases being light, floated out. The watchmen on the wharves, who had paid some attention to their duty, observed cases floating in the river, gave the alarm, and the cases were all saved, and got on to the quay. The next morning I went to the custom-house, to have my cases opened, the pictures examined, and duties settled. To my astonishment, I found the cases already on the quay, dripping with water, and upon opening them, the paintings all water soaked, (for the cases were by no means water-tight,) and apparently all irretrievably damaged. My first impression was, to abandon the whole to the underwriters. With this view, I first consulted mercantile friends, and finally obtained the opinion of the celebrated Mr. Erskine; his answer was, that the underwriters were not holden. In the mean time, the paintings had all been removed by permission, to the extensive rooms of my friend, Mr. West, and there I passed the remainder of the season in repairing, as well as I could, the damage they had sustained.

In the following autumn, another speculation was contemplated by three considerable mercantile houses in London, founded on apparently the soundest calculations. The crops of corn had fallen short to such a degree, that the distillation of spirits from corn was prohibited in all the British dominions. The crops had also failed in the West India islands, so that very little rum could be expected; the stock on hand in the market was trifling, yet the navy and army must have their rations of liquor. Brandy, in

the mean time, was plenty in France, but could be obtained only by the aid of a neutral, as not every one could be entrusted with such an important and extensive concern. I was offered a fourth part of the expected profits, on condition that I should go to France, purchase the brandy, ship it in my own name, the merchant partners agreeing to furnish the necessary funds, and bear all loss. The temptation was irresistible ; I undertook the business, and immediately went over to Rochefort, where I soon found myself involved in all the intricacies of a great commercial operation. As assignats were expiring, it became necessary to draw bills of exchange to a large amount, on foreign neutral houses ; to negotiate those bills for cash (*metallique*) in Paris ; to transport this coin across La Vendee, then in the most horrible state of civil war ; to purchase brandy ; to see it prepared (cut) for the particular market ; to see it shipped, &c. ; and all this was done advantageously, yet our speculation failed. For, in the first place, a severe loss, to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, was incurred by the well intended temerity of a bold Irish captain, commanding one of my ships, loaded with more than four hundred and twenty-nine pipes of Cogniac brandy, of very superior quality. He arrived in Guernsey Roads one fine summer afternoon, came to anchor, and, according to orders, sent letters on shore to my correspondent and the harbor master, who both happened to be in the country. The captain looked at the entrance of the port, and at the sky ; the wind was fair, the sea was smooth, the tide favorable, and nothing visible to prevent his running the ship safely into the harbor. There was some risk in lying all night in the open road—the wind might change—but he could see no danger or difficulty in going in. He therefore hoisted his anchor, set his sails, ran the ship in,

with perfect security, and in the most gallant style. He then made her fast to another large ship, and thought that all was well. But he did not know that the ebb-tide left the harbor absolutely dry, nor that he had moored his ship over a part of the bottom where the rock sloped outward, like the bottom of a basin. In the night, with the turn of the tide, the ship touched the rock; as it continued to ebb she heeled outward, and at length fell over on her side, with a heavy crash, which stove every cask of brandy, and the ship herself, producing thus a total loss of ship and cargo, for which the underwriters could not be held responsible, inasmuch as the policy was violated by having gone into port without a pilot, and as the ship was considered by the captain, to have been safely moored.

An additional evil, and definitely ruinous, was that my partners in the concern, dazzled by the probability of splendid success, pushed the purchases too far, so that when the article began to arrive in the port of London, they found it difficult to meet the payment of the duties, which amounted to nearly as much as the first cost, (and I had by their instructions expended in my purchase nearly £80,000, or \$400,000 cash.) The moment it was discovered that they were pressed for money, purchasers held back, when they were at length under the necessity of selling at a reduced price; and they were happy at last to wind up the account without much loss, instead of having made a splendid profit. By the agreement, I was not answerable for any loss, but I had gained nothing, and had thrown away eight months of precious time, to say nothing of the risk I had run.

Having closed all my accounts in France, I returned to London, by the way of Guernsey, and arrived early in

August, 1796, having in little more than two years passed through the several varieties of a political secretary, a picture dealer, and a brandy merchant. A new scene now opened, which must be the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Age, 40 to 41—1796 to 1797—1 year.

On arrival in London, find a commission and instructions to act as agent for the relief of American seamen, and immediately afterwards notice, from the commissioners appointed by the two nations to carry into execution the seventh article of the late treaty, that they had appointed me the fifth commissioner—Letters declining the first, and accepting the latter very important situation—Enter upon its duties—Preliminary obstacle suggested—Referred to the decision of the lord chancellor at my suggestion—Decided by him in favor of the American construction—By this I am relieved from unpleasant responsibility—Commission proceeds—In July, 1797, the great question of general blockade came up—Left to my decision.

On my arrival in London, early in August, I received from Mr. Pickering, then secretary of state of the United States, through Mr. King, a commission and instructions, appointing me agent for the relief and recovery of American seamen impressed by Great Britain; and before I had an opportunity of returning an answer, I received notice from the commissioners who had been appointed by the two nations to carry into execution the seventh article of the late treaty, that they had appointed me the fifth commissioner.

The vast importance of the latter situation left no room for hesitation as to accepting it, and the probable difficulties of this duty, forbade the attempt to execute those of the other also, which, although inferior, were still too important to be exposed to any risk of neglect. I therefore wrote the following answers, which are copied from my letter-book of the time.

London, August 26th, 1796.

TO JOHN NICKOLL, JOHN ANSTEY, CHRISTOPHER GORE, and WM.
PINCKNEY, Esqrs.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your note of yesterday's date, in which you inform me, that, "pursuant to the "authority vested in you by the treaty of amity, commerce "and navigation, between his Britannic Majesty and the "United States of America, you have appointed me fifth "commissioner for the execution of the seventh article of "said treaty."

Having determined to return to America in a few weeks, and having taken my arrangements in part for that purpose, I was not prepared to give you an immediate answer to a proposition as unexpected as it is honorable; but the reflection, that the duty which I owe to my country, and the satisfaction which I shall have in coöperating with you, gentlemen, (by removing an unfortunate ground of discontent,) to restore and confirm the harmony and good understanding which are equally the interest of the two nations, induces me to accept the honor which you have been pleased to confer upon me,—in the hope, however, that it may be in our power to fulfil the intentions of the treaty by an accomplishment of our duty so prompt, as shall not too seriously interfere with my wish for an early return to my country.

I shall have the honor to meet you at nine o'clock, as you request, at the house of Doctor Nickoll, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I am, gentlemen, &c. &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

London, August 27th, 1796.

To the Hon. TIMOTHY PICKERING, Esq., secretary of state of the
United States of America.

SIR—On my arrival here from the continent, a few days ago, I had the honor to receive from Mr. King, your letter of the 9th of June, enclosing a commission from the President of the United States, appointing me to act in this country, as agent for the relief of American seamen; accompanied with a copy of the law instituting that office, and your instructions relative to the manner of its execution.

During the time I was with Mr. Jay, my private affairs had been very much neglected; they now require my attention. I saw under this commission no opportunity to render any very essential service to our countrymen, nor any obligation to attempt it, from a probability that the humane and interesting object of the appointment could be better attained by my agency, than by that of many of our countrymen to whom it might be less inconvenient; and, for these reasons, as well as from an aversion to public employments, I had determined to beg you to return my thanks to the President, for the honor done me by this mark of his remembrance, and to request that another person might be named. An unexpected and more weighty reason is now added, which at once renders it unfit that I should hold this office, or persist in the resolution which I had formed to avoid public life.

Mr. Gore will have informed you of the manner adopted for naming the fifth commissioner, under the seventh article of the late treaty, and that the lot has fallen upon me. I am to add, that I have thought it to be my duty to

accept the employment so singularly conferred, and have, with the other commissioners, taken the oath prescribed by the treaty.

In doing this, I feel that I have taken upon myself a situation of much responsibility, and which, on some occasions, may prove peculiarly delicate; being placed in it in some sense, by the joint choice of the two nations, the strongest obligation is imposed upon me to obtain accurate information of the law of nations, and scrupulously to regard that and the great principles of justice and equity in the discharge of this trust. A sincere desire that justice may be done speedily, impartially, and in the most conciliatory manner, will govern my conduct, and if on any occasion I should be thought by either party to err, I must rely upon the candor of both to believe that my errors will be those of judgment only, from which none of us are free. I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[EXTRACT.]

London, Sept. 7th, 1796.

To JOHN JAY, Esq., &c. &c.

“ You will know that I have most unexpectedly become
“ once more an agent in the business of the treaty, having
“ been, by the concurrence of chance and destiny, named
“ the fifth commissioner, under the seventh article. I could
“ hardly have been called to a situation more unlooked for
“ than this. I feel its delicacy and importance, and the
“ imperfect preparation for its duties which I derive from
“ the general nature of my pursuits, for many years past.
“ But the general principles of justice and equity, I hope,
“ are sufficiently established in my mind, to prevent the

“danger of any gross errors; and the law of nations, so
“far as it relates to this subject, is neither so voluminous,
“nor so intricate, but that the degree of attention which I
“have sometimes given to other subjects, applied to this,
“will I trust, render me sufficiently master of it. It will,
“however, be almost impossible so to conduct, as not to
“offend alternately, some of both parties; and I must
“trust to the candor of the dispassionate, to do me justice
“in believing, that if I should be thought to err, my errors
“will at worst be those of judgment only, from which the
“best and the wisest can claim no exemption.”

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[EXTRACT.]

London, Sept. 7th, 1796.

To OLIVER WOLCOTT, Esq., secretary of the treasury, United
States.

“You will know, from the secretary of state’s office,
“that I am placed by the singular concurrence of choice
“and destiny, in a state of the most absolute neutrality.
“I shall sometimes find it difficult perhaps to distinguish
“the precise point of justice and equity, and my endeavors
“to ascertain it, may possibly give offense alternately to
“both the interested parties; *but, as I neither sought this*
“*situation, nor shall ever seek any other of public respon-*
“*sibility*, it may at least be relied upon by both, that what
“I do will be the true result of my best knowledge and
“judgment, imperfect doubtless, but at least honest in
“intention.”

JOHN TRUMBULL.

The commissioners having taken the oath dictated by
the treaty, proceeded immediately to hold meetings, for
the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for

entering upon their important duties ; such as naming a secretary and other necessary officers, establishing an office, rules of business, &c. In the course of these preliminary discussions, it soon became manifest that the difficulties which I had apprehended in my situation of fifth commissioner, were by no means imaginary or exaggerated ; it was easy to foresee, that the commissioners of each nation were likely to regard the conduct of their own government as right and just, and that they were bound to support and defend its acts and measures, and that therefore, the decision of almost every important question must devolve upon the fifth commissioner.

Upon the very threshold of business, we were met by a question, which bid fair to occasion the most serious disagreement. "What are the cases which are to be "entertained and examined by this board?"

The treaty requires that the complainant shall state, "that he has suffered loss and damage, for which he cannot obtain just and adequate compensation, in the regular course of judicial proceedings. He cannot assert "this until he shall have gone through the entire course of "regular judicial proceedings. The last step of regular "judicial proceeding in England, is the ultimate decision of "the high court of appeal, that is to say, of the king in "council. Does any one suppose that this board has "power to examine, revise, and reverse the decisions of "this supreme tribunal?" asked the British members of the board. "Certainly," replied the American members, "if it should appear to us, that in any case the high court "of appeal had decided, rather in conformity with *the laws* "and *usages of England*, than in consonance with *the law* "of nations, and the principles of equity and justice, it will "become our duty, as it is clearly within our power, to

“examine the case, and to make such decision as shall be
“in conformity with the law of nations, and the principles
“of justice and equity. If this be not the true construc-
“tion of our powers, it does appear to us that this article
“of the treaty is little better than a nullity.”

Such was the outline of the agreement, placing the commission in a state of helpless inactivity, between the two horns of a dilemma. It remained for me to decide.

My opinion was decidedly with the American members. But I saw distinctly, that in the eyes of the British gentlemen, the question was of the deepest importance, and that a decision contradictory to their reverential estimate of the sanctity of the high court of appeal, would be submitted to by them with extreme reluctance, if it did not produce a remonstrance against our abuse of authority—a refusal to proceed in the business—ultimately a dissolution of the commission;—and thus, a renewal of angry discussion between the two nations. I therefore took time to consider, and finally suggested, that the question should be submitted to the lord chancellor (Loughborough) for his decision. He had taken a deep interest in the negotiations of the treaty, and undoubtedly, must know the intentions of the parties. The British members of the commission readily acceded to this proposal; an audience was asked of the lord chancellor and obtained, at which all the members of the board were present. The question was stated by the senior British commissioner, on which the board requested his lordship’s opinion, and the answer was immediate and frank.

“The construction of the American gentlemen is correct. It was the intention of the high contracting parties
“to the treaty, to clothe this commission with power para-
“mount to all the maritime courts of both nations—a

“power to review, and (if in their opinion it should appear just) to reverse the decisions of any or of all the maritime courts of both. Gentlemen, you are invested with august and solemn authority ; I trust that you will use it wisely.”

This decision of the chancellor terminated the difficulty, relieved me from a situation of extreme delicacy, and the board immediately proceeded in its duties.

In July, 1797, I found myself under the necessity of deciding the very important question of general blockade, and the detention of neutral vessels, laden in part or entirely with provisions, bound from neutral to hostile ports. From the beginning, I had made it a rule to give my opinion in writing in all cases where questions were to be decided by my voice. This question was highly important, and I endeavored to study it carefully. The elaborate opinion which I gave, will form the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Opinion given in the case of the *Neptune*, Jeffries master—Question of the right of blockade, and to prevent the introduction of provisions.

THIS was an American vessel, bound to a port in France, with a cargo consisting of rice, tobacco, indigo, &c., American property, captured in June, 1795, by one of his Britannic Majesty's frigates, acting under the general order of April, 1795, which directed the bringing into British ports of all neutral vessels laden in whole or in part with provisions, and bound to ports of the enemies of Great Britain.

Proceedings were had, in this case, in the form which was adopted on that occasion, and which commenced with an order of the judge of the high court of admiralty, that the cargo should be sold to his majesty's government, and resulted in a decree of the same court, that both vessel and cargo belonged as claimed to neutrals,—an order of the court to restore the vessel, with freight, demurrage, and expenses—costs, both of captor and claimant, to be paid by his majesty's government, and the value of the cargo to be paid by the same to the neutral owner.

The vessel was, of course, restored as ordered, and the value of the cargo ascertained in the manner following, viz. The registrar and merchants proceeded, under an order of the court, to make their report under the usual form, in which they stated the invoice-price, and ten per cent. thereon as the value of the cargo, to be paid by his majesty's government to the neutral owners. Against this *ex parte* mode of sale, as well as against the measure

of value, the claimant, by his agent, remonstrated to the registrar and merchants, while making up their report, as inadequate and unjust, inasmuch as the sum resulting from this mode of estimation was much below what would be the result at the current market-price at the port of destination, or even at the port of London; requesting at the same time permission to sell the cargo himself, under bonds that it should be sold and delivered in England. To this application and remonstrance he received for answer, from the registrar and merchants, "that, although "his case was doubtless a hard one, yet, as they acted by "the express order of government, they could give no "more, being bound by instructions officially received, to "give, in all such cases, ten per cent. on the invoice price, "as a fair mercantile profit." The agent for the claimant, however, not satisfied with this answer, pursued his inquiries further, until he received from a high official character (as stated to us in his affidavit) the same answer, and an absolute refusal of his request for permission to sell the property himself, under bonds that it should be sold in England. Concluding then, as it was natural for one of his majesty's subjects to do, that information so obtained was true and correct, and perceiving it to be useless and presumptuous for an individual to struggle further against an order of his majesty's government, he abandoned any further attempt to obtain a remedy in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, and being pressed by the necessity of meeting bills which had been drawn in America, on the expected proceeds of this cargo, and which otherwise must have gone back, subject to such heavy damages as might prove ruinous to his correspondent there—but protesting at the same time against the injustice of the mode of sale, and the inadequacy of the sum ordered to be

paid, according to the report of the registrar and merchants—he received the same, and now comes before this board, claiming such further sum as shall appear to the board a full and adequate compensation for the loss and damage which he has sustained.

A memorial, in the usual form, has been preferred to the board in this case, accompanied by sundry papers. Copies of this memorial, and of these papers, have been submitted to the agency of his Britannic majesty, in the usual manner, and the usual time has been allowed to him to lay before the board his objections in writing to the prayer of the memorial. Those objections have been received, and without offering any reasons exclusively applicable to this particular case, or arising out of any peculiar circumstances attending it, we find them to be general against the powers of the commissioners as extending to cases of this description; and they appear to rest, for much of their force, on the construction of the eighteenth article of the existing treaty between Great Britain and America. On the correctness of this general objection, a difference of opinion exists at the board, which leaves the decision of the question to me.

A just sense of the very high responsibility which devolves upon me, under such circumstances, induced me to form an early determination to give my opinion in writing on all such occasions—and that determination is strengthened by the painful and unfortunate frequency with which such occasions have hitherto recurred—in order that, in discharging this arduous and unpleasant part of my duty, I might impartially give their just weight to the arguments of each of the commissioners, (all of whom, from the nature of their education and studies, must, unquestionably, possess a degree of knowledge far

superior to what I can pretend to on subjects of this nature.) It was further my wish to have been indulged, on all such occasions, with the sight of the written opinion of each member of the board previous to giving my own. I should then have seen the precise and meditated arguments of learned men reduced to point, and divested of that looseness and inaccuracy of expression which too generally accompany verbal discussions; and those arguments thus correctly and visibly before me, would neither have been subject to be weakened by the incorrectness of memory, nor to be distorted by any misunderstanding arising from the rapidity of conversation. I have requested this indulgence in the present case; and if it should seem from my decision, that I have been less influenced by any of the arguments which I have heard, than those gentlemen who have made use of them may feel that they deserved, I hope to be forgiven.

The numerous and concurring authorities which the gentlemen with whom I agree in opinion, have, in the course of their written arguments on this case, quoted from the writings of the most eminent men, appear to me so clear and conclusive, as to render it equally unnecessary, as it would be presumptuous in me to follow them in that mode of examining the subject. I shall therefore confine myself to such views of it as might naturally offer themselves to men of no extensive reading or profound reflection, and such as may appear, perhaps, more particularly to affect the equity than the law of the case.

The subject, obviously, divides itself into two leading questions:

First. Has the neutral claimant, in this case, sustained loss or damage, by reason of an irregular or illegal capture or condemnation of his property?

Second. Could the neutral claimant actually have obtained, had and received, full and adequate compensation for such loss and damage, in the *ordinary course* of judicial proceedings?

If the ship had been taken in the act of entering, or attempting to enter, a port or place actually besieged, blockaded or invested, and known to the neutral master to be so, I believe there is little doubt but the capture, considered under the existing law of nations, would have been regular and legal.

But if, with his majesty's agent, we admit that the existing treaty between Great Britain and America, was in operation at the time of this seizure, (although not then ratified,) it will then follow undeniably, that even if the ship had been stopped in the act of entering, or attempting to enter, a port or place actually besieged, blockaded or invested, yet if the neutral master was ignorant of that fact, he could not, regularly and legally, have been seized as prize, nor even detained. His case would have fallen under the provision of the third section of the eighteenth article of the treaty, and it would have been the duty of the captor to have notified to the neutral the state of the place, and (having prevented his entering such port) to have permitted him to proceed to any other port or place without interruption. If then, even in attempting to enter a port or place actually besieged, blockaded or invested, (the neutral master not knowing it to be so,) it was inconsistent with this eighteenth article to seize or even to detain the ship; much less must such seizure or detention appear to be justifiable under that article, the ship being bound to a port not besieged, blockaded or invested, for it is not pretended that Bordeaux, (the port of destination in this case,) or even any particular port of France,

much less the whole country, was at the period in question in such a state.

But it is held that cases other than those of actual siege, blockade or investiture, are evidently alluded to in the eighteenth article of the existing treaty, as justifying "the seizure of provisions, or other articles going to the enemy, in certain cases." This, however, does not appear to me to be correct. There is, indeed, an evident allusion to, or rather declaration of, a difference of opinion on this subject, on which the two negotiators finding it "difficult to agree," all decision appears to have been therefore intentionally waived; and in order that "this difficulty of agreeing on the precise cases in which alone provisions, and other articles, not generally contraband, may be regarded as such," might not become a source of future contention between the two nations, in consequence of the possible continuation of contrary opinions on this subject of special contraband, it was wisely stipulated, "that when provisions, or any such articles, so becoming contraband, according to the existing law of nations, shall for that reason be seized, the same shall not be confiscated, but the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified." The stipulation extends only to cases where provisions, &c. shall become contraband, "according to the existing law of nations." Those appear to be limited in all the books, to cases of actual siege, blockade or investiture. It is however further alledged, that "every case where there exists a reasonable hope of reducing the enemy to terms of peace by famine," is also within "the spirit of the law." But such a description must necessarily remain vague and indefinite, because it may always be questioned by the one party whether the hope entertained by the other was



reasonable or not. No new cases or descriptions of contraband, are either established or admitted by this eighteenth article, which, on the contrary, instead of increasing the restrictions and inconveniences of neutral commerce, and thus opening new sources of dispute and misunderstanding, I do conceive to have been intended, (as several other articles of this treaty evidently were,) to remove the grounds and lessen the probabilities of future mutual complaints; to extend, rather than to narrow, the benefits of the state of neutrality, and thus to diminish to mankind in general, those inconveniences which are necessarily and unavoidably consequent upon every extensive war between great maritime nations. This article provides only for cases "where provisions, or other articles not generally contraband, may become so, according to the existing law of nations." What is the universally acknowledged consequence of an attempt to carry contraband goods to an enemy, according to those existing laws?—An unequivocal right not merely to seize, but *to confiscate without reserve*. But this eighteenth article stipulates that provisions, &c., "*so becoming contraband*," shall not be confiscated. How then does this article vary the law? Not by enlarging the description of contraband beyond what shall be consistent with the existing law of nations, and to the prejudice of the state of neutrality, but by stipulating, to the benefit of neutral commerce and of mankind at large, that even "in certain cases where provisions and other articles not generally contraband, *may become so, according to the existing law of nations*, and for that reason be seized," yet "the same *shall not be confiscated*, but" (on the contrary) "the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified."

The tenth article of the treaty appears to have been suggested by the same principle, which I believe to have animated the two eminent negotiators on other occasions—a sincere desire to diminish rather than to extend those evils which inevitably accompany the state of war; and this article which is here I believe for the first time made part of a solemn engagement between two nations, will do honor to those who have here introduced it, in proportion as the long neglect of a stipulation so obviously just, is unworthy of praise in the negotiations of past ages. Let me suppose that some metaphysical head should undertake to derive a right, under that article, to confiscate property in the public funds, or debts due from individuals, in the event of peace and good understanding, because such confiscation is prohibited only, “in any event of war or national difference.” The odd ingenuity of such an argument would excite our surprise, and perhaps call up a smile; yet would not this logic be nearly as sound as that, which, from a stipulation to pay for goods “become contraband in certain cases, according to the existing law of nations,” would infer a right to seize as contraband, provisions, &c., in cases where they are manifestly not so according to that law?

The argument in justification of the present seizure, is then reduced to this, “that the right of the belligerent to seize as contraband, provisions going to the enemy, extends to all cases where there exists a reasonable hope or expectation of reducing an enemy to terms of peace by famine.” I willingly waive all those objections to this vague and indefinite principle, which arise in general from the difficulty of ascertaining what are cases in which a hope of this nature may reasonably be entertained; because I do not think it difficult to de-

monstrate, that the case before us was not of that description.

In Coxe's View of America, published in 1793, will be found a correct and official statement of the exports of the United States for the preceding year, 1792; from which we learn, that the whole quantity of bread-stuff exported from that country, during that year, was as follows, viz.

Of flour,	824,464 barrels,	at 190 lbs. each,	is 156,648,160 lbs.
" wheat,	853,790 bushels,	" 60 "	" 51,227,400 "
" maize,	1,964,973 "	" 60 "	" 117,898,380 "
" rice,	141,762 tierces,	" 300 "	" 42,528,600 "
And in all other articles of a nature convert- ible into bread, including ship-bread and biscuit,			} 31,697,460 "
Total of exports, pounds,	-	-	- 400,000,000 "
To this add for increase of weight by } making into bread, one fourth,			100,000,000 "
And we shall have, pounds of bread,	-		500,000,000 :

being all that could be made from the whole exports of America for the year 1792.

In a work published in France in 1775, "Sur le Legislation et le commerce de Grains," regarded as one of the most estimable and correct works of the kind extant, may be found a note, at page fifty nine of the first Paris edition, Chap. XIII, in which the author states his opinion of the quantity of corn or bread, annually and daily consumed by the inhabitants of France, and a very correct detail of the principles and inductions, on which this opinion is grounded; from which it appears, that the inhabitants of France were then estimated at twenty four millions, and that each inhabitant was estimated to require for food, about two septiers or eight and two thirds Win-

chester bushels of corn each year, equal to one and a half pounds of bread daily. In his estimate of the quantity of bread, this author has been followed by Neckar and others, but almost all agree that the actual number of inhabitants in France exceeds his estimate. I will however follow him entirely, and by his estimate, we shall have thirty six millions of pounds of bread, as the daily consumption of the French nation.

We have before seen that all the corn, &c. exported from the United States of America in the year 1792, would have produced five hundred million pounds of bread. Dividing this sum by thirty six million pounds, the amount of the daily consumption of France, we have as the result, nearly fourteen days' bread for the people of that country. Fourteen days are the twenty sixth part of the year: supposing then, that each person in France should prudently economize, each day, one twenty sixth part of his customary allowance of bread, and instead of twenty four ounces, eat somewhat more than twenty three; and the same effect would be produced, as by the importation of all that America could export.

I am well aware that in a case of sudden alarm, or apprehension of scarcity, (in a country habituated to ease and plenty,) where the actual evil is magnified ten-fold by the united operation of fear and avarice; the importation of such a proportion of foreign corn would be of vast importance, by dispelling the fears of the timid, and by opposing the dread of a falling market to a disposition to monopolize. Such was lately the state of England; the alarm (which is now known to have had little true foundation,) was too sudden and universal, to be remedied by the slow but certain operation of a system of economy only, and government wisely had recourse to the same

passion which was the principal cause of the evil—a bounty on foreign corn was offered, and the importation of a quantity comparatively very trifling, produced the most salutary and important effects. The public sale of this small quantity in the London market, produced a reduction of price, and of course from every part of the country, corn was hurried to market by those who before had been busily employed in hoarding and withholding it. But such was not the state of France at the period in question. There the people had long apprehended and sometimes felt a real degree of scarcity; the attempt to reduce them to terms of peace by famine, had already been made in 1793, without success, although under circumstances much more favorable to the hopes of her enemies. The people had of course been trained to habits of economy, and had learned to rely on that resource, whose operation when once generally adopted, is infinitely more effectual than any aid which may be hoped for from foreign supplies. I must be permitted to observe, that in the foregoing statement I have given the most unlimited extent to the argument against me, for in truth, almost all the wheat which is exported from the United States goes to Portugal, where, for the benefit of the manufactures, the importation of flour is prohibited, and almost all the maize or Indian corn is sent to the West Indies, and there forms a principal part of the food of the blacks; so that deducting these two great articles from the account, it can scarcely be possible that even on extraordinary occasions, more than one half of the exports of America can find their way to France. Thus, in fact, this hope of reducing the French nation to terms of peace by famine, (so far as the interruption of American commerce would influence,) is founded on the supposition that the people of France

may be reduced to the necessity of eating one fifty second part less than their usual allowance of bread.

But it may fairly be objected to the whole of this argument, that it is altogether hypothetical, and that I have considered only the resources drawn from America, whereas, I ought to consider that all supplies from abroad were intended to be intercepted by the entire interruption of neutral commerce. I am happy to have it in my power to give more correctness to this part of my argument, and to state from official documents, what real effect was produced both by the orders of 1793, and by those of 1795.

An important paper, (No. 23 of the appendix to the third report of the committee of secrecy, printed in April, 1797,) showing the amount in value of the corn imported into, and exported from Great Britain, in the years 1793, '4, '5, '6, and '7, gives us correct and unquestionable information on this subject. It is there stated, that the corn of all nations either detained, or brought into ports of Great Britain as prize, amounted to the following value, viz.

In 1793 and '4, to	-	-	£232,771 12s. 5d.
" 1795, - "	-	-	129,063 03s. 7d.
" 1796, - "	-	-	20,384 13s. 8d.

I will suppose this entire quantity to have consisted in wheat, which, in the paper referred to, (No. 23,) is stated to be valued at 32s. the quarter, or 4s. the bushel; at that rate of value, the above several sums will give us the following quantities of wheat, viz.

1793 and '4, bushels,	1,163,860	at 60 lbs. each,	is 69,831,600 lbs.
1795, " "	645,316	" 60 " "	38,718,960 "
1796, " "	101,923	" 60 " "	6,115,380 "

Let it next be understood that the whole of this corn so captured or detained, at those several periods, was destined to ports of France, then we shall find that, by their capture, the French nation was actually deprived of the following part of their bread, viz.

In 1793 and '4, of almost two days' bread.

In 1795, of something more than one day's bread; and that

In 1796, they did not lose one breakfast.

Such was the real effect produced by the operation of the orders of 1793 and 1795.

At the time of the transaction which gave rise to the present discussion, the trivial effect of the order of 1793 must have been known; and it is palpable, therefore, that the order of 1795 could not have been founded in any *reasonable* hope or expectation, of thereby reducing the French nation to terms of peace by famine. An ardent and enthusiastic enemy cannot *reasonably* be expected to make any considerable sacrifice of his animosities, his prejudices or his pursuits, in consequence of such very trifling inconveniences as we see were the consequence of the orders in question.

From the foregoing observations I trust it sufficiently appears, that the capture in question cannot be justified by the law of nations, under the description of goods attempted to be carried to a place actually besieged, blockaded or invested; nor yet under the eighteenth article of the existing treaty; nor yet under the broad idea of a reasonable hope of reducing the enemy by famine. It only remains to inquire, whether there existed at the time any necessity on the part of the captor, so pressing as to justify the act.

The necessity which can be admitted to supersede all laws, and to dissolve the distinctions of property and right,

must be absolute and irresistible; and we cannot, until all other means of self-preservation shall have been exhausted, justify, by the plea of necessity, the seizure and application to our own use, of that which belongs to others. Did any such state of things exist in Great Britain in April, 1795? Were any means employed to guard against an apprehended, rather than an existing scarcity, before the measure in question was adopted? And when a degree of scarcity really was felt, a few months later in the year, was not the obvious and inoffensive measure of offering a bounty on corn imported, effectual, and that speedily? It cannot then be presumed, that the capture in question is any more to be justified by the plea of necessity, than it is by that of right; and I must therefore conclude, that the neutral claimant has in this case suffered loss and damage by reason of an irregular and illegal capture.

I am next to examine the second leading question, viz. Whether, *in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings*, the neutral claimant could actually have obtained, had and received, full and adequate compensation for the loss and damage which he has so sustained.

When in a public instrument of contract between two nations, the ordinary course of judicial proceedings of one of the parties, is made the rule by which the other party is bound to govern his conduct on an important point, we must presume that the meaning of the term *ordinary course*, is easily within the knowledge of the foreigner, whose interests are made so materially to depend upon a correct understanding of the term. In the present case, the most obvious and authoritative source to which a foreigner would naturally look for information on the subject, appears to be the written law, by which proceedings in matters of prize are regulated, commonly known

by the name of the prize act: he would naturally conclude that this act was intended by the legislature, to provide and define the *ordinary* course of judicial proceedings in matters of prize.

I have followed this mode of inquiry, and in seeking in that act, for provisions descriptive of, or applicable to, the proceedings which have been had in this and similar cases, I find very few of its provisions which are so applicable. But I observe, that the thirty fifth section of the act reserves authority to his majesty, with the advice of his privy council, to give from time to time, such further rules and directions to his courts of admiralty, as by him shall be thought necessary and proper.

The ordinary course of judicial proceedings, I conceive then to be pointed out in the body of the act; and the thirty-fifth section, I presume, was intended to apply to extraordinary and unforeseen cases which might arise, and which might, in the opinion of his majesty's government, require measures varying from the ordinary course which the act had already defined.

The prize act authorizes all persons acting under commissions or letters of marque, duly granted, to seize and bring into port, &c. all vessels, &c. belonging to *enemies* of Great Britain. The seizure in question is understood to have been made under an order or instruction of his majesty, for seizing and bringing into port, &c. *all neutral vessels*, laden, either in whole or in part, with provisions, and bound to ports of the enemy. It is further understood to have been part of that order and instruction, "that the officers and companies of his majesty's vessels of war, acting in execution thereof, were to be paid a certain sum per ton on the measurement of the neutral vessels which might be so taken in lieu and discharge of

“all other and customary claims.” I say *understood* to have been, because we have not been able to procure a copy of the order itself, which circumstance forms an additional point, in which this business varies *ab initio* from the ordinary course of proceedings, according to which his majesty’s orders and instructions (of this nature) to his vessels of war are public, and copies thereof always easily to be obtained, at his courts of admiralty. Thus it appears that the capture, or first step in the business before us, took place in obedience to a particular order of his majesty’s government, varying from the ordinary course of proceedings.

The second step in this case, in which a wide deviation from the ordinary course of judicial proceedings is observable, is, that the judge of the high court of admiralty, as soon as the cause was brought within his cognizance, and before any decision or even inquiry was made, whether the property belonged to neutral, friend or enemy, ordered the cargo to be sold to his majesty’s government, and afterwards, upon due examination, decreed both vessel and cargo to belong as claimed to neutrals. In this deviation from the ordinary course, it is also understood, that the judge acted in obedience to an express order of his majesty’s government.

A third conspicuous deviation from the ordinary course of judicial proceedings observable in this case, is the manner of sale, and the rule by which the value of the cargo, decreed to be paid to the neutral owner, was ascertained. The merchants, by whom the registrar was assisted in this case, are highly respectable and very well informed men. It must have been obvious to them, that the cargoes of different ships are very seldom composed either entirely of similar articles, or of various articles in precisely the

same proportion ; and that, of course, one rate of compensation could never, with equal justice, be applied to many cases. In cargoes composed principally of articles for which the demand was great, it must have been evident to them, that ten per cent. advance on the foot of the invoice, was not an adequate compensation ; and it must have been equally evident, that in other cases of cargoes composed principally of articles not in demand, ten per cent. might be more than an adequate compensation. Those gentlemen acting as in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, and following the dictates of their own judgments and consciences, would never have thought it their duty to adopt this rule of ten per cent. (which might thus prejudice, in some instances, the interests of their own nation, and in very many those of the neutrals) as a measure of justice, equally applicable to all the variety of cases which the order of April, 1795, might bring before them ; and, accordingly, we find them declaring to the claimant, that they (in thus deviating from their ordinary course) acted in obedience to the particular and positive instructions of his majesty's government.

The agent for the neutral owners, (a respectable merchant of the city of London, and a British subject,) states to us, in an affidavit in due form, that after remonstrating in vain with the registrar and merchants, while making up their report, on the injustice of applying the rule of ten per cent. in this case, he (being so referred by them for further information) made personal application to Mr. Long, one of the secretaries of his majesty's treasury, that having repeated to him the hardships of this case, and having solicited permission to take the sale of this cargo into his own hands, giving bond that it should be sold in England, he received for answer from Mr. Long, "that the whole

“business had been conducted, and the registrar and “merchants had acted in obedience to the orders of his “majesty’s government, and that no deviation from the “rules established by those orders, could be admitted in “any particular case ;” and upon the proposal of the said agent to carry his inquiries and remonstrances to a still higher authority, he was answered by Mr. Long, “that “all further application would be vain ; that the execution “of this branch of business was committed expressly to “his (Mr. Long’s) direction, and no variation from the “system which had been adopted by his majesty’s government would be admitted.”

Thus it appears, that the whole of this transaction, from its commencement to its ultimate stage, was out of the ordinary course of judicial proceedings ; and that by the express and repeated orders of his majesty’s government.

It is now to be inquired, whether the claimant, by any possible endeavors to pursue the ordinary course of judicial proceedings further than he did, could in the end, actually have obtained, had and received, full and adequate compensation for the loss and damage which he complains to have sustained in this case.

We have been told that an application to the judge of the high court of admiralty, to correct the report of the registrar and merchants, would have been effectual ; but I cannot consider this to be presumable ; nor can I even regard the claimant as having been under any obligation to attempt that mode, because we have seen that the judge himself had deviated as essentially from the ordinary course of proceedings, in obedience to one order of his majesty’s government ; and I cannot perceive a shadow of reason for believing that he who had yielded a ready

obedience in one stage of the business, would have undertaken, at the next step, to oppose or control another order emanating from the same high authority.

It does not appear to me that the judge could have done so consistently with his duty ; nor, in truth, can I comprehend, that the captor, the judge, or the registrar and merchants, have done either more or less than their duty, in the whole course of this transaction. They have acted in their several characters of officers or servants of his majesty, who, by the thirty-fifth section of the prize act, is expressly invested with the power to give them such further instructions, as to him, with the advice of his privy council, shall appear to be necessary ; further instructions were given in this case, and these servants of the crown had but one duty—to obey.

It may here, perhaps, be objected, “that it does not appear that the order under which the registrar and merchants acted, was an order of his majesty, with the advice of his privy council, and that neither were they bound to obey an order given by any other authority, nor was the judge bound to confirm their report, unless made in obedience to the order of that particular authority.” I beg leave to reply, that neither does the contrary appear ; the objection may, with equal justice, be extended (for aught we know) to the orders under which the capture was made, and to that under which the cargo was sold to his majesty’s government, since all these orders were in such complete deviation from the ordinary course, as to have been, and to remain at this hour, all and equally invisible to us. It is enough to my argument, that they were thus out of the ordinary course, and (whether rightfully or not is not for us to inquire) that in fact, they have been obeyed by his majesty’s officers and

servants, and thus have hitherto prevented the actual receipt of full and adequate compensation by the neutral claimant.

One step only remained to have been taken by the claimant, in compliance with the ordinary course, which appears to me to have offered any hope of relief—an appeal to the lords commissioners—and this we understand to have been omitted, in consequence of the answer of Mr. Long to the agent, which has been stated above. We are told that this was not sufficient authority, and that an appeal ought to have been instituted notwithstanding that answer. What authority then would have been sufficient? Is it expected that the prime minister, or the lord president of the council, shall personally answer every question respecting the several departments? Why are secretaries attached to those departments, if faith and credence are not due them? Mr. Long, a member of the house of commons of England, has been for several years one of the confidential and efficient secretaries of the first minister; a character of no light import, whether we consider the very important duties of the employment, or the discriminating talents of that great man, under whose near and constant inspection those duties are performed.

I confess myself so confirmed in habits of subordination; that I should regard the information officially given to me by Mr. Long, relative to a measure actually adopted, or to an order actually given by his majesty's government, to be of exactly equal authority, as if it had been communicated to me by the minister himself.

But here again the objection returns, "that the order of his majesty's government, is not the order of his majesty with the advice of his privy council." Granted; and I will for a moment admit, (what is by no means

ascertained by any evidence before us,) that the orders under which the captor and judge acted, were orders of the king and council; and that the orders under which the registrar and merchants acted, were not. What then would have been the course of the business? By his majesty's government, let me be understood to mean, those ministers to whom his majesty is pleased to confide the executive power and business of the government. His majesty's government (in common with the executive branch of every government) must possess an unity of sentiment and action; that is, there must reside somewhere a power to prevent discord, and the struggle of any part against the general will, since these would tend to produce contradictory measures, to introduce confusion, and to obstruct the business of the nation. This controlling power is generally understood to be in the prime minister; where it actually does reside, requires no long investigation. We need only look to the order of council of the 26th of February last. Let it further be remembered, that the ministers composing his majesty's government are also members of his majesty's privy council, and of course have a right to—and on important occasions actually do—sit as lords commissioners of appeal in prize cases. Knowing and remembering these things, are we to believe, in direct contradiction to precedent and to daily practice, that the lords commissioners of appeal, would on this occasion have placed themselves in direct opposition to an important measure of his majesty's government?—that his majesty's government would thus have become “a house divided against itself?” Is it not rather to be believed, that if the lords commissioners had found themselves embarrassed by the supposed informality of the order in question, this embarrassment would have been

removed, by a reference to the privy council for the adoption of the necessary forms? I cannot but believe that such would have been the course, and that an appeal would have answered no purpose to the neutral claimant but to create delay, and to increase his expenses; neither can I believe that many Englishmen, of candid minds, can really persuade themselves to entertain a contrary opinion.

I trust that I have thus made manifest at least, a very high degree of improbability of redress having been attainable by the neutral claimant in this case, in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings; but it may be denied that I have demonstrated the absolute impossibility.

I beg leave to refer those who may be disposed to make this objection, to the legal arguments of other gentlemen on this subject, and particularly that of Mr. Pinckney. These appear to me to be fully conclusive, and therefore have my entire assent. I shall content myself with further observing, generally, that the first step of the judge, in ordering the cargo to be sold to his majesty's government, and its consequent delivery out of the custody and control equally of the captor and of the court itself, into the hands of his majesty's government, or its agents, discharged the captor in every view of justice or of equity, that I can comprehend, from any just responsibility thereafter. By what process consistent with the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the neutral claimant after that step, was to obtain, have and receive, the full compensation which is the object of the treaty, either from the captor, who appears to me to have been thus deprived of that, which, in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, constitutes the object and the measure of his responsibility, or from his majesty's government, whose responsibility respects only the supreme tribunal of the

nation, I confess I cannot comprehend. I have searched in vain that act, which I understand to designate the ordinary course of judicial proceedings in matters of prize, and which is the measure and rule of the claimant's duties; and finding no such process there designated, I cannot but conclude, that it was not possible for the claimant in this case, actually to obtain, have and receive, full and adequate compensation for the loss and damage which he has sustained, in the *ordinary course* of judicial proceedings.

To no extraordinary means had he either the power or the obligation to have recourse, except to that which he has followed by his memorial to this board; and it is clearly my opinion that we are bound carefully to examine his case, and to give therein such award, as shall appear to us to be consistent with equity, justice, and the law of nations. (Signed) JOHN TRUMBULL.

July 26th, 1797.

CHAPTER XV.

Age, 41—1797.

Last and most dangerous visit to France—Furnished with letters to Talleyrand—Revolution of 18th Fructidor—Find a vessel about to sail for Rotterdam—Go on board and escape—At the Hague obtain from the French minister a passport to go to Stutgard, and thence to Paris—Arrive at Stutgard, and find my plate admirably engraved—Take both plate and picture, and set off for Paris—Visit from M. D'Hauteval, and hint that it was expected I should visit M. Talleyrand—Settle my commercial affairs, and apply for passport—Difficulties and delay—Apply in vain to American ministers—Apply to Talleyrand—Go again to police—Alarming reception—Almost in despair, go again with M. David to the police—Passport obtained—Set off for Calais—Adventure at St. Dennis—Character of David—Ride night and day to Calais—Embark in the roads—Safe arrival in England—Farewell to dangerous adventures—Attend to business.

THE board of commissioners adjourned on the last of July, to meet on the 1st of November, 1797. I had received information from Mr. Müller, the engraver, at Stutgard, that he had finished the engraving of the battle of Bunker's Hill, and waited my final criticism and orders. This recess of the board allowed good time for the journey to Stutgard, and I determined to go, passing through Paris, for the purpose of closing all my business and accounts there.

M. Talleyrand was, at the time, minister of foreign affairs in France. He had been in America, and was there treated with marked civility by my brother, then speaker of the house of representatives of the United States; had there known also, and been treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness by my friends Mr. King

and Mr. Gore. I therefore requested letters from them to the minister, and felt myself secure of a kind reception. I crossed to Calais, where I found it necessary to remain, until a passport could be obtained from Paris. I wrote immediately to M. Talleyrand and my bankers, put my letters in the post-office, with my own hand, and in regular time received an answer from the bankers, but none from the minister, nor any passport, and of course I remained in Calais three weeks, in a state of painful surveillance.

It had become a popular notion in France, that the enemies of the republic had adopted a particular color of dress, by which they recognized each other—a sort of freemason sign—a grey coat, with a cape of black velvet. This was a favorite color with me, which I had worn for several years, and, unluckily, one morning I walked to the public square in this suspected dress. I observed on the opposite side of the square, a considerable assemblage of people, apparently in some agitation, and I had hardly entered the square, when I heard the cry, “*à bas, les collets noirs—à bas, les collets noirs.*” (Down with the black collars.) It was fortunate that I understood the language, and caught instantly the cry and its horrible meaning. I hurried back to my hotel, changed my dress, tore off the offending collar, and threw it in the fire. The next day’s post explained the irritated state of the people; it brought news of the Revolution, as it was called, of the 18th Fructidor, in which Pichegru, Barthelemy, Barbe Marbois, and others, were arrested and ordered to be transported to Cayenne. In these days, the feverish symptoms of Paris were propagated, through the affiliations of the Jacobin system, with the velocity of electricity, and the pulse of every village responded to the

feverish heat of the great political heart. I received by the post a line from my bankers, advising me to get out of the territory of France as soon as possible.

Finding a vessel about to sail immediately for Rotterdam, I obtained a passage in her, and was soon at the Hague, where I obtained from the resident minister of France, a passport to travel up the Rhine to Stutgard, and thence to return through Paris to Calais. There was an armistice at the moment, and in my journey, my road led me alternately through the military positions of the French and Austrian troops. For instance, at Coblentz, I met the funeral procession of General Hoche, which passed under the walls of Ehrenbretstein, and received the funeral salute of respect and condolence from the Austrian garrison. And on the plains of Schwetzingen, my road carried me through the army of the Archduke Charles, of fifty thousand men, engaged in a mock battle on the last day of a grand review. It was a magnificent representation of the awful reality, and had called together a prodigious multitude of spectators, from all the surrounding country. The neighboring city of Heidelberg was full of strangers, and a bed unattainable; I passed on therefore, and soon reached Stutgard.

I found my plate of Bunker's Hill admirably engraved, and requiring very little additional work. I remained a few days, and was present at a splendid ball given in the theatre, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Wirtemberg with the princess royal of England, and there saw waltzing for the first time, in high style.

Having received my picture and copper-plate, and settled with M. Müller, I obtained from the Prussian resident minister, as well as from the government of Wirtemberg, passports for Paris, and set off with the intention of passing

through Strasbourg, but was stopped near Rastadt, which had been named as the place for the approaching negotiation, and was obliged to return through Carlsruhe and Baden to Manheim. There I found the military again in motion, and with some difficulty obtained from the Archduke Charles, his passport to pass the military posts on the frontier. I went on, through roads very much broken up by military transportation and neglect, and arrived in Paris about the middle of October.

When I presented myself at the police, *selon les règles*, to obtain my *carte de residence*, I first offered a German passport; as soon as the clerk observed my name, he asked sharply, "*N'étiez vous pas à Calais, il y a quelques semaines ?*" (Was you not at Calais, a few weeks ago?)

"*Oui, citoyen.*" (Yes, citizen.)

"*Et, au nom du diable, comment est ce que vous êtes ici ?*" (And in the devil's name, how did you get here?)

"*En vertu de ce passeport, de votre ministre à la Hague*"—(by virtue of this passport of your minister at the Hague)—producing it. He looked at it carefully, and then turning to the clerk on his right, and shewing it to him, he said, "*Le bête, il fait toujours des sottises.*" (The blockhead, he is always committing blunders.)

I obtained, however, my *carte de residence*, but it was evident that I was remembered, and that the suspicions of 1795 and '6, were not done away.

I immediately set about concluding my commercial affairs, and visited the American X, Y, Z negotiators, Pinckney, Marshall and Gerry. The next morning I was surprised to receive a visit from a French gentleman, M. D'Hauteval, whom I had known some years before as consul at Boston. After the first compliments of recognition, he asked if I had yet seen the minister.

"What minister, sir?"

"Oh, M. Talleyrand, to be sure."

"No, sir; I wrote to him some weeks since, and having received no answer, I concluded that he did not wish to recognize me, and that it would be thought impertinent in me to visit him."

"Oh, no; on the contrary, he will be happy to see you; I have just been with him, and he told me so."

"In that case, I will wait upon him without delay."

I went therefore, was admitted, received with great civility, and invited to dine. I accepted the invitation, went, found the company small—among them Madame de Stael, Lucien Buonaparte, Count Lorigey, &c. During the dinner, Madame de Stael attempted to engage me in a conversation on the subject of American affairs, but the minister cut her short with, "*Mais, Madame de Stael, on ne politique pas ici.*" (But, Madame de Stael, nobody talks politics here.)

I conversed with Lucien Buonaparte, at whose right hand I was seated, on the subject of his brother's wonderful success—the bridges of Lodi, Arcola, &c. Towards the close of the dinner, a continued regular firing of cannon was heard; all were anxious to know the cause. The minister coolly replied, "*On annonce le traité de Campo Formio.*" (To announce the treaty of Campo Formio.)

I hurried the settlement of my business, occasionally seeing the American ministers, and learning from them the strange state of their affairs. I also occasionally saw the ministers of several small German states, all trembling for their future existence, and endeavoring to avert the impending danger, and learned from them all, that the permission even to speak of negotiation, could be obtained

only by the previous payment of sums proportioned to their ability to pay. Such was then the general system—not confined to us, but universal.

Having closed my financial and commercial concerns, I applied at the police for a passport, to leave Paris and France, but met with delays, which satisfied me, that my first reception was but the omen of coming evil. I was referred from day to day, and from office to office, until I began to be alarmed. The 1st of November was at hand, on which day I ought to be in London. In this embarrassment, I applied to the American ministers for advice and protection, and was answered by Gen. Pinckney, "My friend, I know not what to advise; we have no means of aiding you, we cannot even protect ourselves; so far from it, indeed, that I shall not be at all surprised, if within thirty six hours, we should all meet in the temple."

Having nothing further to hope here, I resolved on trying the influence of M. Talleyrand. I went at once to his office—he was there—and I was immediately admitted to a *tête-a-tête* interview, in his private bureau. He received me with great politeness, and immediately began to talk of the American negotiation, as if I was intimately connected with it. This I denied, assuring him that I had no manner of connection with it, nor any other knowledge of its progress or state than was common to the public. He next alluded very distinctly to the necessity of *the employment of money*, to which I replied, "Sir, you have been in America, and know the constitution of the United States, probably better than I do. You must know, that the ministers can take no important step which is not prescribed by their instructions, and I can hardly imagine that the government of the United States could have

"anticipated the necessity of employing money to facilitate this negotiation." The minister listened to this answer with evident impatience, and exclaimed, (striking the table violently at the same time,) "*Mais, il le faut, Monsieur.*" (But they must, sir.) I endeavored to keep my countenance, and replied with a smile, "That is their affair; I am happy to repeat, that it is no concern of mine."

From the strange turn and result of this conversation, it was manifest that I had nothing to hope from that quarter, and therefore I rose to take my leave. The minister resumed his usual calm, cold manner, accompanied me to the door, and as I was about to open it, said, in his softest tone, "*Mais, comment se porte Hamilton?*" (But, how is Hamilton?) This was the only inquiry he made for any of those from whom he had received such unbounded civilities in the United States.

I withdrew, and with a heavy heart went again to the police, where I was told, with an air of solemn politeness, "*Si le citoyen veut bien monter le grand escalier, en entrant la première porte à droite, il trouvera l'homme qui fera son affaire.*" (If the citizen will be so good as to walk up the grand staircase, and enter the first door on his right hand, he will there find the man who will do his business.)

I mounted the grand staircase, entered the first door on my right, and there, in a large low *entresol*, found one old man sitting at a desk, in a corner of the room, whose appearance at once suggested the idea of a solitary spider watching for flies. As I entered, he looked up from the desk before him, and accosted me with "*Que veux-tu, citoyen?*" (What would you, citizen?)

My reply was, "*Un passeport, pour aller à Calais, et m'y embarquer pour Hambourg.*" (A passport to go to Calais, and there to embark for Hamburg.)

"*Et ton nom ?*" (And thy name ?)

I told him. He looked carefully at a paper before him, and with a look, and in a snuffling, sneering tone of voice, which it is impossible ever to forget, returned, "*Ah, on te connaît très bien ici*"—(ah, you are very well known here)—and resumed his pen.

I had now my definitive answer from the police ; it was manifest that this man had before him the list of those, who, in the phraseology of the day, were to be *garde à vue*, that is, to be kept always in sight, and that my name was upon that list.

I descended the *grand escalier*, (great staircase,) with heart and foot heavier than when I mounted it. I endeavored to recollect some one whom I had formerly known, to whom I could look for aid in this extremity. The name of David flashed upon my mind. His intimate connection with Robespierre, in the most horrid period of the Revolution, had hitherto deterred me from making any attempt to renew my former acquaintance with him ; but now my situation appeared to be desperate, and he the only person of my acquaintance in France, from whom I could flatter myself with any hope of assistance. I therefore went to his apartments in the Louvre, found him at home, was instantly recognized, and very cordially received, although many years had elapsed since we had met. He immediately inquired about my picture of Bunker's Hill, Mr. Müller, and the engraving. I told him that I had been at Stutgard, that the plate was finished to my entire satisfaction, that I had both plate and painting with me, and was on my way to London for the purpose of printing and

publication, but found very unexpected difficulty in obtaining a passport to proceed, and asked him if he knew the minister of police, and could give me any assistance. He replied that he did not know the present minister—"but I know his secretary, and that may do as well. Go to your hotel, my friend, get the picture, and return with it. In the mean time, I will change my dress and go with you to the police, *et nous verrons, ce tableau-là vaut bien des passeports*," (and we will see—that picture is worth a multitude of passports.)

I did so, returned, and he entered the carriage with me. In our short drive to the office of the police, the conversation turned naturally upon the strange events which had occurred in Paris since our first acquaintance. "True," said he, "much blood has been shed, but it would have been well for the republic, if five hundred thousand more heads had passed under the guillotine." I shuddered—and this, thought I, is the only man on earth to whom I can now look for assistance in a case which involves the question of imprisonment or death.

We arrived at the police, and, anxious as I was, I could not but be struck with the ludicrous effect produced upon the crowd of clerks, (to whom I was by this time well known,) when they saw me again enter, the Bon Citoyen David* leaning familiarly upon my arm—he had broken the *tendo Achillis*, and was lame of one leg.

He asked, in the tone of a master, for the secretary's room; we were shewn in, and he immediately entered upon my cause. "I have known Mr. Trumbull these ten years—I know him to be an American, and opposed to the English in their war. *Je vous en réponds ; il est bon revo-*

* "*Bon Citoyen*" was, during the revolution, the favorite title of honor.

lutionnaire tout comme nous autres”—(I answer for him; he is as good a revolutionist as we are,)—horrid encomium from such lips. “He saw the battle of Bunker’s Hill, and “has painted a fine picture of it—here it is. *Il est grand artiste, et on fait mal de le retenir dans ses occupations actuellement paisibles des arts.*” (He is a great artist, and it is wrong to interrupt him in his present peaceful occupations of the arts.) This plea from the Sieur David was irresistible; the secretary looked at the painting—admired it—regretted that my character had been so misrepresented and misunderstood—I should have a passport immediately. “But, sir, I must first present you to the minister; “he will be pleased to be undeceived—to see you and “your picture.”

We were shown into the minister’s room, and presented to him. The same eulogy from David, the same approbation of the painting, and an immediate order for the passport—the minister adding, with a most courteous smile, “I “am half disposed, however, to use the power which I possess, and to retain in the service of the republic, *un artiste de tant de talent,*” (an artist of so much talent.) The passport was immediately prepared, and I left the office of police in triumph, returned the most sincere thanks to my friend David, took leave of him and his family, ordered post-horses, and was instantly upon the road for London.

Here let me pause a moment, upon the character of the man from whom I had just received such an inestimable service. David was naturally a kind and warm-hearted man, but ardent, sometimes even violent, in his feelings; an enthusiastic admirer of the Roman republic, and of all the illustrious characters of Rome, he most admired the elder Brutus, who had sacrificed his two sons for the good of his country. He had painted a fine picture of this sub-

ject, and had wrought up his own feelings to the belief that all which was otherwise dear must be sacrificed to our country. When the Revolution commenced in France, he took the popular side, devoted all the energy of his character to the establishment of a republic, (that favorite phantom of the age,) and had brought himself to the full belief, that the blood of individuals was of no more value than water, in comparison with the success of his favorite theory. This gave to his public life the imprint of a ferocious monster, while, as a private individual, his primitive character of kindness resumed its sway. No man could be more kind and amiable in his family; no man could have taken a deeper or more ardent interest in the dangers of another, than he had done in mine, although not otherwise connected with me than as an acquaintance and a brother artist.

The 1st of November was but to-morrow, and I resolved to travel day and night, that I might reach London as little after my time as possible.

At St. Dennis, the first stage from Paris, I stopped to change horses, and as I drove up to the post-house, I observed that the yard was unusually crowded; and among others, a tall, gaunt, Don Quixotte looking man, in cavalry uniform, with a sabre proportioned to himself, whose glittering steel scabbard clanked upon the pavement, as he stalked up to my carriage, and leaning his arm familiarly upon the door, (the glass was down,) he looked in and said, *Le citoyen est seul*,—(citizen, you are alone,)—in the quaint laconic language of the day. *Comme vous voyez, citoyen*,—(as you see, sir,)—was the equally concise reply, while my fears, not fully lulled, from the late scenes, whispered to me,—here is a new trap; this man is posted here to intercept me, and examine my papers, in the hope

of finding some important communications relative to the negotiation, from the American ministers to Mr. King in London, or to the government in America.

"Are you going to Chantilly?" was the next question of my spectre neighbor.

"Yes."

"Will you give me the vacant seat in your carriage?"

I glanced my eye at the irresistible sabre, and answered, "Willingly, sir."

As he opened the door to enter, he said, "I have been too abrupt, I should have given the reason for my request. I command a detachment of cavalry, which is stationed at Chantilly, for the protection of public carriages, and of travellers generally, from a banditti who infest the forest, and have lately committed several atrocious robberies. I have been into Paris this morning, on business, and have lamed my favorite horse, which will be ruined if I ride him any further. I must not be absent from my post a night, and had been watching some time for the arrival of some traveller, from whom I might ask a ride, when you drove up, and I thank you for your kindness."

I breathed more freely. He took his seat, and appeared to be a plain blunt soldier.

"You will stop at Chantilly?" said he.

"It is not my intention; I am in haste, and mean to travel post, night and day."

"You are going to Calais?"

"Yes."

"You are an Englishman?"

"No, an American of the United States."

"But your carriage is English; you are going to London?"

"True, and impatient to get on."

"You cannot go on to-night; you must stop at Chantilly, and sup with me, for the forest is dangerous, and my men are harassed, so that I cannot give you an escort until morning."

Again my heart beat quick. I was completely in the power of this man—there was no possibility of escape—he would execute his commission at his leisure, and search me in his own quarters, surrounded by his troops.

We drove on, and after a short silence he abruptly asked, "Do you know the Prince de Poix in London?"

"I have seen him."

"He is a great fool," exclaimed he. "He commanded a company of the royal guard, in which I was a private soldier; he emigrated, and I command in his place. Was not that folly?"

Again I began to be reassured, and to believe that he was indeed an honest, blunt, heels-over-head soldier. We rode on, and all his conversation was in the same heedless style; and I recovered my tranquillity, though vexed at the unavoidable delay.

We reached Chantilly early in the evening, and he hurried to his quarters, promising to return in half an hour to supper. This he did, and we supped together most amicably and cheerfully. At length, he asked at what hour I chose to proceed in the morning, and receiving for answer, "at daylight,"

"*Bon, à l'aube du jour vous entendrez sonner le bugle de votre escorte, dessous votre fenêtre.*" (Well, at daybreak we shall sound the bugle for your escort, under your window.)

We separated in mutual good humor. I ordered horses to be put to my carriage at daybreak, retired, and slept

with some composure, after the various agitations of the day. With the early dawn, I was up and dressing, when the bugle sounded under my window, as promised. I mounted my carriage and drove off, under the escort of ten as fine hussars as I ever saw. A few hours carried us through the forest, without any adventure, and the sub-officer and guard took their leave, *en militaire*, wishing me a pleasant journey.

My object now was to arrive at Calais, if possible, before the post from Paris, for I felt myself on the crater of a volcano, and after the experience of the last few weeks, could not divest myself of the apprehension, that some capricious change of opinion might yet produce an order to arrest me, before I could embark. I therefore hurried on, drove to the hotel *ci-devant de Dessein*, and inquired of Quillac, if there was any packet for Dover in port.

"No, there is one just arrived in the road, but she cannot come into the port this afternoon, as it is low water."

"If she comes in, will it be possible for her to get out to-morrow morning, before the arrival of the post?"

"No."

"Then send on board, and desire the captain not to come in, but to be ready to receive me where he lies, and to sail very early in the morning."

"But, sir, that will cost you dear."

"No matter for the expense, I am in haste; here is my passport from the police at Paris, to embark—engage the vessel at any price."

The bargain was made at seventy guineas, a part of which was however saved, by permitting several passengers, who were waiting, to embark with me. We were

on board early, sailed with a fair wind and tide, and in a few hours I found myself safe on British ground. Never, in my long life, have I experienced more heartfelt satisfaction, than I did on feeling that I was out of the reach of such a sanguinary and capricious government, as was that of France at the time of my late visit to the continent.

I reached London the next morning, bade a long farewell to dangerous adventures, and returned to the sober quiet duties of the commission.

CHAPTER XVI.

Age, 46 to 47—1798 to 1799—1 year.

Reference to the treaty—A commission named to consider the complaints of the British government—Mr. McDonald and Mr. Rich sail from England, 1797—Commence labors in Philadelphia—Early and insuperable difficulties—Result in dissolution of the commission, and reference of the whole question to negotiation—Letter to Mr. King, the American minister—Statement of Mr. Cabot of the ultimate result of the labors of the commission—Commission closed in May, 1804—Conduct of one of the commissioners in *not* defending his great benefactor, Judge Chase, when accused of high treason—Mr. Gore's conduct approved by his state, of which he was made governor—My political, as well as military glory departed.

REFERRING to the twelfth chapter of this work, it will be observed, that the third difficulty attending the negotiation of Mr. Jay, was a complaint by the British government, "that several of the American states had withheld the "settlement and payment of debts contracted with British "subjects before the Revolution, in contradiction to the "stipulation of the treaty of peace of 1783."

This subject of complaint was, by the treaty of November, 1794, referred to a commission, to be formed on the same principles as that under the seventh article of the same; and accordingly, the two gentlemen appointed by Great Britain, Mr. McDonald and Mr. Rich, sailed from England for America early in the winter of 1796-7, and soon after their arrival the commission was organized, and commenced their labors in Philadelphia. Differences of opinion on important questions soon manifested themselves in their case, as they had done in ours, and resulted more

seriously ; insomuch that the commission, finding it impossible to agree, even upon first principles, dissolved itself, and the question came back to the two nations as a renewed source of dispute and negotiation.

One of the first consequences of this dissolution, was the suspension, by the British government, of the commission acting in execution of the seventh article of the existing treaty ; and this produced a request from the minister of the United States in London, Rufus King, Esq., "that the commission would furnish him with a statement of the business before the board." In reply to this request, by the direction of the board, I wrote to him the following letter, which I find recorded in my letter-book of the date.

72 Welbeck Street, London, Nov. 16th, 1799.

RUFUS KING, Esq., &c. &c.

DEAR SIR—Mr. Gore is so good as to take charge of this packet, which contains statements in detail of all the business which has come before the commissioners acting under the seventh article of the treaty, between the United States of America and the government of Great Britain.

You will find noted therein every case, with its actual state, whether decided or not ; together with the amount of sums claimed, whether refused, or pending, or awarded in each ; and thinking that these statements would be imperfect, unless they were accompanied with a general abstract of the whole, I have endeavored to prepare one, in such a manner as to place the great outlines of the business under the eye at one glance. From this you will be pleased to observe, that the number and amount of the American claims dismissed by the board, nearly equal those in which favorable awards have been the result of careful examination. You will also observe, that the

aggregate sum finally awarded to American claimants, including interest and law expenses, falls very far short of the sums claimed, although neither interest nor expenses are generally included in these claims. You will also please to observe, that on the contrary, in such claims by British subjects against the American government, as the board has hitherto considered as within their cognizance, and in which favorable decisions have been made, the sums awarded considerably exceed the sums claimed; which excess arises from *the interest* (which generally is not included in the claim) having been allowed in the awards.

In that paper which contains the details of cases dismissed, you will also find noted, in many instances, the reasons which the board were pleased to assign for such dismissals, and which will show how very different the principles which have governed many of those decisions are, from those which appear to have been adopted in Philadelphia.

In some important cases of award, as well as of dismissal, the different opinions filed by the several members of the board, are referred to; and I trust that the plain result of the whole will be, that the business, as far as it has been suffered to proceed, has not been conducted with negligence or with partiality.

Abstract of claims decided by, or depending upon the decision of the board of commissioners, acting under the seventh article of the treaty between the United States of America, and his Britannic Majesty; collected from the detailed official statements.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

	Cases.	Amount of claims.	Amount of awards.
Dismissed,	37	£72,864 12s. 0d.	
Withdrawn,	7		
Depending,	393	1,307,497 12 3	
Awarded,	41	129,968 16 2	91,358 17s. 11½d.
	478	£1,510,331 0 5	£91,358 17 11½

BRITISH CLAIMS.

	Cases.	Amount of claims.	Amount of awards.
Dismissed,	10	£107,993 14s. 2½d.	
Depending,	43	256,531 00 0	
Awarded,	5	6,733 9 2	£7,558 15s. 9d.
	<hr/> 58	<hr/> £371,258 3 4½	<hr/> £7,558 15 9
Total,	536 cases.		

From which it appears, that the American claims which have been decided,

Amount to	-	-	£72,864 12s. 0d.	
And	-	-	129,968 16 2	
			<hr/>	£202,833 8s. 2d.
Of which were granted,			£91,358 17s. 11¾d.	
Dismissed,	-	-	111,474 10 2½	
			<hr/>	£202,833 8s. 2d.

Copy sent to Mr. King, the American minister, enclosed in the foregoing letter; and also copies to Mr. Gore and Mr. Pinckney, the American commissioners.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

November 16th, 1799.

At the close of the second volume of opinions, recorded by members of the board on various questions, which is in my possession, I find also a statement, of which the following is a copy.

“Mr. Samuel Cabot, who was one of the assessors of
“the board, and who, from his other relations to the claims
“of American citizens for compensation, on account of
“captures by British cruisers, previous to the treaty of
“1794, had an intimate knowledge of all that was claimed
“and paid, states the amount awarded by the board, and

"paid by the British government, to have been in pounds	
"sterling, - - - -	£1,350,000
"Amounts recovered from the captors,	} 100,000
"on what were called Martinique cases,	
"meaning captures in the West Indies,	
"Amounts produced to claimants from	} 160,000
"other cases of restitution,	
"That the vessels captured, under what	
"were called " <i>provision orders</i> ," viz. or-	
"ders to capture vessels bound to France,	
"and laden with provisions, were in num-	
"ber one hundred and twenty, and that	
"there must have been received from the	
"British government, at least £6,000 each,	720,000
	<hr/>
	£2,330,000
	<hr/>

Amount in dollars, allowing five dollars to the pound
sterling, - - - - \$11,650,000

This was the statement of Mr. Cabot, whose accuracy and knowledge on this subject, were beyond all doubt. This amount of money may be justly considered as some of the fruits of Mr. Jay's treaty, and this was the result of my voice, for I do not recollect that a single case of American claims was favorably decided, without the vote of the fifth commissioner.

From the foregoing statement it appears, that the large sum of eleven millions six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was recovered by American citizens from the hands of British captors, by, or in consequence of, the abused treaty of 1794, negotiated by Mr. Jay. The whole of this sum was promptly and punctually paid to each complainant, or his assignee; for, after a careful and accurate

examination of the merits of every case of complaint, the awards of the board were made in favor of each individual, in the form of an order to pay, and payable at the treasury of Great Britain ; nor do I recollect even to have heard a single complaint, of the delay of an hour, in any instance of an award presented for payment.

We all remember the parade and triumph which took place, a few years since, when the president whom the people delighted to honor as the greatest and best, succeeded in obtaining from the government of France, the reluctant payment of five millions of dollars. But John Jay was not Andrew Jackson ; nor was Great Britain like our great and good ally, the republican kingdom of France. Let those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, both see, and hear, and understand ; and let the blind continue to lead the blind, until they fall into the ditch of ruin and disgrace together.

The commission proceeded to this result, with no farther important interruption, until its termination in the spring of 1804, at which time the business was concluded, and the commission, having fulfilled all its duties, was dissolved.

The commissioners of each nation made a full report of the proceedings and acts of the board to the respective governments by which they had been appointed, accompanied by copies of the journal, and of all important written documents. It is to be hoped, that those which were deposited in the hands of the British government, have been carefully preserved, and still exist ; for, it is known, on the other hand, that those which were placed by the American commissioners in the hands of the secretary of state, were deposited by him in one of those public offices of the government, at the city of Washington, which, soon

after, was destroyed by fire; and it is understood, that thus, all official records of the proceedings of this very important commission (in America) have been swept into oblivion.

Nor, can I find that any notice of the closing of this commission, or of the very important extent and happy result of its labors, was ever made to the government and people by the president of the United States, whether in his annual message to Congress, or in any special one; for, it did not consist with the political views and principles of an administration which openly avowed its hostility to the treaty which had been negotiated by Mr. Jay, to publish to the world the result of an article so important to the commercial prosperity, and to the honor of the nation, and the decisions under which had such an important bearing upon the future construction of maritime international law.

It therefore appeared to me proper, that the only American who survives, of those who were employed on that important occasion, should endeavor to redeem such transactions, in some degree, from utter oblivion; and I have been fortunate after so many years, in finding, in my possession, such a mass of manuscripts, of the time, as have enabled me to make the foregoing statements, not as random assertions, depending for their authenticity upon the correctness of memory, but from existing documents.

It is a fact of public notoriety, that one of the commissioners, who received his legal education from the care and bounty of Judge Chase of Baltimore, whose talents and success in life did honor to the discrimination and kindness of the Judge, and who for a time boasted to have derived his learning and his political as well as legal

principles from that source, did not assist in the defense of the Judge, when, immediately after the conclusion of the labors of the commission, he (the Judge) fell under the wrath of the administration, and was brought to trial on the accusation of high treason, for having, in his judicial character, carried into execution, in certain cases, the provisions of the Alien and Sedition law. The trial of the Judge took place before the senate of the United States, the highest tribunal of the nation, and the audience consisted of all that was learned and eminent, thus offering the finest imaginable opportunity for the display of that eloquence, in which it was the just object of that gentleman's ambition to shine. This act, or rather this declining to act, according to the dictates of gratitude, met the approbation of the existing powers, and the gentleman received eminent proofs of that approbation, in successive appointments to the embassy to Great Britain, to Naples, and to Russia, each accompanied by the usual gratuity of nine thousand dollars for outfit, and nine thousand a year salary.

Perhaps no brighter example can be produced of the application of that admirable rule of modern republican policy, which teaches "to reward your friends, and punish your enemies;" a rule, the neglect of which, more perhaps than any other one cause, occasioned the downfall of the administration of John Q. Adams; a rule which, from the days of Washington and of the first Adams, and since, (with the solitary exception of his son,) has been regularly practiced, until it has resolved itself into a still more simple aphorism, which has been formally announced in the senate of the United States, "that to the victors belong the spoils."

The other American commissioner, as well as the fifth, was too deeply steeped in the unpardonable sin of federalism, to be smiled upon by the ruling powers of that day. Mr. Gore's conduct, however, met the approbation of his native state, (Massachusetts,) of which he became, for a short time, governor. Not such however was my fate ; my political glory, as well as my military, was departed—to rise no more.

CHAPTER XVII.

Age, 43 to 52—1804 to 1808—4 years.

Intention to reside in Boston, but disappointed and leave that city—Establish myself in New York as a portrait painter—Success—Embargo—Determine to revisit England—Take side with the opposition to Mr. Jefferson's administration—His favorite project of maritime defense by gun-boats ridiculed in a criticism published in New York—Copy from a newspaper of the day—Successful—An end put to debates in Congress on the subject.

It had been my intention to have embarked in London for Boston, but circumstances prevented my being prepared in time ;—I therefore took passage on board a fine ship bound to New York, and sailed on the 25th of April. This delay was unfortunate, since the easterly winds which prevail in that climate, in early spring, were already beginning to yield their dominion to the western ; while we lay at anchor in the Downs, and during our passage down the Channel, we met frequent westerly squalls, which retarded our way, and when we had fairly cleared the Channel, we encountered the full force of the western gales, in such a degree, that at the end of twenty days, during which we were contending with the elements in their most angry mood, our captain assured us that we had not advanced a single league, so that it would have been better at the beginning of the gale, to have put into Cork, and there to have lain quietly until it was over. At length, however, we began to go ahead, but the result was a very tedious passage of sixty three days, and we did not land in New York until the 27th of June.

I had not resided much in New York, and of course had there but few connections; our reception, however, by the few friends I had, was cordial and pleasant. On the 4th of July, I dined with the society of the Cincinnati, my old military comrades, and then met, among others, Gen. Hamilton and Col. Burr. The singularity of their manner was observed by all, but few had any suspicion of the cause. Burr, contrary to his wont, was silent, gloomy, sour; while Hamilton entered with glee into all the gaiety of a convivial party, and even sung an old military song. A few days only passed, when the wonder was solved by that unhappy event which deprived the United States of two of their most distinguished citizens. Hamilton was killed—and Burr was first expatriated, and then sunk into obscurity for life, in consequence of their compliance with a senseless custom, which ought not to have outlived the dark ages in which it had its origin. It always appeared to me, that the obvious and honorable reply of Gen. Hamilton might have been: "Sir, a duel "proves nothing, but that the parties do not shrink from "the smell of gunpowder, or the whistling of a ball; on "this subject you and I have given too many proofs, to "leave any necessity for another, and therefore, as well "as for higher reasons, I decline your proposal."

It was still my intention to make Boston my future home, and therefore, having landed our effects, and stored them, we set off for Boston, passing through Connecticut, and making our visits to all branches of my family, at Hartford, Lebanon and Norwich.

On our arrival at Boston, I was received by my old friends with great kindness and cordiality, but I soon observed that whenever I alluded to the idea of settling in Boston, and there pursuing my profession as a portrait

painter, a cloud seemed to pass over and to chill the conversation. I could not, for a long time, account for this, but at length I learned that my old friend and fellow student, Stewart, who having pursued that branch of the profession for more than twenty years, had established a very highly merited reputation, and who had for some years resided in Washington, had lately received an invitation from Mr. Jonathan Mason, one of the members of Congress, to come and settle at Boston. He had been promised the patronage of Mr. Mason and his friends, (who were the rich and fashionable of the city,) and Mr. Stewart having accordingly accepted the invitation, was preparing to quit Washington and to establish himself in Boston. This was enough. Boston was then a small town, compared with its present importance, and did by no means offer an adequate field of success for two rival artists. I therefore immediately returned to New York, took a furnished house for the winter, and began my course as a portrait painter.

I was immediately employed by the government of the city, to paint whole length portraits of Mr. Jay, and of Gen. Hamilton, (from the bust by Cerracchi,) and to put in order those of Gen. Washington and Gov. Clinton, which I had painted in 1791 and '2. The four now hang in the common council room in the city hall. I had also a good share of occupation from private families, and at this period were painted two portraits which are now in the Gallery at New Haven, viz. those of President Dwight and Stephen Van Rensselaer; from which may be seen what was my style of portrait painting at that period. In short, my success was satisfactory.

In the mean time, the French revolution and the war between Great Britain and France raged furiously, the political feelings of Mr. Jefferson leaning entirely in favor

of France. Asperities towards England increased, and at length, in the autumn of 1808, issued in the unlimited embargo system, which threatened the entire destruction of commerce, and of the prosperity of those friends from whom I derived my subsistence.

Independently of the immediate effect upon my professional prosperity, which threatened to be the result of this political measure, it has been seen that I had, for years, taken such an interest in, and been so connected with the public affairs of my country, and had foreseen so much and so nearly the drift of the French revolution, as to render it impossible that I should feel indifferent to such a course. I therefore, always in conversation, and occasionally with the pen took an open and undisguised part with those who opposed the government and its measures.

In the autumn of 1807, the message of President Jefferson announced, and recommended to Congress for adoption, his system of naval defense by gun-boats. This appeared to me so utterly absurd and inefficient, that I could not refrain from publishing in Coleman's paper, a short examination of its merits, the effect of which was to dissolve that illusion, and to show to his admirers, that however great Mr. Jefferson's philosophical and political reputation might be, he was, in the year 1807, no more qualified to lead in naval defense, than he was in warfare on land, in 1781, when, as governor of Virginia, his conduct demonstrated that he possessed no military talents. (See Appendix.)

From the New York Evening Post, Dec. 12th, 1807.

Gun-Boats.

"As Congress has once more got on board the gun-boats, we take the liberty of recommending to their perusal the following piece, written by an officer of our revolutionary army."

Mr. COLEMAN—The various opinions and singular doctrines which have lately been advanced, both in the national legislature and in private conversation, on the system of naval defense by gun-boats, have induced me to examine with some attention, both the efficiency and the economy of that system. The result of my examination has completely satisfied my mind, that the system is incomparably less efficient, less economical, and of course more absurd, than it had previously appeared to me ; and, as the course of inquiry which has satisfied me, appears to be well calculated to convey the same conviction to the minds of others, I beg leave, through the medium of your useful paper, to address some observations to my countrymen.

I have examined one of the gun-boats of the latest construction, which I presume is regarded by government as built upon the most approved plan. It is of the following dimensions : length, fifty feet ; breadth, eighteen feet ; height, four feet nearly, between deck and keel, for the accommodation of the crew. These boats are schooner rigged, and intended to carry one heavy gun, working on a circle, between the two masts ; each boat to be manned with fifty men, officers included.

Fifty of these boats are regarded by the President of the United States, as adequate to the protection of this harbor, the Sound, and the coast, as far as Cape Cod ; and two hundred are by him considered as sufficient for the defense of the entire coast of the Union.

We will first consider the efficiency of the system. The usual mode of estimating the relative importance of artillery is, to compare the weight of shot which can be thrown in a given time. A heavy gun cannot be loaded and discharged with the same celerity as a light one, and therefore, the ratio of power does not correspond with the size

of the calibre. I will however consider the fifty thirty-two pounders, on which we are to rely for safety, as carrying as great a weight of balls, as the eighty guns which are borne by what is usually called a seventy-four gun ship,—and this will be regarded by every artillerist, as a large concession.

The *essential* damage which can be done to vessels of war, is in a great degree confined to the water-line, and near it. Ships have fought until four port-holes were beat into one, and yet were neither sunk nor taken, but returned into port. Shot striking between wind and water, as it is called, i. e. on the water-line, are more dangerous. Now the seventy-four gun ship, in the extreme length of her water-line, exposes something less than two hundred feet. Supposing the fifty gun-boats in action with her, to lie *bow on*, the shortest possible line exposed by each is *eighteen* feet, amounting in the whole to *nine hundred* feet; and whenever they present their broadsides, as they must sometimes, their water-line will amount to two thousand five hundred feet—ten times the extent of line exposed by the ship.

Again, the disproportion in the relative strength of the two machines, is obviously much greater than that in the size of their guns; a twelve pound shot will more entirely penetrate a gun-boat, than a thirty-two pound shot will a ship of the line.

I allow that, in a calm, the gun-boats, possessing the power in some measure of choosing their position, by means of oars, will have an advantage over a heavy ship. In deep water, this advantage may prove irresistible, but in a harbor, where the ship could anchor with springs on her cables, it would be trifling. In a breeze, the seventy-four gun ship will outsail the gun-boats, and, unless they

take shelter in shallow water, will have no more difficulty in running down a squadron of them, than a ship of three hundred tons would have in running down a squadron of birch canoes. It results then, that, in a calm, the fifty gun-boats may be considered as equal in efficiency to one ship of seventy-four guns; but in rough water, or a fresh breeze, utterly inferior.

I ought, however, to state one additional consideration, which gives to the ship, in every circumstance, an immense advantage; it is, that her force is compact, her crew disciplined, and under the eye and absolute command of one man; whereas, the fifty gun-boats must have fifty commanders, a number which can never be expected to act in concert, even if there existed on board each separate boat, the most perfect discipline.

Let us next consider the economy of the gun-boat system, with respect to human life—a consideration which ought not to have been overlooked by *the friends of the people*. A seventy-four gun ship in the British service, is regarded as fully manned with six hundred men. The fifty gun-boats, with which we are oppose them, require two thousand, five hundred men. The six hundred men on board the ship are sheltered in a great measure, from the fire of an enemy. But the two thousand five hundred men on board the gun-boats, must all be upon deck in action, completely exposed, the waist of the gun-boat being neither high enough, nor strong enough, to shelter even their legs; the boats, of course, must never approach within the range of musketry or grape. In addition to this lavish exposure of life and limbs, there is no provision made on board for the comfort or relief of the wounded,—*there is no cock-pit*; while on board the ship, both the wounded and the surgeons in attendance are out of further

danger, the cock-pit being deep below the water-line, and secure from the enemy's shot. So much for the humanity of the system.

Next, let us consider the economy of the first expense. Each gun-boat of the dimensions before described, has cost in this port, for the naked hull, three thousand dollars. To rig and equip her, (as I am informed by men of skill and experience,) will cost four thousand dollars more, making a total for each gun, which is water-borne, of seven thousand dollars, or one thousand, five hundred and seventy five pounds sterling. In the British service, some years ago, the estimate was one thousand pounds for a gun, for ships of the line. Allow a rise of fifty per cent. on the expense of ship-building, the first cost of their ships, will then be the same, per gun, as ours.

But the expense of a navy does not arise so much from the first cost of the machinery, as from the annual waste in manning, victualling, and pay ; and here, the wisdom of our legislature shines with superior splendor, for while in the British service eight men to a gun are considered as a full complement, even for distant expeditions, they would, even for harbor duty, *economically* employ fifty men to each gun. Hence it results, that the two hundred gun-boats, which, by the transcendent wisdom of our rulers, are destined to guard this happy country, will require ten thousand men to man them, while in the British service, ten thousand men would be a full complement for *fifteen ships of eighty guns each*.

It is not necessary to compare the immense disparity of pay, victualling, and wear and tear of the two systems ; I will merely state the number of officers and men, which must stand nearly as follows :

In the two hundred gun-boats, divided into six flotillas—

Six flotillas,	each 1,	6 commanders.
Two hundred boats,	each 1,	200 captains.
“ “	each 2,	400 lieutenants.
<hr/>		
Total,		606 comm'd officers.

In fifteen ships, of eighty guns each—

Three squadrons,	each 1,	3 admirals.
Fifteen ships,	each 1,	15 captains.
“ “	each 4,	60 lieutenants.
<hr/>		
Total,		78 comm'd officers.

Our economists then, in order to put afloat two hundred guns, propose to employ six hundred and six commissioned officers, and nine thousand, three hundred and ninety four warrant officers and seamen; while the prodigal Britons, in *fifteen ships*, of eighty guns each, put afloat twelve hundred guns, and employ seventy eight commissioned officers, and nine thousand, nine hundred and twenty two warrant officers and seamen. Thus, the annual expense of our two hundred guns, which are destined to lurk in mud-holes, will be equal to that of twelve hundred British cannon, a force sufficient to command the respect of mankind in every quarter of the ocean; for it is conceded in that model of naval, military and economical wisdom, the late presidential message on the subject of gun-boats, “that this species of naval armament can have but little effect towards protecting our commerce, *in the open seas*, even upon our own coasts.”

If I am answered, that there is no intention of manning all the gun-boats, except in case of war, I admit it; neither are British ships of war manned except in case of war.

But both boats and ships, when manned, and to whatever extent, must be victualled and paid, and the disparity of expense will be in exact proportion to the disparity of numbers above stated.

I presume that the same sublime strain of wisdom will pervade the whole system, and be displayed in the means of procuring men, as in devising and constructing the machines. The law which was passed some years since, will render useless the slow and old fashioned and exploded forms of enlistment, and guard the liberties of the dear people from the abomination of impressment. According to that law, whenever danger shall menace any harbor, or any foreign ship shall insult us, somebody is to inform the governor, and the governor is to desire the marshall to call upon the captains of militia, to call upon the drummers to beat to arms, and call the militia-men together, from whom are to be *draughted* (not impressed) a sufficient number to go on board the *gun-boats*, and drive the hostile stranger away, unless during this long ceremonial he should have taken himself off.

My friends of the militia must permit me to describe the accommodations which they will find on board. As the height below deck is not quite *four feet*, they will not only not be able to stand upright under cover, but cannot even sit upright, unless they squat upon the floor, like puppies in a dog-kennel—a most elegant position, in which we are all, in our turns, liable to be placed, by *those most admirable friends of the people*, our sagacious rulers.

Such is the gun-boat system. Yet there are legislators, who call this prodigality, this wasteful imbecility, by the name of economy!—and men in the community, who, for

want of reflection, suffer themselves to be the dupes of such palpable nonsense and falsehood.

After the publication of this piece, the debates in Congress on the subject of defense by gun-boats ceased, and this display of presidential wisdom slept in peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Age, 54 to 60—1808 to 1816—8 years.

Embarked for London, Dec. 15th, 1808, via Falmouth—Arrived January 7th—Went up to London—Kindly received by Mr. West, and resumed my profession—Execute several large pictures, and many portraits, but my receipts not equal to expenses—Reduced to the necessity of borrowing—Resolve to give up the struggle—Write to secure a passage to America—News of the declaration of war by the United States—All intercourse at an end—During the whole French revolution, mutual recrimination between America and England—End thus at last—Detained therefore to the end of the war, and obliged to go into debt for the means of subsistence—Letter to Lord Grenville—His answer.

ON the 15th of December, 1808, I embarked at New York on board the British packet-ship *Chesterfield*, Capt. Gibbons, and sailed for Falmouth. This was almost the last ship that was permitted to sail for Great Britain, under this self-denying ordinance—the embargo. The season was severe, but the wind was generally fair, and the passage safe and short. We arrived in Falmouth on the 7th of January, 1809. The officers of the customs were obliging, and having landed our effects, and seen them on board a waggon bound for London, we set off for that city, and arrived without accident or delay. We were kindly received by our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. West, as well as by many others ;—and I again commenced painting.

The uncertain state of political relations between the United States and Great Britain, and the manifest inclination of the head of the American government in favor of France, naturally produced a coldness in the minds of Englishmen towards the people of the United States, and

increased the unavoidable jealousy of the members of a profession which is seldom overloaded with any superfluity of patronage. I had no family connections—few personal friends, and all the unfavorable passages of my preceding life now came up to view, to my serious disadvantage. No wonder then, if in my new character of a painter, many were disposed to see rather the mask of a concealed public (probably hostile) agent, than the honest and fair competition of an individual for his share of professional reputation.

Large pictures were not, however, the only works which I executed during these four years. I painted also a number of portraits, for which good prices were paid, but not to an amount sufficient to defray my expenses. I was thus placed under the necessity of borrowing, and was constantly drifting upon the fatal lee-shore of debt. Finding this to be unavoidable, I at length gave up the fruitless struggle, and determined to return to America, and had written to Liverpool, to engage a passage on board a ship which was about to sail from that port, when we were confounded by the news, that the United States had, on the 18th of May, 1812, declared war against Great Britain, and that all mutual intercourse was at an end.

Ever since the commencement of the revolution in France, bitter recriminations had been passing between Great Britain and the United States, and for several years, the great subject of contention had been the orders in council, (encroaching severely upon the American commerce,) which Great Britain had passed in retaliation for the Berlin and Milan decrees, antecedently promulgated by Buonaparte. The commerce of America was, in truth, crushed between the two, as between the upper and nether millstones, until at length the patience of the Ameri-

can government was exhausted, and this definitive step was taken, unhappily, almost on the very day on which the British government repealed the oppressive order.

Thus all hope of a speedy return to America was destroyed, and of necessity I was driven to continue the wretched resource of borrowing the means of subsistence. I did not, however, sink feebly under this new blow ; I endeavored, on the contrary, to revive the acquaintance of men in power, to whom I had formerly been known. I wrote to several, but although I was on all hands treated with great personal civility, yet all the answer I could get, was, "that since the United States had chosen to take the "step she had, the war must proceed, and could not, on "the part of Great Britain, be a sentimental war. Events "must take their course, and no exceptions could be made "in favor of individuals, however otherwise respected or "esteemed." The only indulgence I was able to obtain, was permission to reside at Bath or Cheltenham, in preference to London.

Of the letters which I wrote at this time, I insert one, as a specimen, and the answer, as being highly honorable to the great and good nobleman to whom it was addressed.

London, 29 Leicester Square, Nov. 19, 1814.

To the Right Hon. LORD GRENVILLE.

MY LORD—I trust to your lordship's candor, to forgive this intrusion, when you shall have seen its object.

Misrepresentation, ever the fruitful source of mischief, has been but too active and successful, not merely in producing and prolonging the present calamitous contest between Great Britain and the United States, but also in giving to the military operations in that country, a character of ferocity seldom seen in modern times ; and it has

even been so triumphant, as to produce in the minds of Englishmen, approbation of measures from which they would recoil with abhorrence when not under the influence of delusion. Even I, though an American, did not doubt that my countrymen were the aggressors in the incendiary system which has been too long pursued, until I saw the extraordinary letter of Admiral Cochrane, dated August 16, 1814, and the answer of Mr. Monroe. I then felt it to be my duty to examine the question, dispassionately and carefully, and in doing this, I determined to take the London gazettes alone as authority, and to rest the question on them.

I have done so, my lord ; I have twice carefully examined the gazettes for the years 1812 and 1813, and have extracted with care, and I hope with accuracy, every article which speaks of *burning*. I have the honor to enclose a copy of these extracts, and beg leave to request your lordship's attention, particularly, to the contrast between the third article of capitulation of York on the 27th of April, 1813, and the almost contemporaneous despatches of Admiral Cockburne, as well as to that between the fourth article of the same capitulation, and the wanton and studied destruction of papers of all kinds which took place at Washington.

The war between the two nations becomes daily more important, and every man of humanity must wish to see its future operations divested, as far as possible, of all unnecessary ferocity.

Your lordship, I know, will contribute to this end with delight, and if the statement which I have the honor to lay before you, should in any degree lead to the same purpose, it will afford durable satisfaction to me.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c. J. TRUMBULL.

To this letter I received the following answer :

Dropemore, Nov. 23d, 1814.

To JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq., &c. &c.

SIR—No apology whatever could be necessary for your letter, conveying information on a subject in which I take so deep an interest.

Among the circumstances to which I look back with most pleasure, in the close of a long and I hope not wholly useless public life, is that of the uniform, though frequently ineffectual, efforts which I have made, for the maintenance of peace and friendship between my own country and the United States. How much the conduct of both governments has contributed to disappoint those wishes, I need not say, to a person so well informed on the subject as you are.

Lamenting deeply the existence and continuance of the war, I felt additional grief when I saw it assuming a shape of unusual and revolting ferocity, unnecessarily aggravating the public and general evils of such a state, by the wanton infliction of private and individual calamity. To do all in his power to check the progress of such a system, seemed to me the duty of every man, and I took the very first opportunity of expressing my abhorrence of it, (on whichever side it originated,) and of calling for official measures to prevent its continuance. Had this claim been resisted, I was prepared and resolved to pursue the subject further, nor did I desist from that intention, until I received public and solemn assurances, that orders had already been sent out to America for the discontinuance of such measures, and for a return to the practice of modern and civilized war, provided the same course shall in future be adhered to by those whom I lament to call our enemies.

This was the only practical result that could be hoped for from pursuing the subject further. An inquiry which party first resorted to practices which both now equally disclaim on principle, and justify only on the ground of retaliation, could now only produce fruitless recrimination, tending more to irritation than to peace.

I therefore let the matter rest there, but with the full purpose of renewing it, should the expectations now held out be ultimately disappointed.

I am, with great truth and regard, sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,

GRENVILLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Age, 60 to 68—1816 to 1824—8 years.

Return to America—Narrow escape from shipwreck—Begin to paint in New York—Learn that Baltimore had resolved to have pictures of her late successful defense—Advised by my friend Charles Wilkes to offer proposals—Go to Baltimore—Propose—Expense too great—Project abandoned—Advised to go on to Washington and offer my original plan—Go to Washington—Show several of the smaller pictures now in the gallery at New Haven—Result—Employed to paint four subjects—Copy of the contract—Letters to the architect, Mr. Bulfinch—In consequence, the dome and grand central room saved—Paintings executed and put up—Copy of account as settled at the treasury—Death of Mrs. Trumbull, and eulogy upon her—Settlement of account required, and payment of debt incurred in last unfortunate visit to Europe—Done to my utter ruin.

THE restoration of peace gave me the opportunity of returning to America. I lost no time, but embarked for New York, on board the *Illinois*, a fine American ship, and sailed August 18th, 1815. Our passage was pleasant and rapid, until, in September, we had found soundings, and concluded ourselves to be near Montauk point; a heavy gale from the southeast, then overtook us in the morning, and increased in fury until, in the afternoon, our maintop-mast went overboard, and hanging by the backstay and other rigging, dragged alongside, beating heavily, from time to time, under our quarter, with a violence which threatened to start a butt, or stave a hole in the ship's side. Our situation was, for some time, truly dangerous; we knew that we were near land, with a disabled ship, the gale increasing in fury, and driving us irresistibly

toward the beach. The wreck was however cut clear, the wind suddenly changed, and in a moment, when we almost despaired, we were out of danger. Two days after we were safe in the harbor of New York.

I immediately took a house in Broadway, (now the Globe hotel,) at \$1200 per year, and commenced my labors, with good prospect of success. On the 1st of February, a lodging-house keeper offered \$2,200, which the executor was bound to accept, and I was turned adrift.

I removed, in May, to Hudson square, to a good house, at a reasonable rent, and in a beautiful situation ; but I soon found myself too far out of town for success in portrait painting, and business languished.

My friend, Mr. Charles Wilkes, informed me, that the city of Baltimore had resolved to procure two paintings, one representing the death of Gen. Ross at North point, the other, the attack on Fort McHenry by the British ships, and had advertised for proposals. He advised me to visit Baltimore, to carry with me some of my studies of national subjects, and offer to paint these pictures ; to aid my plans, gave me an introduction to Judge Nicholson. I went accordingly, in December, was well received, conducted with some ceremony to the two scenes of action, which were carefully and intelligently described, and made proposals. After some days' deliberation, the government of the city decided not to incur the expense.

Congress was in session, and my friend, Judge Nicholson, advised me to go on to Washington, and there offer my great, but long suspended, project of national paintings of subjects from the Revolution. The Judge went with me, introduced me to his friends in both houses, and the plan was favorably received. Several gentlemen, (par-

ticularly Mr. Timothy Pitkin, of the house of representatives,) were zealous to see my plan executed in its full extent. Some of the studies were put up in the hall of the house; and in one of the debates on the subject, Mr. John Randolph was ardently eloquent in his commendation of the work, and insisted that I should be employed to execute the whole. The result was, that a resolution finally passed both houses, giving authority to the president, "to employ me to compose and execute *four* paintings, commemorative of the most important events of the "American revolution, to be placed, when finished, in the "Capitol of the United States."

The choice of the subjects, and the size of each picture, was left to the president, Mr. Madison. I immediately waited upon the president to receive his orders. The size was first discussed. I proposed that they should be six feet high by nine long, which would give to the figures half the size of life. The president at once overruled me. "Consider, sir," said he, "the vast size of the "apartment in which these works are to be placed—the "rotunda, one hundred feet in diameter, and the same in "height—paintings of the size which you propose, will be "lost in such a space; they must be of dimensions to "admit the figures to be the size of life."

This was so settled, and when we came to speak of the subjects, the president first mentioned the battle of Bunker's Hill. Observing me to be silent, Mr. Madison asked if I did not approve that. My reply was, "that if the "order had been (as I had hoped) for eight paintings, I "should have named that first; but as there were only "four commanded, I thought otherwise. It appeared to "me, that there were two military subjects paramount to "all others. We had, in the course of the Revolution,

“made prisoners of two entire armies, a circumstance
“almost without a parallel, and of course the surrender
“of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, and that of Lord
“Cornwallis at Yorktown, seemed to me indispensable.”
“True,” replied he, “you are right; and what for the
“civil subjects?” “The declaration of independence, of
“course.” “What would you have for the fourth?” “Sir,”
I replied, “I have thought that one of the highest moral
“lessons ever given to the world, was that presented by
“the conduct of the commander-in-chief, in resigning his
“power and commission as he did, when the army, per-
“haps, would have been unanimously with him, and few of
“the people disposed to resist his retaining the power
“which he had used with such happy success, and such
“irreproachable moderation. I would recommend, then,
“the resignation of Washington.” After a momentary
silent reflection, the president said, “I believe you are
“right; it was a glorious action.”

The price was settled, at eight thousand dollars for each painting, and, as soon as the new administration was formed under Mr. Monroe, the secretary of state was charged to prepare a contract on these principles, which was done, and was in the following form, viz.

“Articles of agreement, made and executed this fifteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, between Richard Rush, acting secretary of state for the United States, of the one part, and John Trumbull of Connecticut, of the other part.

“Whereas, a resolution was passed on the sixth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States, authorizing the president of the United States to employ the aforesaid John Trumbull, to compose and

“execute four paintings, commemorative of the most important events of the American revolution, to be placed, when finished, in the capitol of the United States ; now, therefore, I, Richard Rush, acting secretary of state as aforesaid, in virtue of authority vested in me by the president of the United States, do hereby employ the said John Trumbull, to compose and execute four paintings as aforesaid, the subjects of which, in pursuance of the spirit of the said resolution, to be as follows, viz.

“1st. The Declaration of Independence ; 2d. Surrender of the British to the American forces at Saratoga ; 3d. The Surrender of the British to the American forces at Yorktown ; 4th. The Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis.”

“And the said John Trumbull engages, that each of the aforesaid paintings shall have a surface of not less than eighteen feet by twelve feet, with figures as large as life ; that they shall be executed with all reasonable dispatch, and in a manner (as far as may be attainable by the skill of the said John Trumbull) worthy the dignity of the subjects, and the destination of the paintings when finished. And the said Richard Rush, acting secretary of state as aforesaid, engages to pay, or cause to be paid, to the said John Trumbull, the sum of thirty-two thousand dollars, in manner following, and not otherwise ; that is to say, the sum of eight thousand dollars upon the execution of this instrument ; the sum of six thousand dollars upon the completion and delivery of the first of the aforesaid paintings ; the like sum of six thousand dollars upon the completion and delivery of the second of the aforesaid paintings ; the like sum of six thousand dollars upon the completion and delivery of the third of the aforesaid paintings ; and the like sum of

“six thousand dollars upon the completion and delivery
“of the fourth of the aforesaid paintings.

“And it is moreover understood and agreed by the said
“John Trumbull, that, in the case of his death before the
“completion or commencement of the first of the aforesaid
“paintings, or his inability occasioned by any other means
“to enter upon or complete it, the aforesaid sum of eight
“thousand dollars to be paid on the execution of this
“instrument as above mentioned, or such portion thereof
“as shall be just and reasonable, shall be by him refunded.

“In witness of which the parties have hereunto set
“their hands, the day and year above written, the
“party of the first part causing the seal of the depart-
“ment of state to be also hereunto affixed.

RICHARD RUSH, *Acting Sec. State.*

JOHN TRUMBULL.”

Witnesses, { DANIEL BRENT.
 { JOHN H. PURVIANCE.

I had hardly commenced my first painting, when I received a letter from Charles Bulfinch, Esq., who had been recently appointed to succeed Mr. Latrobe as architect of the public buildings at Washington—(this letter was lost at the fire that partly consumed the Academy of Fine Arts in Barclay street, New York, in 1836,)—to which, the following is my answer, transcribed from my letter-book of that period.

New York, January 25, 1818.

CHARLES BULFINCH, Esq., Architect of the Capitol, Washington.

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 19th came duly to my hands, and the subject has entirely occupied my attention since. I will at present beg leave to state two difficulties, which to my mind appear formidable.

If you adopt a staircase similar to that in the city hall here, it will be imperfect without a dome light; this will not come in the centre of the building. How then can you have the grand dome, even for show?

To the saloon which you propose for the gallery of paintings, there is this insurmountable objection,—the pictures must hang opposite to the windows, which is the worst possible light; besides which, the columns and projection of the portico will darken the room in some degree, and render what light there may be, partial and unsteady.

These objections occurred to me at once, and with the reluctance which I feel at the idea of abandoning the original plan of the capitol, so totally as to give up the circular room, and the grand dome, conspired to stimulate my imagination. An idea has occurred to me, which I think will preserve both, and unite originality, utility, simplicity, and grandeur, with economy. It is difficult to explain my meaning fully, without drawings; I am, therefore, endeavoring to put my plan upon paper.

A young gentleman whom I employ to open a subscription for me at Washington, will leave this in two or three days, and will be with you about this day week; by him I will send you the detailed descriptions and drawings of what has occurred to me, and I shall be truly happy if they should be of any use to you.

I heartily wish we were near each other, that I might have the pleasure of discussing with you, in conversation, the objections which will naturally occur to you. I am, &c.

New York, Jan. 28th, 1818.

CHARLES BULFINCH, Esq., Washington.

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 19th, paints to me precisely, the situation in which I imagined you would find

yourself, on your arrival at Washington, surrounded by every diversity of opinions, interests and prejudices. That, under such circumstances, you should have felt the want of some friend, conversant with the arts, to advise with, was natural, although in any other situation the resources of your own mind would have been amply equal to any professional difficulties which you might have to encounter. It gives me great satisfaction, that in such a moment you should have thought of consulting me; for, thirty years of personal acquaintance and esteem, have rendered your good opinion peculiarly valuable to me.

I am glad to know that so much is done, and magnificently done, at the Capitol; but I feel the deepest regret at the idea of abandoning the great circular room and dome. I have never seen paintings so advantageously placed in respect to light and space, as I think mine would be, in the proposed circular room, illuminated from above. The boasted gallery of the Louvre is execrable for paintings—windows on each side, and opposite to each other, and the pictures hanging not only between them but opposite to them. The governor's room here is subject, in part, to the same objection—the pictures being hung generally opposite to the windows, and in two instances between them. The same objection applies in its full force, to the proposed saloon or gallery in the Capitol; and I should be deeply mortified, if, after having devoted my life to recording the great events of the Revolution, my paintings, when finished, should be placed in a disadvantageous light. In truth, my dear friend, it would paralyze my exertions, for bad pictures are nearly equal to good, when both are placed in a bad light. These considerations must be my apology for presuming to offer any idea on the subject of architecture, of which I profess to have

no other than a very superficial knowledge, and which I have studied only as connected with the picturesque of my own profession.

You state two objections to this favorite situation ; first, that the room is so vast, that paintings of whatever size will appear small in it ; and secondly, that, being open to the public, the paintings will be exposed to danger from damp, from the familiarity of friends, and from the malice of enemies.

In the plan which I venture to submit to you, I have endeavored to obviate these difficulties. I proceed to the necessary details with diffidence, but with the hope that I may suggest to you some ideas which may be ripened to maturity.

Referring to plan No. 1, I propose then to enclose the basement story of the two porticos, in the same style of piers and arches, as in the wings, and to enter, under each portico, a hall forty five feet by twenty, with apartments for door-keepers adjoining—to open a passage through the centre of the building, similar in style and dimensions to those already existing in the wings, which I also continue so as to meet each other, thus forming a simple and obvious communication to all parts of the ground plan. I suppose the inner diameter of the grand circular dome to be ninety feet, and the thickness of the wall five. Nine feet within this wall, I carry up a concentric circular wall of equal thickness to the height of the basement story. Between these two walls I place grand quadruple stairs, beginning at the doors of the two halls, and mounting on the right and left, to the floor of the dome vestibule. Twenty feet within this inner wall of the stairs, I raise a third concentric circular wall, of equal, or (if required) greater solidity. At the meeting of the two passages I

thus obtain some variety of form, without any diminution of the requisite solidity, and the spaces contained within this central wall, the inner wall of the staircase, and the passages, will form four large, or eight small rooms, for the deposit of papers, &c. These rooms will be fire-proof, illuminated and aired by semicircular windows, secured by iron gratings, and pierced through the inner wall of the staircase, and will be entered by doors from the passages. The spaces under the stairs I devote to vaults for coal, &c., and in one (or two if necessary) of the triangular spaces left between the circle and the space, I place the fires necessary to warm the great room above, by means of flues conducted round the whole and over the two inner circular walls, as in the house of representatives. The corresponding plan will clearly explain this intricate description.

Plan No. 2, represents the grand staircased vestibule; entering from the two walls, stairs nine feet and lighted from the dome, mount on the right and left of the vestibule, and land at the entrances to the apartments of the senate and of the house of representatives. Around the inner wall of the stairs, I propose a bronze railing five feet high, with gates at the four entrances; by this means the floor of the vestibule is diminished to seventy feet diameter, and the spectator cannot approach nearer to the wall on which the paintings hang than ten feet, nor view them at a greater distance than eighty, which being a little more than three diagonals of the surface, is not by any means too great. Thus, my dear sir, two objections are removed.

Again, the room being warmed by flues, no danger is to be feared from dampness; where it will answer the essential purpose of an entrance to both houses, and a place where members and their friends may meet and converse at ease,

in cold or warm weather. The warm air will equally affect the stairs and the record-rooms below, to which it will be admitted freely, through the grated openings on the staircase.

During the hours that the houses are in session, one of their door-keepers ought, for obvious reasons, to be in this room, and at all other times the gates at the four entrances of the railing should be kept locked, by which means the public will have access here, only as you propose, to the saloon, under the eye of a proper guardian; while the members of the government will possess a splendid entrance to their several apartments, and the present entrances and stairs will become secondary in their destination, as they will be in their dimensions.

No. 3, is a slight ideal view of the grand vestibule and staircase, as seen at entering from the hall of either portico. In the centre, the passage is seen in front, the stairs are shown in their ascent, and the solid wall of the record-rooms, with their semicircular windows. The railing is also shown, with the general proportions and decorations of the grand room.

Perhaps I am wrong, for we are all partial to the offspring of our own minds; yet I cannot but believe, that the effect of such a room would be peculiarly grand and imposing, from the union of vastness of dimensions with simplicity of form and decoration. The uses of the room have already been spoken of. I have only omitted to observe the manner in which it is connected with the two porticos, which, in fine weather, and on occasions of great national solemnities, such as inaugurations, &c., would form magnificent accompaniments.

Having thus explained my ideas, (I hope intelligibly, with the aid of the drawings,) permit me to add a few

words on the important subject of economy, where I am persuaded there is strong ground of recommendation. I want not a column nor a capital; plain solid walls, embellished only by four splendid door-casings of white marble and elegant workmanship; a fascia of white marble running around the room, with an ornament somewhat like that which surmounts the basement story on the outside; and a frieze crowning the top of the wall, where, either now or at some future time, basso-relievos may be introduced; these are all the decorations which I propose, except the paintings.

Compare now, my dear friend, the expenses of this with the sum which will be necessary to introduce merely a staircase, like that in the city hall here, which can be distinguished from its prototype only by greater dimensions, and more exquisite decorations. Twenty-four Corinthian columns, at least, with their capitals, entablature, and sculptured dome, all in the purest white marble and choicest workmanship, will be necessary, and after all it will be but a copy.

Permit me to add, that the great circular room and dome, made a part of the earliest idea of the Capitol, as projected by Major L'Enfant, drawn by Dr. Thornton, and adopted by General Washington. You will see it so marked on the plan of the city engraved by Thackera & Vallence, in Philadelphia, in 1792. If there be a dislike to M. Latrobe's plans, that dislike cannot apply to this part of the building; here he only followed the original intentions.

I believe that my plan differs from that finally adopted by him, essentially, in carrying up the grand staircase *within* the room, thus rendering it a guard to the paintings, and leaving the basement of the two porticos, and the

whole substructure, free and applicable to economical purposes. I also omit the grand niches which M. Latrobe had devised, I presume for the purpose of sculpture. It appears to me, that the uninterrupted simplicity of the room will add to its grandeur, and that ample scope is left for sculpture, either now or hereafter, in the frieze, while abundant space is thus acquired upon the walls for other paintings than mine.

I hope, my dear sir, that I have made myself understood, and I shall rejoice if, either upon my plan or some other, you can succeed to preserve the great central circular room. Indeed, I must entreat you to preserve it if possible ; and I repeat, that the loss of that, in my opinion, unrivalled situation and light for my pictures, I shall lose half my zeal.

Forgive the earnestness with which I write, for I consider my future fame involved in this question, and excuse the inaccuracies which may have escaped me.

I am, &c. &c. J. T.

New York, July 25th, 1818.

CHARLES BULFINCH, Esq., Washington.

DEAR SIR—I received your favor of April 17th, in proper time, and it relieved my mind from no slight anxiety, inasmuch as your plan has saved the grand room, and gives at the same time all those various conveniences which were indispensably necessary.

It appears to me, that you have extricated yourself most happily from the multitude of contradictory projects with which you was surrounded. The granite basement is, I presume, original ; I cannot recollect any example of the kind, nor do I find any among a collection of views of country seats in England, which I have. I believe the

effect will prove as you anticipate, useful to the perspective ; but if it should prove otherwise, the necessity of the case justifies the novelty ; and nothing can be easier than to disguise it by what the English call *planting it out*, that is, screening it from distant view by shrubs.

My first painting approaches its completion. Is there any place in the building where it can be put up in a proper light ? I should regret to have it seen in a bad one, and wish not to have it removed too often. It is so large, that few doors will admit it when stretched, its shortest diameter being twelve feet, and I should not be willing to have it rolled, unless I am present ? Will you think of this, and inform me how and where it can be placed ?

You will forgive my long delay in answering yours ; I had nothing to suggest, and we were both too busy to write or read unnecessary letters.

I hope Mrs. Bulfinch and all your family are well, and Mrs. Trumbull unites with me in best wishes for them and you.

I am, &c. J. T.

The foregoing letter was in answer to one in which Mr. Bulfinch gave me a detailed description of his plan for the present western front of the Capitol, by which he gained space for the library, &c., and saved the dome. This letter itself was lost (I presume) in the fire which consumed the upper floor of the Academy of Fine Arts in Barclay street.

New York, June 29th, 1818.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, Esq., Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR—I take the liberty to enclose to your care a letter for Mr. Cardelli, which I have just received from his friends in Europe.

You will permit me to avail myself of this occasion, to speak to you of my painting. It is so far advanced, that I may safely promise, that the large work will be superior to the small—a result of which I was by no means secure in the beginning. It would be finished in two months more, but for the numerous and daily interruptions which arise from the increasing curiosity of friends and strangers. It is difficult to refuse to my countrymen, whether personally known to me or not, a view of a painting in which all are deeply interested, and for which all must contribute to pay; but the tax upon my time becomes daily more severe, and the delay of the work is painful.

This has determined me to request from the President, permission to exhibit it publicly to the view of the citizens, previous to its removal to Washington. I shall then be justified in not showing it during its progress. Many are anxious to see it, and few will have an opportunity after it shall have gone to its destination. At the same time that public curiosity will thus be gratified, I trust that the exhibition will prove a source of some legitimate advantage to myself.

I trust the President will not object to this. You must recollect that Mr. Copley exhibited his Gibraltar, which was painted for the city of London, previously to its being put up in Guildhall. Will you, my dear sir, have the goodness to make this request known to the President, and solicit for me his consent. I do not write to him on the subject, because I would not add to his labors. Have the goodness to assure him that I lose no time, and spare no labor, to render this work worthy of its ultimate destination, and of the national patronage.

Please to accept the assurance of Mrs. Trumbull and myself, of our best wishes for the health and happiness of Mrs. Adams, yourself, and your family. I am, &c.

The work went on without interruption, and was finished in 1824. The following is a copy of the final settlement of my account at the treasury of the United States.

[No. 1546.]

Treasury Department, fifth Auditor's office, }
December 27th, 1824. }

I hereby certify, that I have examined and adjusted an account between the United States and John Trumbull, relative to paintings for the Capitol, and find that he is chargeable as follows, viz.

To treasury warrants, as by register's certificate herewith,

For No.	476,	dated	March 15th,	1817,	for	\$8,000
"	234,	"	"	4th,	1819,	" 6,000
"	9267,	"	Nov. 13th,	1820,	"	6,000
"	67,	"	May 1st,	1822,	"	6,000
"	5584,	"	Dec. 24th,	1824,	"	6,000
						<hr/> \$32,000

I also find that he is entitled to credit, for the following historical paintings, executed agreeably to his contract with Richard Rush, Esq., acting secretary of state, entered into with him in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, passed on the 6th day of February, 1817.

Declaration of Independence, as by voucher No. 1,	\$8,000
Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,	" " 2, 8,000
Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne,	" " 3, 8,000
Resignation by Gen. Washington of } his commission to Congress,	" " 4, 8,000
<hr/> \$32,000	

It appears from the statement and vouchers herewith transmitted, for the decision of the comptroller of the treasury, therein.

STEPHEN PLEASANTON, *Auditor*.

To JOSEPH ANDERSON, Esq. Comptroller of the treasury.

Treasury Department, Comptroller's office, }
December, 29th, 1824. }

Admitted and certified,

JOSEPH ANDERSON, *Comptroller*.

To JOSEPH NOURSE, Esq., *Register*.

Treasury Department, Register's office, }
December, 29th, 1824. }

I hereby certify that the foregoing report is a true copy of the original on file in this office, and that the account on which the foregoing advances were made is finally closed in the books of this office.

JOSEPH NOURSE, *Register*.

The last picture was scarcely finished in April, 1824, when I had the misfortune to lose my wife, who had been the faithful and beloved companion of all the vicissitudes of twenty four years. She was the perfect personification of truth and sincerity—wise to counsel, kind to console—by far the more important and better *moral* half of me, and withal, beautiful beyond the usual beauty of women! And as if this calamity was not sufficient, the friend who had kindly advanced money for me during my last unfortunate residence in Europe, found it necessary from the state of his own affairs, to ask a settlement. It was made, and it required all my means to meet the demand. Every thing however which could be converted into money was disposed of, at whatever sacrifice, and among other things, land was placed in the account at ten thousand dollars, which would now sell for one hundred thousand.

CHAPTER XX.

Age, 68 to 72—1824 to 1828—4 years.

The grand central dome and room saved—Project for placing a statue of Washington on the ground floor—Leads to the notion of a grand *crypt* or sepulchral room—Letters to secretary of state, and architect—Went to Washington, in 1824, to place all the paintings—Letter to the speaker.

I HAD assisted in saving the dome and central grandeur of the Capitol, but whim and caprice ruled in the execution of the details. A notion had long prevailed, that a statue of Washington must be placed in the Capitol—and where so well as under the centre of the dome, on the ground floor, where it would be always accessible to and under the eye of the people; the ground floor might then become a magnificent *crypt*, and the monument of the father of his country, surrounded by those of her illustrious sons, might there seem still to watch over and to guard the interests of the nation which they had founded. The idea was poetical, grand, and captivating.

The statue being there, must be lighted, and as the projection of the porticos must necessarily screen all the light which might otherwise have been obtained from the arches between the piers of the ground floor, it was evident that the object could only be attained by letting down light from the summit of the dome; and to effect this, it would be necessary also to pierce the floor of the grand room, with an opening large enough for the purpose, say twenty feet diameter, at least. These whims prevailed, and the project was adopted. Of course, the staircase which I had recommended, together with the

fire-proof rooms for the preservation of important records, &c., were sacrificed, and instead of the concentric walls and simple arches of my plan, to support the floor of the great room, a wilderness of truncated columns and groined arches were employed for that purpose, and this wilderness, called the crypt, very soon degenerated into a stand for a crowd of female dealers in apples, nuts, cakes, liquors, &c., for the accommodation of hackney coachmen, servants, negroes, &c., and becoming an intolerable nuisance, was ultimately denounced as such by Mr. John Randolph, and abated.

In the mean time, I was in New York, busily employed in finishing my picture of the Declaration of Independence, and knew nothing of the architectural department, and the intrigues which perpetually controlled the good intentions and pure taste of Mr. Bulfinch, until I arrived at Washington with that picture. It was placed temporarily in a room of the north wing, then used for the sittings of the supreme court; this part of the building had been first erected, and was believed to be perfectly dry; yet this room proved to be damp to such a degree, that I thought it to be my duty to write the following letter to the secretary of state.

Washington, Feb. 18th, 1819.

To J. Q. ADAMS, Esq., &c.

SIR—Having carefully examined the room in the Capitol, in which the picture which I have painted for the government of the United States is at present placed, I feel it to be my duty to state to you, for the information of the President, my opinion, that, in consequence of the dampness of the walls and vaulting of that room, it is by no means advisable that the painting should remain there

longer than may be thought necessary for the satisfaction of the members of the government, and the immediate gratification of public curiosity.

The cloth on which this work is executed, was prepared in the most approved and perfect manner, by the same person who is employed by Mr. West, to prepare those which are the basis of his admirable works. In this preparation, *size* is necessarily employed, which in damp situations is subject to contract mildew, and of course to decay ; and no dampness is found to be so fatal to paintings, as the exhalations from newly erected masonry, where the corrosive quality of lime is added to the pernicious effect of mere moisture. I am, &c.

When, in 1823, the last of the four paintings approached its termination, I wrote to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect, the following letter.

New York, Dec. 15th, 1823.

CHARLES BULFINCH, Esq., &c. &c.

DEAR SIR—My last painting for the Capitol, the Resignation of Washington, although far advanced, will not be ready to deliver during the present session ; but, trusting from your last letter, that the great room will be quite finished, dry, and ready to receive them all at some time during the approaching summer, and before the next session, I wish to arrange with you, the time when all will be prepared and dry, that I may come on and see them all put in their places.

It will be necessary that the pannels on which they are to be strained, should be prepared in the mean time, of perfectly seasoned mahogany or cedar, and also the gilt frames.

Two young men of this town, whom I have employed for some time, and regard as excellent workmen, Messrs. Parker and Clover, are desirous of being employed to execute the gilt frames, and should there be no other arrangement, I beg leave to recommend them strongly to you, and to the commissioner of the public buildings.

Mrs. Trumbull joins me in best wishes for the health and happiness of Mrs. Bulfinch, yourself, and family.

I am, &c. &c.

J. T.

When, in 1824, I went to Washington, to place all the paintings in their ultimate destination, I found the grand room finished indeed, but so very damp that I felt great reluctance in placing them there, and insisted most strenuously upon having the great opening in the centre of the room, which had been left for the purpose of lighting the crypt, closed; for, as the arches behind and under the porticos were closed only by iron grilles, the external air was freely admitted into the crypt, in all varieties of weather, as well by night as by day, and thence, by means of this unfortunate and ill judged opening, distributed through the great room, to every part of the principal floor of the building, rendering the atmosphere of all the apartments equally damp and cold as the weather in the open square. My remonstrances, however, were all in vain; and in this situation the four paintings were placed and remained, until, in 1828, the change on their surfaces became obvious and conspicuous to all who saw them, and occasioned the resolution of the house of representatives alluded to in the following report, which I addressed to the speaker of the house on the 9th of December, 1828.

Twentieth Congress, }
Second Session. } [Doc. No. 10.] Ho. of Reps.

NATIONAL PAINTINGS.

Letter from JOHN TRUMBULL, to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the subject of the national paintings in the rotunda of the Capitol, Dec. 9th, 1828, read, and laid upon the table.

To the Honorable, the Speaker of the House of Representatives,
United States.

SIR—On the 30th of May last, I received from the commissioner of the public buildings, a copy of the resolution of the honorable the house of representatives, dated the 26th of May, authorizing him to take, under my direction, the proper measures for securing the paintings in the rotunda from the effect of dampness.

I had always regarded the perpetual admission of damp air into the rotunda from the crypt below, as the great cause of the evil required to be remedied, and of course considered the effectual closing of the aperture which had been left in the centre of the floor as an indispensable part of the remedy. I had communicated my opinions on this subject to the chairman of the committee on public buildings, and had been informed that this had been ordered to be done.

So soon, therefore, as I received information from the commissioner that this work was completed, (as well as an alteration in the sky-light, which I had suggested,) and that the workmen and incumbrances were removed out of the room, I came on and proceeded to take the several measures for the preservation of the paintings, which are stated in detail in the following report, which I beg leave to submit to the house.

1st. All the paintings were taken down, removed from their frames, taken off from the pannels over which they are strained, removed to a dry warm room, and there separately and carefully examined. The material which forms the basis of these paintings is a linen cloth, whose strength and texture is very similar to that used for the topgallant-sails of a ship of war. The substances employed to form a proper surface for the artist, together with the colors, oils, &c., employed by him in his work, form a sufficient protection for the threads of the canvass on this face, but the back remains bare, and of course exposed to the deleterious influence of damp air. The effect of this is first seen in the form of mildew—it was this which I dreaded; and the examination showed that mildew was already commenced, to an extent which rendered it manifest that the continuance of the same exposure which they had hitherto undergone, for a very few years longer, would have accomplished the complete decomposition or rotting of the canvass, and the consequent destruction of the paintings. The first thing to be done was to dry the canvass perfectly, which was done by laying down each picture successively on its face, upon a clean dry carpet, and exposing the back to the influence of the warmth of a dry and well aired room. The next thing was to devise and apply some substance, which would act permanently as a preservative against future possible exposure.

I had learned that a few years ago, some of the eminent chemists of France had examined with great care, several of the ancient mummies of Egypt, with a view to ascertain the nature of the materials employed by the embalmers, which the lapse of so many ages had proved to possess the power of protecting from decay a substance oth-

erwise so perishable as the human body. This examination had proved, that after the application of liquid asphaltum to the cavities of the head and body, the whole had been wrapped carefully in many envelopes or bandages of *linen prepared with wax*. The committee of chemists decided further, after a careful examination and analysis of the hieroglyphic paintings with which the cases, &c. are covered, that the colors employed, and still retaining their vivid brightness, had also been prepared and applied with the same substance.

I also knew, that towards the close of the last century, the Antiquarian Society of England had been permitted to open and examine the stone coffin deposited in one of the vaults of Westminster Abbey, and said to contain the body of King Edward I. who died in July, 1307. On removing the stone lid of the coffin, its contents were found to be closely enveloped in a strong linen cloth waxed; within this envelope were found splendid robes of silk, enriched with various ornaments, covering the body, which was found to be entire, and to have been wrapped carefully in all its parts, even to each separate finger, in bandages of fine linen, which had been dipped in melted *wax*; and not only was the body not decomposed, but the various parts of the dress, such as a scarlet satin mantle, and a scarlet piece of sarsnet, which was placed over the face, were in perfect preservation, even to their colors. The knowledge of these facts, persuaded me that *wax*, applied to the back of the paintings, would form the best defense hitherto known to exist against the destructive effects of damp and stagnant air; and therefore,

2dly. Common bees' wax was melted over a fire, with an equal quantity (in bulk) of oil of turpentine, and this

mixture, by the help of large brushes, was applied hot to the back of each cloth, and was afterwards rubbed in, with hot irons, until the cloths were perfectly saturated.

3dly. In the mean time, the niches in the solid wall, in which the paintings are placed, were carefully plastered with hydraulic cement, to prevent the possible exudation of any moisture from the wall; and, as there is a space from two to eight inches deep between the surface of the wall and the pannels on which the cloths are strained, I caused small openings to be cut in the wall, above and under the edge of the frames, and communicating with those vacant spaces, for the purpose of admitting the air of the room behind the paintings, and thus keeping up a constant ventilation, by means of which the same temperature of air will be maintained at the back of the paintings as on their face.

4thly. The cloths were finally strained upon pannels, for the purpose of guarding against injury from careless or intentional blows of sticks, canes, &c., or from children's missiles. These pannels are perforated with many holes, to admit the air freely to the back of the cloths; and being dried, were carefully painted, to prevent the wood from absorbing or transmitting any humidity. The whole being then restored to their places, were finally cleaned with care, and slightly re-varnished.

5thly. As the accumulation of dust, arising from sweeping so large a room, and what is much worse, the filth of flies, (the most destructive enemies of painting,) if not carefully guarded against, renders necessary the frequent washing and cleaning of the surface of pictures, every repetition of which is injurious, I have directed curtains to be placed, which can be drawn in front of the whole, whenever the room is to be swept, as well as in the recess

of the legislature during the summer months, when flies are most pernicious.

6thly. As nothing is more obvious than the impossibility of keeping a room warm and dry by means of fire, so long as doors are left open for the admission of the external air, I have further directed self-closing baize doors to be prepared, and placed so that they will unavoidably close behind every one who shall either enter or leave the room.

When the doors are kept closed, and fires are lighted in the furnaces below to supply warm air, I find that the temperature of this vast apartment is easily maintained at about sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit ; and the simple precaution of closed doors being observed, in addition to the others which I have employed, I entertain no doubt, that these paintings are now perfectly and permanently secured against the deleterious effects of dampness.

I regret that I was not authorized to provide against the danger of damage by violence, whether intended or accidental. Curiosity naturally leads men to touch as well as to look at objects of this kind, and placed as low as they are, not only the gilded frames and curtains, but the paintings, are within the reach of spectators ; repeated handling, even by the best intentioned and most careful, will in the course of time produce essential damage. But one of the paintings testifies to the possibility of their being approached for the very purpose of doing injury ; the right foot of General Morgan, in the picture of Saratoga, was cut off with a sharp instrument, apparently a pen-knife. I have repaired the wound, but the scar remains visible. If I had possessed the authority, I should have placed in front, and at the distance of not less than ten feet from the wall, an iron railing, of such strength and elevation as should form a complete guard against injury

by ill-disposed persons, unless they should employ missiles of some force.

I beg leave to commend to the attention of the house, this further precaution.

All which is most respectfully submitted to the house,
by JOHN TRUMBULL.

CHAPTER XXI.

Age, 72 to 85—1828 to 1840—12 years.

Contract finished—Sense of desolation—Strong impression of the importance of the work on the Revolution—Resolve to execute another set of a smaller size than those in the Capitol, six by nine feet—While on the Declaration of Independence, slight attack of cholera—Recover and go on—Funds run low—Many pictures unsold, and to all appearance unsalable—Thought occurs of selling for an annuity—Origin of the Trumbull Gallery—Contract—Source of my present subsistence, and of pleasant reflections on their utility when I am gone—Intermediate set of Revolution not included—Five of those finished—Intend to finish the other three.

MY contract with the government was thus honorably fulfilled ; the paintings were placed in the Capitol, and so far as my skill extended, they were secured from ruin by dampness. My debts were paid, but I had the world before me to begin anew. I had passed the term of three-score years and ten, the allotted period of human life. My best friend was removed from me, and I had no child. A sense of loneliness began to creep over my mind, yet my hand was steady, and my sight good, and I felt the *vis vitæ* strong within me. Why then sink down into premature imbecility ?

I was strongly impressed with a sense of the importance of those great events which had brought into existence a mighty empire and a new world, and although the actual government had stopped short and forgotten (if indeed they ever knew) the beautiful language of our Savior, in his last conversation with his disciples, as recorded by St. John, "*that greater love hath no man than this, that a*

"man lay down his life for his friends," and had omitted to shew the gratitude of the nation to those eminent patriots who had given their lives for their country at Bunker's Hill, at Quebec, and at Princeton, still I doubted not, that at some future period sentiments more just and more dignified would prevail, nor that future generations would thank me for what I had done to preserve the remembrance of the great and good men of that memorable period.

I resolved, therefore, to begin a new series of my paintings of revolutionary subjects, of a smaller size than those in the Capitol, and to solace my heavy hours by working on them. I chose the size of six feet by nine, and began.

The cholera made its appearance in New York, soon after I commenced, and was peculiarly fatal in the sixth ward, in which I lived. I was busily employed upon the Declaration of Independence, when I was attacked by this deadly disease, but, by the blessing of Providence on the kind care of my friends, it passed away in a few days, and without any serious consequences.

Funds, however, began to diminish, and I sold scraps of furniture, fragments of plate, &c. Many pictures remained in my hands unsold, and to all appearance unsaleable. At length the thought occurred to me, that although the hope of a sale to the nation, or to a state, became more and more desperate from day to day, yet, in an age of speculation, it might be possible, that some society might be willing to possess these paintings, on condition of paying by a life annuity. I first thought of Harvard College, my alma mater, but she was rich, and amply endowed. I then thought of Yale—although not my alma, yet she was within my native state, and poor. I hinted this idea to a friend, (Mr. Alfred Smith, of Hartford,)—it took—was fol-

lowed up, and resulted in a contract, of which the following is a copy.

“ This indenture, made the nineteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty one, between John Trumbull, of the city and state of New York, Esquire, of the first part, and the President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven, of the second part, witnesseth, that the said John Trumbull, in consideration that the said parties of the second part have executed a bond or obligation, whereby they have bound themselves to pay to him during his natural life an annuity of one thousand dollars a year, in the manner and at the times specified in the condition of the said bond; and also in consideration of his good will towards Yale College, and his desire to promote its prosperity, hath granted, bargained, sold and conveyed, and hereby doth grant, bargain, sell and convey, to the parties of the second part and their successors, all the pictures or paintings mentioned in the schedule to this indenture, annexed, to have and to hold the same upon the conditions and for the purposes herein mentioned, provided always and nevertheless, and these presents are upon condition, that if the said annuity, or any part thereof, shall be behind or unpaid by the space of fifteen days next after any of the days of payment whereon the same ought to be paid, pursuant to the condition of the said bond, or if default shall be made in any of the covenants or agreements herein contained, on the part and behalf of the parties of the second part, or their successors, to be kept and performed then and from thenceforth, it shall and may be lawful for the said John Trumbull, his executors, administrators or assigns, to retake and repossess the said paintings, and the same to have again, repossess

“and enjoy, as in his first and former estate, any thing
“herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding. And
“it is covenanted and agreed by and between the parties
“to these presents, in manner following, that is to say,
“that the parties of the second part shall erect upon land
“belonging to them in New Haven, a fire-proof building
“for the reception of the said paintings, which building
“shall be finished on or before the first day of October, in
“the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
“thirty two, and shall be of such form and dimensions as
“shall be approved of by the said John Trumbull, and the
“said paintings shall be placed and arranged in the said
“building, under the directions and superintendence of
“the said John Trumbull. The said paintings, after they
“shall be so placed and arranged, shall be exhibited, and
“the profits of such exhibition shall be received by the
“parties of the second part, and applied in the first place
“towards the payment of the said annuity during the life
“of the said John Trumbull, and the whole of such profits
“after his death, (except in the case hereafter mentioned,)
“shall be perpetually appropriated towards defraying the
“expense of educating poor scholars in Yale College,
“under such regulations as the said President and Fel-
“lows, and their successors, shall from time to time see
“fit to make. And if the profits of such exhibition shall
“not, during the life of the said John Trumbull, be suffi-
“cient to discharge the said annuity, then the said parties
“of the second part may borrow as much money as may
“be necessary for that purpose, and the profits of the said
“exhibition, after the decease of the said John Trumbull,
“shall be applied to discharge the principal and interest of
“the debt which shall thus have been incurred, and after
“the said debt shall be extinguished, then the whole profits

“of the said exhibition shall be applied towards defraying
 “the expense of the education of poor scholars, in manner
 “aforesaid. And it is further expressly agreed, that the
 “said paintings shall never be sold, alienated, divided or
 “dispersed, but shall always be kept together, and exhib-
 “ited as aforesaid, by the said parties of the second part,
 “and their successors, and that the profits of such exhibi-
 “tion shall be sacredly applied to the purposes before
 “mentioned, and to no other.

“In witness whereof, the parties to these presents
 “have interchangeably executed the same, that is to
 “say, the said John Trumbull hath to one part of
 “these presents set his hand and seal, and the said
 “President and Fellows of Yale College, in New
 “Haven, have to another part of these presents caused
 “their corporate seal to be affixed, on the day and
 “year first above written.

“JEREMIAH DAY, President of Yale College.

“Signed by the President of the College, in my pres-
 “ence. Witness the seal of the College.

“ELIZUR GOODRICH, Secretary of Yale College.”

*Schedule referred to in the annexed instrument, being a list
 of the paintings thereby conveyed to the President and
 Fellows of Yale College, in New Haven.*

Eight original paintings of subjects from the American
 revolution, viz.

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1. The Battle of Bunker's Hill, | size 2 by 3 feet |
| 2. The Death of Gen. Mont- }
gomery at Quebec, | do. do. |
| 3. The Declaration of Independence, | 20 by 30 inches. |
| 4. The Battle of Trenton, | do. do. |
| 5. The Battle of Princeton, | do. do. |

6. The Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, 20 by 30 inches.
7. The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, do. do.
8. Washington resigning his Commission, do. do.

Our Savior with little children.

The woman accused of adultery.

Peter the Great at Narva.

Madonna and Children, copied from Raphael.

St. Jerome, Madonna, &c., copied from Correggio.

Infant Savior, St. John and Lamb.

Holy Family.

St. John and Lamb.

Maternal Tenderness.

Portrait of President Washington.

Do. of Alexander Hamilton.

Do. of Rufus King.

Do. of Christopher Gore.

Six frames, each containing five miniature portraits of persons distinguished during the Revolution.

JEREMIAH DAY, President of Yale College.

“Know all men by these presents, that we, the President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven, are held and firmly bound unto John Trumbull, of the city and state of New York, Esquire, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars lawful money of the United States of America, to be paid to the said John Trumbull, his certain attorney, executors, administrators or assigns, for which payment we bind ourselves and our successors firmly by these presents, sealed with our corporate seal, and dated the nineteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty one.

“The condition of the above obligation is such, that if the above bounden obligors shall and do yearly and

“every year for and during the natural life of the said
“John Trumbull, well and truly pay or cause to be paid
“to him or to his certain attorney or assigns, an annuity or
“clear yearly sum of one thousand dollars lawful money of
“the United States of America, in even quarterly payments
“to be made on the four following days in the year, that is
“to say, on the first day of October, the first day of Jan-
“uary, the first day of April, and the first day of July in
“every year, by even and equal portions, the first pay-
“ment thereof to begin and be made on the first day of
“October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
“hundred and thirty two,—then the above obligations to
“be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

“JEREMIAH DAY, President of Yale College.

“Signed by the President of the College, in my pres-
“ence. Witness the seal of the College. Certified,

“ELIZUR GOODRICH, Secretary of Yale College.”

Should any one take the trouble of comparing the fore-
going schedule with the catalogue of the paintings now in
the Gallery, it will be found that the actual number ex-
ceeds the schedule by nearly one half. Several of these
additions have been painted and added to the Gallery
since the date of the original agreement. The last of
these, viz. the Deluge, and the two copies of the Transfig-
uration and the Communion of St. Jerome, were painted
during the years 1838 and 1839.

The Gallery now contains fifty five pictures by my own
hand, painted at various periods, from my earliest essay of
the Battle of Cannæ, to my last composition, the Deluge,
including the eight small original pictures of the American
revolution, which contain the portraits painted from life.

Thus I derive present subsistence principally from this source, and have besides the happy reflection, that when I shall have gone to my rest, these works will remain a source of good to many a poor, perhaps meritorious and excellent man.

The large set of Revolutionary paintings was not included in this contract, and indeed, at its date, they did not exist, having been painted since. Five of the series are finished, and should my long life be still further prolonged, I trust they will all be completed, and they will remain a legacy for posterity.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[No. 1.—Chap. I.]

[The papers which are copied from Gov. Trumbull's MSS., preserved in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston, are indicated by the reference at the end of each to the volume containing the same.]

Cambridge, April 8, 1772.

Hon. JONATHAN TRUMBULL, Governor of Connecticut.

SIR—It gives me very great pleasure to acquaint you, that your son's character and reception here are such as a tender parent would wish a child to have. His tutors speak well of him as a scholar; and I believe all with whom he is conversant approve of his modest and affable deportment. I mention these things, because I know the anxious care of a prudent parent to learn the knowledge of his child's behavior from such as are likely to communicate it without partiality or prejudice. In this class I may rank myself, unless, perhaps, my fondness for his brother may have given me a little bias in *his* favor. You may be assured, Hon. Sir, that his engaging behavior to myself and family will secure to him, from a principle of affection, the best advice and assistance upon all occasions that I shall be capable of affording him. It is my sincere desire, and from what I have yet seen, I have good reason to hope that the precautions you have taken to secure his industry and virtue may be crowned with success.

Mrs. Kneeland begs leave to present her duty to yourself and lady, together with that of your honor's most respectful, most obedient, and most humble servant, WILLIAM KNEELAND.

[Vol. III, p. 342.]

To the same.

Cambridge, 14th July, 1772.

HONORED SIR—After presenting Mrs. Kneeland's and my dutiful regards to yourself and lady, I would acquaint you that it will be very agreeable to us to have your son continue with us the coming year. We will take care of him as of our own; for such in sort we consider him.

I find he has a natural genius and disposition for limning. As a knowledge of that art will probably be of no use to him, I submit to your consideration whether it would not be best to endeavor to give him a turn to the study of perspective, a branch of mathematics, the knowledge of which will at least be a genteel accomplishment, and may be greatly useful in future life.

I am your honor's most dutiful, most obedient, and very humble servant,

WILLIAM KNEELAND.

[Vol. III, p. 400.]

To Doct. WILLIAM KNEELAND.

Lebanon, August 10th, 1772.

SIR—I received by my son your obliging favor of the 14th of July last. Please to accept the return of Mrs. Trumbull's and my kind regards to yourself and lady, and of our thanks for the kindness shewn our son, and for your willingness to have him continue with you this year, and to take care of him as your own.

I am sensible of his natural genius and inclination for limning; an art I have frequently told him will be of no use to him. I have mentioned to him the study of the mathematics, and among other branches, that of perspective, hoping to bring on a new habit and turn of his mind.

I direct him to diligence in his studies, and application to the various branches of learning taught in college. Please to afford him your advice and assistance on every needful occasion.

I am, with great truth and esteem, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

[Vol. III.]

[No. 2.—Chap. II, p. 28.]

To Dr. MEYRICK, Wilbraham, Mass.

New York, April 2, 1835.

DEAR SIR—I have frequently recollected with great satisfaction, the visit you was so good as to make me at Mrs. Lathrop's, two years ago, and your very interesting account of the retreat of the army from Canada in 1776, and their miserable sufferings by small pox, fatigue, and privation.

May I ask the favor of you to commit to writing your recollections of that period, from the death of General Thomas, or earlier, to the end of the campaign. I am induced to write my reminiscences of that period; and as your account is the most perfect corroboration of mine, I shall be in the highest degree obliged to you to furnish them.

J. T.

Answer.

SIR—It is some time since I received your kind letter. Should have answered it sooner, but my health was poor. I am now better.

As to the northern expedition, I find by my minutes then kept, that on the 21st of May, 1776, at Sorel, where the river of that name enters the St. Lawrence, the army was on its retreat from Quebec, commanded by General Thomas, who on that day broke out of the small pox. We soon retreated up the river to Chambly, forty-five miles, and ten from St. John's. General Thomas was carried with us, and on the 2d of June he died. It has been said that he died at Sorel, but it is a mistake—he died at Chambly. On the 20th of June we marched to St. John's, and about sunset we went on board boats for the Isle aux Noix. Orders were peremptory not to stop a moment. There were but two rowers to a boat; they rowed till I thought they would fall from their seats. I, who was not obliged to go on fatigue duty, could not see the men so worried, took an oar myself, and rowed half the night. We arrived at the Isle aux Noix about two hours before day; the sick were thrown on shore, and in five minutes

the boats were on their return. I was left with the sick. I had tents, but I could not pitch them in the night. I covered the sick up as well as I could, and waited for day. I determined not to lie down myself; I attempted to walk, but could not without running over the sick; stand still I could not, for so great was my fatigue that I was afraid I should fall asleep. I was obliged to lie down on the wet grass, and slept about one hour. As soon as it was light I sprang up, examined my sick—found them asleep. I left them and walked around the island, and found the sick of the whole army in the same situation, amounting to thousands, some dead, others dying. Great numbers could not stand, calling on us (the physicians) for help, and we had nothing to give them. It broke my heart, and I wept till I had no more power to weep. I wiped my eyes, pitched my tents, and others did the same, so that in about an hour, they (the sick) were all out of sight. On the 18th day the whole army arrived, and the island was full of men: on the 19th, I was ordered with the sick to Crown Point, but did not start till next day at twelve o'clock. We passed over the lake—nothing happened worth mentioning. On the 25th, we arrived at Crown Point, and on the 2d of July, at night, the whole army arrived. On the 10th, I was ordered forward again, with the sick, to Fort George. We took as much pork and flour as we thought we should want; but the pork was bad, and we were obliged to throw it overboard, so that we had nothing but flour wet with lake water, and baked on flat stones. We expected to be but two days in going, but the wind was against us, and we were four days: it looked as if we should all starve. I thought I could eat a tenpenny nail, but we got in and were supplied; the next day we went back, and soon arrived in camp.

It may be thought by some, that I make more of the sickness than I need. Who has not read of thousands being sick?—but that is not like seeing it; perhaps such a sight did not occur during the whole war. I believe that at no time was sickness so prevalent,—besides, they all arrived in the night, on a small island; had it been day they would have pitched their tents, but now they could not. Every body who has seen an army, knows

that reading of ten thousand men and seeing them, makes very different impressions ; this was very much so with me. I had often read of ten thousand men drawn up in battle array, but I had an imperfect idea of it until I saw Burgoyne's and Gates's army.

As every thing relating to the revolutionary war is important, I will just touch upon the taking of Burgoyne. My northern campaign ended with Ticonderoga, and I returned to private life ; but in September following, when Burgoyne was marching triumphant through the country at the head of a victorious army, every face gathered paleness. I forgot my rank and enlisted as a volunteer to oppose his progress ; I repaired to the scene of action, and arrived within five miles of the first decisive battle. Those who have not been within hearing of a battle, can have no adequate idea of it. Words will not describe it—I shall not attempt it. After that we were ordered up the river, on the heights opposite to Saratoga ; thence I had a fine view of the two armies. Burgoyne passed the creek, Gates encamped at Saratoga. My captain called for volunteers to pass the river to headquarters for ammunition ; I appeared the first. We came and were admitted to a log hut, the only building left standing by the enemy—Gates and his officers were there. The captain made me spokesman ; I told the general who we were, and that we wanted ammunition. "Good boys," says he, "to come and help us—yes, I have ammunition, but drink some punch first," which we accepted. Whilst we were drinking, he says to his officers, "I have just received a very begging letter from brother Burgoyne ; he says he has sent me one of his girls, and wishes "I would treat her well. I thought he knew me better than to "think I would abuse a woman ; no, I love them too well." This alluded to a Major Ackley, if I have the name right, [Ackland,] of the British army, who was wounded and taken prisoner, and Burgoyne sent his wife to him, with a flag and this letter ; it has lately been published. He then turned to his chief engineer, and says, "they tell me Burgoyne has burned the bridge over "the creek ; if it is true, how long will it take you to repair it ?" "I cannot say ; I do not know what materials are at hand." "Can



"you not do it in an hour? when I was an engineer in Germany, I built a bridge longer than this in an hour." "All I can say," says the engineer, "is, that when I am ordered, it will be done as soon as possible; I shall be exposed to the enemy you know." "Never mind it, the place of danger is the place of honor," says he,— "that will never stop me, I did not come here to be afraid—I came to do my duty." We got our ammunition and returned that night. There was a cessation of arms which terminated in a surrender—I saw the whole; this secured our independence.

I have written till I am tired, and you will be more so reading it. I have nothing to add, but to subscribe myself your fellow soldier.

SAMUEL J. MEYRICK.

Wilbraham, June 1st, 1836.

Mr. Meyrick was surgeon of one of the Massachusetts regiments.

Letter from JOHN TRUMBULL, to the governor of Connecticut, his father.

Ticonderoga, July 12th, 1776.

HONORED SIR—Since I left Albany I have not written to you, nor have I received any of yours. I arrived at this place the fourth day, and from hence went on to Crown Point soon after. At this place I found not an army but a mob, the shattered remains of twelve or fifteen very fine battalions, ruined by sickness, fatigue, and desertion, and void of every idea of discipline or subordination. You will be surprised, sir, to know the real state of affairs in this department.

Last spring there were ten battalions, amounting to about six thousand four hundred men, sent from New York to join this army; there were then here two battalions of Pennsylvanians, three from New England, and one or two from Jersey, all of them strong, and amounting at least to four thousand men more, which, joined with the others, make the army upwards of ten thousand strong. We have now three thousand sick, and about the same number well; this leaves near five thousand men to be accounted for. Of these, the enemy has cost us perhaps one, sickness another thousand, and the others, God alone knows in what man-

ner they are disposed of. Among the few we have remaining, there is neither order, subordination, nor harmony ; the officers as well as men of one colony, insulting and quarreling with those of another.

This wretched situation of our troops, induced the general officers in a council of war to determine on a retreat to this place. The post we are to occupy here is very advantageous. It is a height opposite to the old French works, which commands the entrance of Lakes Champlain and George ; it is almost inaccessible except in two places where we propose to have roads, the rest is surrounded by rocks and precipices. We shall easily be supplied with provisions from Skeensborough, at the head of Lake Champlain, and can easily retire that way into the country. This, without a naval superiority on the lakes, I fear we shall be obliged to do, notwithstanding the strength of our camp, unless we are soon joined by six or eight thousand men. How we shall maintain our naval superiority, I confess myself at a loss. It is true that we build a thing *called* a gondola, perhaps as much as one in a week ; but where is our rigging for them, where our guns ? We have to be sure a great train of artillery, but very few of them are mounted on carriages, and materials or conveniences for making them are very slender. We have carpenters, shipbuilders, and blacksmiths, in plenty, but neither places for them to work in, nor materials in that plenty we ought to have.

To oppose the enemy on the lake, we now have a schooner of twelve carriage guns, a sloop of eight, two small schooners to carry four or six each, and three gondolas. The large schooner will be in good sailing order in two or three days, the sloop is a most unmanageable thing ; it is not possible to beat up against a head wind in her ; the two small schooners are not armed, the gondolas are not armed, and even the carriages of their guns are yet to be made.

The enemy we find are at St. John's, repairing the works of the place, and building three schooners and two sloops ; they have no doubt, every thing ready to their hands, the rigging made, the guns mounted, and only the wood work to perform, in which also I fear they will have the advantage of us.

Three regiments are already come down from Crown Point, with part of the artillery, stores, &c. General Arnold is at that place, forwarding the others as fast as possible. Gen. Sullivan has set off for New York, indignant at being superceded by Gen. Gates, and Gen. Gates himself is superceded by Gen. Schuyler, on this supposition, that as the army which he, (Gen. Gates,) was ordered to command in Canada, is now within the limits of New York, the command devolves on Gen. Schuyler. In this manner we now rest, and as Gen. Gates is not now commander-in-chief, my appointment is a little precarious, although General Schuyler appears to approve it. This is certain, that the adjutant general's and quarter-master general's departments are at present wretchedly filled; the one by Lieut. Col. Antill of Canada, a man unexperienced in the duty, the other by Col. Campbell, who, if he ever was a man of abilities, is certainly now superannuated and unfit for his place, and the same might with too much truth, be said of many other officers here.

I must beg you, sir, to forward the militia as fast as possible; without them we are ruined. They need not fear the small pox, as the sick and infected are removed to Fort George, and they will come up by Skeensborough; every precaution possible will be taken to prevent a farther spread of that fatal disorder.

We are anxious for the fate of New York, not one word to be depended upon have we heard from that quarter since the first instant.

My best wishes and respects attend my parents and friends, while I remain, honored sir, your dutiful son, J. TRUMBULL.

[No. 3.—Chap. IV, p. 53.]

Letter from Gen. Mattoon, formerly adjutant general of the militia of the state of Massachusetts by the appointment of Gov. Brooks.

To Col. JOHN TRUMBULL.

Amherst, Mass. Nov. 13th, 1837.

DEAR SIR—In compliance with the request in your note of the 6th inst., I cheerfully communicate to you my recollections of

what I saw of you on the 28th or '9th of August, 1778, in the retreat of our army from Newport to Butts' Hill; also at Ticonderoga in 1776, and likewise the circumstances in which Gen. Lincoln was wounded at Bemus's Heights.

In General Sullivan's expedition on Rhode Island in the summer of 1778, I was present, a lieutenant in Col. Wade's regiment; having seen you in the northern campaign in 1776, I recognized you as aid to General Sullivan.

After the French fleet had left us, a council of war was held, in which it was resolved that our troops should retreat to the north end of the island; the east and west roads were taken on the island. In effecting this retreat, Col. Wigglesworth, who commanded the rear-guard on the east road, was ordered to check and retard the enemy as much as lay in his power; from the cover of stone walls and old buildings, he was able greatly to embarrass the enemy's march. When he arrived at Windmill or Quaker Hill, he gained a favorable position for checking and harassing the enemy, which he did bravely against four times his number of men, until his perilous situation induced Gen. Sullivan to call him off. The general seeing the enemy outflanking him, issued an order for his retreat, and appointed you to carry it to him. While Wigglesworth was warmly engaged and you was carrying the order, the enemy and all his movements were in full view of Gen. Sullivan, who was in front of the second line of our army on Butts' Hill. His distance from Col. Wigglesworth was more than a mile, one half of which you was compelled to ride through a shower of the enemy's shot. At that anxious moment I stood very near the general, as he was sitting upon his horse, and beheld you distinctly the whole distance. As soon as the enemy discovered you, and probably suspecting your object, they opened a fire upon you from six or eight pieces of their cannon; and I, and others around me, were every instant looking to see you fall, as it seemed impossible that you should escape. On your return from this most adventurous exploit, General Sullivan said, "your escape has been most wonderful." According to my best recollection, this was on the 29th of August, 1778; the residue of that day was spent in smart skir-

mishes; although the general frequently moved about, yet he resumed his morning position, which overlooked both armies.

In the afternoon, a vigorous attack was made upon Col. Green, who was stationed with a detachment, west of the west road, on the island. You was directed by Gen. Sullivan to go and take command of Gen. Lovell's Massachusetts militia, and get into the rear of the enemy who were attacking Col. Green. These men were formed into a column, as if almost by magic. You had led them but a short distance, before you was assailed with a brisk fire of musketry from the enemy, secreted in a copse of wood and in an old building; at the same time, a broadside was fired upon you from a gun brig lying a little distance off. Notwithstanding these fires, you continued your march, until coming to a stone wall, the front platoon or division grounded their arms, ran forward, and instantly levelled the wall for a sufficient length for the whole column to pass without obstruction; the platoon immediately resuming their arms, the column advanced, and soon put the enemy to flight. Seeing the order and rapidity of this movement, Gen. Sullivan exclaimed, "that movement would do "honor to the oldest regiment of the army." The enemy engaged with Colonel Green, perceiving this bold and successful adventure, instantly retreated, and thus escaped a capture.

Your preservation in each of these most daring and perilous enterprises, I have ever considered as little short of a miracle, and a most remarkable interposition of Providence for your safety.

When our army retreated from Canada, and were posted at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, General Gates took the command, and you was adjutant general. One day in walking to the lower battery on the north end of Mount Independence, I found you, in company with several officers, and you directing a long twelve pounder to be loaded; on enquiring of one of the officers what could be your object, I was informed that it was to ascertain how far up Mount Defiance you could throw a shot, from the lowest part of our encampment, for he observed, "that "the day before, Gen. Gates and some of the officers were congratulating themselves on the security of their position, but that "you had expressed a strong doubt upon the subject, and had

"said that if an enemy should occupy Mount Defiance, we could not maintain our position either at Ticonderoga or at Mount Independence. Gen. Gates and several others rejected and ridiculed the suggestion, and you was making this experiment to convince them of their error." The shot was fired, and struck more than half way up the mount.

From this experiment, and subsequent facts, it was fully demonstrated that your opinion was correct and the posts untenable, for, when the enemy at length gained this height, we were actually driven from our encampment.

In regard to your enquiry about Gen. Lincoln, in the action of the 7th of October on Bemus's Heights, I recollect that our troops broke through the centre of the enemy's line, which left Lord Balcarras on the extreme right, in a very exposed situation. Early in the morning of the 8th, Gen. Lincoln said to me, "my aids are all very busily engaged in writing; will you mount one of their horses and ride to the lines with me?" I replied, "Sir, I will with pleasure."

On the way he observed, "if the enemy have not changed their position during the night, I think Lord Balcarras can be cut off." We rode to the southerly part of our line, which extended northwardly a considerable distance, parallel with the enemy's, which lay east of us, and within long musket shot of where our army lay, secreted behind some logs laid up. The general leaped his horse over the logs, and I followed him. The enemy immediately opened a fire upon him, and as he rode northward the firing increased both from small arms and cannon. I rode at his left side, and regarded my situation as very hazardous. The fire increased as we advanced, and I remarked to the general, "Sir, your life is too dear to the army to be thus exposed." He made no reply, but looked at me and smiled, which I construed to mean, "you are more concerned about yourself than about me." We proceeded but a few rods further, when I saw him shudder, and he said, "the rascals have struck me." I enquired where,—he replied, "in my hip, I believe." I immediately turned my horse to his right, and found his boot perforated with a musket ball, and the blood flowing out profusely. I said, "it is your

"anle, sir." "Indeed," said he, "I thought it was my hip." This put an end to the reconnoissance, to my great satisfaction.

Thus, my dear sir, I have given you as concise an answer to your enquiries as possible, and you are at liberty to make such use of them as you please.

If Providence spares us till next spring, I shall do myself the pleasure to visit you at New Haven, and enjoy another interview with you as a fellow laborer in the cause of our national independence. I am sir, &c. &c. E. MATTOON.

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To His Excellency, Governor TRUMBULL.

Boston, 3d Feb. 1780.

HONORED SIR—Since my arrival in town I have inquired the price of indigo in foreign markets, in consequence of your mentioning the exportation of what belongs to the state, and find that it will answer well in France and in Holland. I have likewise inquired upon what terms I can have it freighted, and am offered a fast sailing sloop, of ten or twelve guns, at a moderate freight; but I suppose the state might not choose so much hazard. I have some prospect of getting it on board a very fine new ship, of sixteen guns, supposed to be the best built for sailing of any ship in New England. But as she was intended for Virginia, to take on board tobacco, the owners will not alter their plan, unless they receive a little more than the ordinary freight, which for bulky articles is as high as forty or fifty per cent. and less as the bulk is smaller in proportion to the weight. I suppose, therefore, that $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$ at most, will tempt the owners to change their plan. Upon these conditions I have no doubt but the state will find great advantage in the voyage. I wish it might be proposed to the council; and if they see fit to adopt the plan, and entrust me with the agency, I am confident I shall be able to supply them in return with military clothing, woolens and linen, to greater advantage than most men whom they can employ, as I have intelligence of a mode by which thirty or forty per cent. upon the purchase may be saved, in preference of the common Holland or French market; the same time that the commissions will be of some service to my private affairs.

I write this by the post, and intend to be in Hartford next week, in hope of a favorable event of this proposal.

We have no news in town. Convention are sitting upon the constitution; but it will not probably be laid before the people sooner than next summer.

I am, sir, with the most dutiful affection and gratitude, your son,
JOHN TRUMBULL.

P. S. I find from some of my friends that my private affairs have the fairest prospect of success.

To the same.

Boston, 7th February, 1780.

HONORED SIR—Mr. Jones, of this town, has requested me to write a line in his favor, on account of some small articles belonging to him, lately seized by Col. Mead as coming from New York. I am assured that the articles seized were only a present from his son-in-law and daughter to his family here; and that the young man who escorted Mrs. Gracie was prohibited by Mr. Jones taking the least trifle of money to lay out in the city, notwithstanding several sums were urged upon him by undoubted friends to the country, in the supposition that some umbrage might be taken, though in the opinion of most people a traffic of trifling monies is esteemed rather advantageous to the country, returns of produce and provisions being the only thing which can really injure us. The deposition of the young gentleman, and letters in confirmation of Mr. Jones's character in the political view, will accompany this; and I should hope there will be no hesitation, in such circumstances, in ordering the goods to be returned.

I am, honored sir, with duty, affection, and gratitude, your son,
JOHN TRUMBULL.

[No. 4.—Chap. V.]

To His Excellency, Governor TRUMBULL.

Nantes, 15th June, 1780.

HONORED SIR—As the present opportunity is indirect and unsafe, I only write this to inform you that I am arrived and well,

and that from whatever I can learn, I have little to fear for my success.

I shall go on to Paris in two days ; that is, when I am become a Frenchman, and dressed *a-la-mode*.

Of public affairs you may know more than I can, since all the news in this town respects America, and all is vague.

Ireland treads fast in our steps ; and if the genius of languor had not too much share in their councils, the Dutch would have been roused to anger long since. In fine, our affairs are well.

I shall write more at large when I have better information ; and meantime am your most dutiful son, JOHN TRUMBULL.

To the same.

London, 12th September, 1780.

HONORED SIR—I have written you twice since my arrival in this place, in each of which letters I have said as much of politics as was proper. With them I hope you will also receive a bundle of pamphlets and newspapers, which I believe were forwarded by the same conveyance.

Since my last, the principal event which has happened, is the dissolution of parliament, which took place a few days ago. The confusion of elections in consequence of this, is to an American outrageously ridiculous. The cabals, the palpable corruption, the meanness of intrigue, exceed all my ideas, and give one a much more contemptible opinion than I ever before entertained of the celebrated fabric of British liberty. The mode of election, and the inequality of representation, are affrontive to the very shadow of freedom. I have been told this day, and from such authority as gives some credit to the report, that the new parliament is called to undo what the old one had been doing during the whole period of its existence ; that American independence is to be acknowledged, and no measure left untried to effect an alliance of friendship and commerce—as this will come with a better grace from a new body than from one whose preceding conduct has been so very opposite. But, though this information must give peculiar pleasure to every true American, yet I would by no means have it so far credited as to throw the

least damp on the exertions even of an individual; since, if true, it has only originated in that spirit of determined resistance which it is seen cannot be conquered; and we may be assured, that relaxation on our part will ever be followed by new efforts of oppression. 'Tis the sword only that can give us such a peace as our past glorious struggles have merited. The sword must finish what it has so well begun.

I hope soon to have an opportunity of writing by Mr. J. Temple, who is looking out for a good passage by way of Holland, unless he should there meet some appointment of a public nature from his country, to detain him in Europe. His residence here, since he last left Boston, has been essentially of service to America. He has been indefatigable in his endeavors to defeat the misrepresentations of General Robertson and Mr. Galloway at the bar of the House of Commons, and to convince both the majority and minority of the impracticability of coercing America, and of the wisdom of putting an end to the war, and making peace on our own terms, as soon as possible. His acquaintance is among the friends of his country, such as the dukes of Richmond and Rutland, Mr. D. Hartley, Dr. Price, Mr. Burke, &c., who have paid great attention to his information, if we may judge from their language. I wish ingratitude may not be a characteristic vice of our country. If it be not, Mr. Temple, who has lost an elegant living from his attachment to her cause, and been persecuted for her sake, may reasonably hope to be remembered. I heartily wish him success; and if there should be any occasion in which you can serve him, I beg you will do it, from a conviction that no man will serve his country with more fidelity than he will. His assiduity in counteracting the base acts of the refugees, has gained him their perpetual implacable hatred; and there is no villainy to which they would not stoop for revenge. You have seen one of their attacks, which is enough to convince you, that his blood, as well as mine, would be exquisitely relished by them. But we are in no danger from such *little* enemies.

I am, honored sir, with affectionate remembrance of all my friends, your grateful son,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[No. 5.—Chap. VI, p. 77.]

The favor which was thus done to me by the king, in promising me a pardon, if I should be brought to trial for treason, and condemned, merits my grateful remembrance, and justifies my giving two anecdotes, which throw a very favorable light upon his character. The first, which I had from Mr. West, is as follows.

The evening on which the news of the battle of Camden in South Carolina arrived in London, Mr. West received an order to be at the palace the next morning at eight o'clock, to receive some commands from the king. It was midwinter, and eight in the morning was a very early hour in London, to be dressed and at the distance of a mile from home. Mr. West was there, however, at the moment, and found the king already in the audience room, with a number of persons in waiting, among whom was Lord Cathcart, who had served in America, and married Miss Elliot of New York. His lordship was no friend of Mr. West, and with the intention of ruining him in the esteem of the king, he said to West, and (contrary to etiquette) loud enough to attract the royal attention, "West, have you heard the news?" "No, my lord; I left home so early that I have seen no one." "I do not know, Mr. West, that the news will give you so much pleasure, as it does to his majesty's *loyal* subjects in general. "His majesty's troops have gained a most decisive victory over "a strong body of your rebel countrymen, at Camden, South "Carolina." West saw the trap which was laid for him, and after a moment's thought, answered firmly and loud enough also to catch the king's attention,—"I cannot say, my lord, that the "calamities of my native country can ever give me pleasure." The king quitted the person to whom he was speaking on the other side of the room, and touching Mr. West's shoulder, said, "West, "that answer does you great honor. Remember it, my lord "Cathcart—and take a further lesson from me, that the man who "does not love his native country, can never make a faithful "subject of another, nor a true friend."

The second I had from Mr. King, (then minister of the United States in London,) who received it from Lord Winchelsea, lord in waiting on the occasion.

As the royal family were too numerous to go to the theatre or other public places in a single carriage, the managers of the theatre at Drury lane had caused to be constructed a small drawing room behind the royal box, where the whole party might assemble, where the ladies might warm their feet, adjust their dresses, &c., before entering their box. The king was in the habit of waiting politely until all the ladies were ready; but, on one memorable evening, he omitted his usual attention, and moved towards the box, before the queen and his daughters were prepared to follow. The lord in waiting, (Lord Winchelsea,) as was his duty, kept close to the king, and as his majesty entered the box, a pistol was fired by some person in the pit, the ball from which, struck a few inches above the king's head. He turned quick to the lord in waiting, and said, "My lord, hurry back to the queen, and detain her and her children a moment, perhaps there may be another shot;" then bowed as usual to the audience and took his seat. A great uproar immediately took place in attempting to secure the person who had fired the pistol, when the king exclaimed, "Gently, gently, my friends; do not hurt the poor wretch; secure him, but do not hurt him. He must be mad."

If this story were told by historians of Trajan, all the world would unite in applauding an act, which gave equal evidence of the most lofty courage and utter disregard of self, and of the most sublime affection for his family.

While I am giving anecdotes, I cannot refrain from giving one more, which, although it has no connection with royalty, is yet sacredly demanded by friendship.

During several years of my residence in London, I had the happiness to live on terms of intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor, whose exquisitely pathetic monument of Mrs. Howard, places him among the most eminent of those who have obtained immortality for themselves, by giving life to marble. Since his death, his biography has been written by a *soi disant* friend,

who, in my opinion, has done great injustice to his reputation, by collecting and giving currency to a multitude of paltry tales, in no sense instructive or interesting to the community, and serving only to cast ridicule and contempt on the memory of a very eminent artist, and worthy inoffensive man. It is true, that Mr. Nollekens was economical to a fault; but his friend should have reflected, that economy was an essential virtue in a youth, who entered upon life poor, and with few friends, and devoted himself to the study of a profession, always uncertain of success, and which has led few of its followers to wealth or fame. Economy and industry, however, were rewarded in this instance, by a degree of prosperity which gave Mr. Nollekens, in after life, the power of assisting those, (some of whom I have known,) who, coming forward with splendid talents, and troops of admiring friends, passed through a long career of glorious success, yet, wanting this despised quality of economy, have been always harassed by the beggarly distress of debt and dependence.

But, to my anecdote. Coming into town one morning, at an hour too early for the business of the office, I lounged into the *attelier* of my friend Nollekens; he was there already, and at work. "Have you heard the news?" exclaimed he, "have you heard what we did last evening at the Academy?" "No, my friend; I have called on no one since I came into town from Hammersmith—to what do you allude?" "They expelled poor Barry. I went to the meeting rather late, and found all the members in a tumult of rage against Barry's letter to the Dilettanti Society, (you must have seen or heard of it,) in which he speaks disrespectfully of the king, and of his patronage of the fine arts. As the king is the patron of the Academy, they were apprehensive that, unless the society inflicted severe punishment upon such an audacious offender, his majesty might withdraw his protection, and therefore, spite of all I could say, they condemned the poor man, *without a hearing*." While I listened with surprise to this outbreak of my worthy, quiet friend, a story flashed upon my mind, which had been current among artists in London, and which I had often heard; it ran thus.

In Rome, at the Piazza del Popolo, was a coffee-house, the favorite resort of young students of the arts, from the north of Europe, and where those from the British isles in particular, were in the constant habit of meeting every evening, to relax from the labors of the day, and to discuss subjects relating to the arts. One evening, when Barry and Nollekens were among the party assembled, Barry engaged Nollekens in conversation, and kept him attentive until all the others were gone; they then rose to follow, and when they opened the door, the square was light as day, with the splendor of the full moon. Barry, who was then a young Hibernian beau, was the only person in Rome who wore a gold laced hat; as they left the door, he exchanged hats with his companion, putting his gold laced hat upon the head of Nollekens. "What do you do that for?" cried he. "Only to see how you will look in my laced hat." And, arm in arm they walked across the square, and to Barry's lodgings, where they parted, after again exchanging hats. The story proceeded, that Barry had had an intrigue with a young Roman girl, which had been discovered by her friends, who vowed vengeance, and he of course lived under constant dread of the stiletto, and had exchanged hats on this bright evening, that another might receive the fatal blow intended for him.

I said to Nollekens, "The Academy appear to me to have acted very precipitately; but, I am astonished that you alone should have attempted to screen Mr. Barry; for, my friend, I have heard a strange story respecting Barry and you, at the Piazza del Popolo in Rome, of a moonlight night, and a gold laced hat." "True, true," exclaimed he; "it is too true and very wicked; but would the wickedness of another justify me in acting equally ill? Oh, no, no, no."

This anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch, outweighs a whole cargo of scandalous tittle-tattle.

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To His Excellency, Governor TRUMBULL.

Bilboa, October 23d, 1781.

HONORED SIR—I have but a moment to inform you that after having sailed from Amsterdam in August, I was landed at Co-

runna in Spain, the 23d of September. From thence I am now entering this port, and hope to sail for America once more in three weeks. I am in perfect health;—hope my letters, of a public nature at least, have arrived, which I wrote from that place. I can add nothing, but that, if the plan of remittance for interest be adopted, sugar of all things will answer best. In very great haste, I am your dutiful

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[Vol. XV, p. 206.]

To the same.

Bilboa, October 23d, 1781.

HONORED SIR—I wrote you a few lines this morning by the ship Rambler, which was going out of this port as we entered.

When I wrote from Amsterdam, I had not received a small trunk from London containing my books and papers, and was therefore unable to give you that account of my imprisonment which I wished. I am now at leisure to write, instead of relating it to you, as I should have done some weeks since, but for the villainy of Mr. Gillon, on board whose ship I sailed from the Texel on the 10th of August. This history is so complicated, and at the same time so interesting to the reputation and public credit of our country as to merit a separate letter; suffice it at present to say that, after a voyage of six weeks around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, I arrived on the 23d of September at Corunna, where I fortunately met with Capt. Hill in the Cicero privateer of twenty guns. He very kindly gave several of us a passage to this place, from whence we hope to sail on board his ship for America in three or four weeks.

I had remained some time in London, with more prospect of success there than in any place on the continent, and perfectly secure under the name of an artist, till the news of the death of the unfortunate André arrived, and gave a new edge to the vengeful wishes of the American refugees. The arts they had for a long time used to no effect, now succeeded; and they had interest enough to persuade the ministry that I was a dangerous person, in the service of Dr. Franklin, &c. &c. The occasion united with their wishes, and the resentment of government

marked me as an expiatory sacrifice. I had no idea of the storm ; was apprehended at midnight ; my papers seized, (among which was unfortunately a letter from young Mr. Franklin,)—was examined and committed to prison *on suspicion of treason*,—that convenient charge, from which an obnoxious unfortunate has no power to clear himself ; and, afterwards, a detainer was lodged against me for having been guilty of the crime of high treason committed in his majesty's colonies and plantations in America, grounded on what I had said at my examination. The prison in which I was confined was decent, although its name was not promising. I had a neat apartment, and was used with respect by the keeper, who was a worthy, honest man. Mr. West, who has the strongest claims to my gratitude, made an immediate application to the king, (to whom he always has admittance,) and represented me in such a light as obtained a promise of perfect security and speedy enlargement ; but, either the promise was forgotten, or the interest of the refugees was more powerful ; and I lingered through two impatient months. I then wrote to Lord George Germaine the letter, of which the following is a copy.

To the Right Honorable Lord George Germaine, &c. &c.

Tothill-fields Bridewell, January 20th, 1781.

MY LORD—Having been confined upwards of two months, and finding no probability of any speedy process for my trial, I am induced to be thus troublesome, and to supplicate your lordship to attend to my case, and endeavor to obtain my enlargement.

My commitment and detainer express no other charge than of *treason committed in America*, from which I conceive myself fully protected by the proclamation of his majesty's commissioners, dated October 3d, 1778, which grants pardon for all treasons committed before that day in America, long before which I had quitted the American service, and ceased to act hostilely against this country. Early in 1778, I determined to come to England to study the art of painting ; and my intentions being soon after made known to your lordship, through Richard Jackson, Esq., I was informed your lordship's answer was, that, "though no offi-

"cial leave would be given, yet, if I came to England, and demeaned myself in a quiet and peaceable manner, no notice would be taken of whatever had passed in America." My conduct since my residence in England, I trust does now appear to your lordship to have been fair and upright. Mr. West, under whom I have regularly studied, and who has spoken and written to your lordship on the subject, can give the strongest assurances of this, as well as explain the loss I suffer from the impossibility of pursuing my studies in this place. Through him I beg leave to hope your lordship's answer. I am, &c. &c.

This letter was delivered, but no answer was returned, and Mr. West, through the kind offices of *my friend*, Mr. Thompson, Lord George's secretary, was prevented from obtaining an interview; and, as I have since learned, the letter itself went no further than this same good Mr. Thompson. I drudged on, therefore, with all the patience I was master of, for a more propitious moment, till a new attempt to render me more unhappy, made it necessary to write what you will see below. The letter is grounded on this circumstance; at the general jail delivery, all prisoners confined for felony are to be removed to the jail of their county; and this will subject me to a removal to Clerkenwell prison, which, since the burning of Newgate, &c., is the rendezvous for convicts, respites, and villains of all the most atrocious classes, and consequently a place in which my enemies would gladly see me. It is in the power of the solicitor of the treasury, (through whom pass all proceedings on the part of the crown,) to dispense with this general rule in favor of any particular prisoner; and, therefore, I applied to him, as below.

To Mr. CHAMBERLAYNE, Solicitor of the Treasury.

Tothill-fields Bridewell, Feb. 20th, 1781.

SIR—The advice of some of my friends, better acquainted with the forms of law than I am, induces me to give you this trouble, and beg to know whether there be a possibility of my taking the benefit of the approaching general jail delivery of Newgate. I took the liberty, some time ago, to address a short state

of my case to Lord George Germaine, of which I enclose a copy. His lordship, (perhaps from hurry of business,) has not honored me with an answer.

I must acknowledge myself surprised, at finding myself charged in my detainer with "treason committed in America ;" for I had been taught to regard the proclamation of his majesty's commissioners, published in October, 1778, as of equal validity with the act of parliament under which the commission itself was executed, and to apprehend no more danger of a criminal process for whatever was done antecedent to that date, than if an act of grace had passed the same parliament, or peace had been concluded between the contending parties. And in this security I was fully confirmed by the answer of Lord George Germaine to Mr. Jackson. But in this idea I may have been deceived. The grounds of the charge against me may yet be valid, and the necessity for my longer confinement indispensable. In this view, therefore, and considering myself as within your department, as solicitor of the treasury, my last request is, that, if I cannot be enlarged, I may at least not be removed from this prison to any other. The treatment I receive here is such as in some measure mitigates the irksomeness of confinement, and demands my acknowledgment. But in other prisons I am taught to expect a different scene. I trust to your humanity, that my education and rank in life will plead in support of this request, and save me the mortifying necessity of associating with indiscriminate villains.

Mr. West will do me the honor to present you this letter, and give you any further information you may ask. I am, &c.

This letter had as little success as the other. I received no answer ; and was indebted to the recorder of London, Sergeant Adair, for the favor I requested from Mr. C.

After this second proof of the disposition of government, I had little left to hope, unless from some favorable turn of affairs in America. An effort was indeed made through Mr. Hunt, a refugee from Philadelphia, upon the feelings of his fellows, which does honor to him, and was pushed so far as almost to endanger

his own safety ; but without any other effect than showing the detestable rancor, which, with very few exceptions, is the common mark of their character.

I was now told by a gentleman of the law, that it was in my power, by a petition to the court of the Old Bailey, to bring on my trial. In consequence of which, I drew up a general state of my case, to lay before Messrs. Dunning and Lee, for their opinion on the practicability and safety of such a step. In the mean time, Mr. Lee called upon me, and assured me that however proper the step might be, it was rendered absolutely impracticable by the suspension of the habeas corpus act, and I had nothing to hope, but from the humanity or the fears of the ministry, which, with the assistance of his friends he would endeavor to operate upon effectually. I soon learned that he had interested Lord Rockingham, Mr. Burke, and several other gentlemen in my favor. I therefore wrote the following letter.

To Counsellor LEE, Lincoln's Inn-field.

Tothill-fields Bridewell, May 11th, 1781.

SIR—The liberal kindness with which I have already been honored by you, and for which I have many thanks to return, induces me to beg you to convey the inclosed letter to Mr. Burke, if after reading it, (for which purpose I send it open,) it shall appear to you a proper step. I have been led to it by my veneration for that gentleman's character both as a patriot and as a man, and by a wish not to appear cold to my own interests.

I was chagrined to learn, that, on your mentioning my case to Mr. Dunning, he had heard nothing of it. I expect Mr. Reynolds will call on me this afternoon, and I do not doubt but he will explain this matter. I shall request him still, (if he has not already done it,) to lay the paper before Mr. D., and flatter myself that I shall appear to him likewise, to have suffered unreasonably.

Mr. Fox, to whom my situation has been represented, has been so kind as to appoint to call on me with that worthy man, Dr. Jebb, immediately on his return to town. From the united kind-

ness of so many eminent characters, I begin, once more to enjoy the hope of recovering my liberty at an earlier day than I feared.

With the sincerest gratitude and respect, I am, &c.

EDMUND BURKE, Esq., Charter street, St. James' square.

Tothill-fields Bridewell, May 10th, 1781.

SIR—Although personally unknown to you, I have been encouraged by the generous manner in which some gentlemen, your friends, have interested themselves in my favor, and by that benevolence and liberality of character which I have long since learned to respect in you, to solicit your attention likewise to my unfortunate situation.

I have suffered six months' imprisonment, and after every reasonable effort, I find no disposition in his majesty's servants to grant me any relief. The principal crime with which I can learn I am charged, is the having served some years ago in the American army, (for the papers found in my possession are too trifling to be dignified with the name of criminal,) and this service I conceived to have been buried in oblivion, with all similar acts of treason, by the proclamation of the commissioners published at New York in October, 1778; since when, I have lived the peaceful retired life of an artist. Relying on this proclamation, I left America in May last, with the intention of studying the art of painting under the direction of Mr. West; and, to obviate the very appearance of danger, I first caused my intentions to be made known to Lord George Germaine, and received his permission, with an assurance, that so long as I should behave as a quiet and peaceful subject of this kingdom, no notice would be taken of whatever had passed in America. Notwithstanding which, after having resided four months in this city, publicly and peaceably, with an implicit but unfortunate confidence of security, I was apprehended on *suspicion of treason*, and the few frivolous papers found in my possession, with my own too generous and unguarded frankness on my examination, were made the pretext for a commitment for high treason; and although I have repeatedly urged the proclamation and promise above mentioned, with a hope of being attended to, yet I am continued in prison,

and can obtain no other answer from government, either to myself or my friends, than a contemptuous silence.

The manner in which I have become a prisoner, and the treatment which I have received, appear to me equally singular and unworthy. Betrayed, (if I may be allowed the expression,) under the specious appearance of liberality and honor,—not taken in arms, I have experienced a degree of severity which has been shown to very few of my countrymen. Many of them, although taken in the actual commission of those crimes, from which, at worst, I have ceased these four years, are daily indulged with easy paroles, treated with all the respect due to their rank, and exchanged, while I am ignominiously imprisoned as a felon. I have sought for some reason to justify this severe distinction, but can find no one, while policy, generosity and honor, point out a thousand to condemn it. The indignity obliquely reflected on Parliament by the trifling respect paid to a proclamation published under their sanction, and the argument thereby furnished to my countrymen of the folly of reposing any confidence in promises even of the highest authority, thus easily forgotten, appear to me objects of some political moment, and it merits some consideration that my father, (who has been for many years governor of one of the now United States,) and family, have been distinguished hitherto for their humanity to British prisoners, and for making it their study to alleviate, as much as possible, the inevitable distresses of war. What change the treatment I receive may make in their sentiments, I am unwilling to think. I lament the idea of being the cause, however necessary and just, of another man suffering in return the same indignities and cruelties which I have so long suffered. It was natural, likewise, to suppose that I should have been considered as too insignificant an object for national vengeance, when a Lee, a Sullivan, a Sterling, and a Lincoln, with so many other respectable characters, have been passed by, and I did expect that some attention would have been paid to promises. But all this has hitherto availed me nothing; and even the law, to which I would gladly have committed my cause, being shut from me by the suspension of the habeas corpus act, I am left without a hope of recovering my

liberty earlier than at the far distant day of peace, except from the generous interest of yourself, and your noble and honorable friends of the opposition ; but from your friendship, should I be honored with it, I have every thing to hope.

I have enclosed copies of two letters, which I wrote some time ago to Lord George Germaine and the solicitor of the treasury, and likewise an extract of the proclamation on which I have relied.

Mr. Lee, who has done me the honor to visit me in prison, whose manly and liberal behavior I shall ever remember with gratitude, will be so kind as to put this into your hands, and to accompany it with such information as he may have collected in my case, from conversing with me.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, with profound respect, sir, &c. &c.

P. S. That I may not appear to speak of high characters with too much severity, it is proper that I should add, that I have strong reasons to believe that I owe my sufferings, not so much to the immediate act of the ministry, as to the vindictive and malignant arts of some of my own countrymen who are about them, and who have found means to prevent me and any of my friends from ever gaining their attention.

Mr. Burke called on me immediately after he had received this letter, and assured me of his hearty efforts in my favor ; that he had already seen Lord George Germaine, and, from what passed in their conversation, he had hopes of effecting my discharge. However, after having attempted all rational methods, if they should not succeed, he would then, if agreeable to me, and as a dernier resort, bring it before Parliament, as an act of injustice which their honor was interested to redress. Mr. Fox called on me the next day, and assured me of his entire concurrence with Mr. Burke ; and, after a few days' delay with forms of law and want of precedent, a discharge was sent me from the privy council, of which the following is a copy.

[L. s.] Whereas John Trumbull stands committed to your custody, charged with having been guilty of the crime of high trea-

son, committed in his majesty's colonies and plantations in America, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided ; and application having been made unto his majesty's most honorable privy council in his behalf, to be discharged from his confinement ; the said council have thought fit to order, and you are hereby authorized and required forthwith to cause the above said person to be discharged from his confinement, he first giving good and sufficient security to appear before the commissioners who shall be appointed by his majesty, by the first commission under his great seal to try treasons committed out of the realm, at the time and place which such commissioners shall appoint for the trial thereof. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

From the council chamber, Whitehall, this 12th day of June, 1781.

BATHURST, L.

SANDWICH.

STORMONT.

CLARENDON.

AMHERST.

LOUGHBOROUGH.

To the governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, or his deputy.

Upon the receipt of this order, I was called before a magistrate, and my bond in two hundred pounds, and two sureties, (Mr. West and Mr. Copley,) in one hundred each, was taken for my appearance accordingly ; and I was discharged with an injunction to quit the kingdom within thirty days.

My papers still remained in the secretary of state's office, and, to recover them, I wrote the following letter.

To Lord GEORGE GERMAINE, &c. &c.

MY LORD—I beg leave to make my acknowledgments to your lordship for your humanity in discharging me from my confinement, and to assure you, that I mean to comply with the wishes of government in the strictest manner, by departing the kingdom without delay. But as there are remaining among my papers some memorandums, without which it will be difficult for me to settle my private affairs, and which have not the least connec-

tion either with the public, or with any proofs against myself, I beg your lordship will be so kind as to direct them to be returned to me. I am, &c. &c.

In the evening I found all my papers, except the copies of two or three letters to you, returned; and immediately after set off for Amsterdam, through Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Bergen-op-Zoom, &c.

My letters from Amsterdam have been sufficiently explicit on public affairs. For myself, and my unaccountable tour from the Texel to this place, I shall reserve it for another letter, and conclude this in repeating with how much duty, affection, and gratitude, I remember that I am, honored sir, your son,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

P. S. I had omitted giving you in its place, a copy of what I wrote to be laid before Messrs. Dunning and Lee, because I thought I had one already written. I therefore add it here.

Case of Mr. Trumbull, confined in Tothill-fields Bridewell, upon a charge of treasons committed in America.

The prisoner was apprehended at his lodgings in York buildings, in the evening of the 19th of November last, by several officers from Bow street, as they said, on suspicion of treason; who, after securing his papers, carried him to the Brown Bear tavern in Bow street, where he remained in custody of an officer until eleven o'clock the next morning, when he was examined in an indefinite and general manner, and ordered to this place for re-examination. On the next day (the 21st) he was examined before Justice Wright, when the following questions, with his answers, were committed to writing by the clerk of the office.

The prisoner here speaks from memory, not being permitted to take a copy at that time, and not having demanded one since.

First question. Are you a son of Governor Trumbull of Connecticut?

Answer. Yes.

Second question. Do you acknowledge that this book and these papers were found in your bureau, at the time you was ap-

prehended? (Meaning a memorandum book hereafter mentioned, one letter from Mr. Franklin, Jr. to the prisoner, and one paper appearing to be copy of a letter from the prisoner to his father.)

Answer. Yes.

Third question. Do you acknowledge that this letter was found upon your person, at the time you was apprehended? (Meaning a letter from Wm. White to the prisoner.)

Answer. Yes.—After which followed, “When did you leave America? On board what ship? When did you land in Europe? Were you at Paris and Ostend? and where, and on what day did you land in England?”—The memorandum book and three papers were then marked by the clerk, and the prisoner remanded to prison, on first commitment, till the 4th of December, when a detainer was lodged against him, in which he is charged with having been guilty of the crime of high treason, committed in his majesty’s colonies and plantations in America.

This charge is founded on copies of letters found in the memorandum book before mentioned, appearing to be written by the prisoner to the American Congress, with the resignation of a commission which he had received from them; and these copies, authenticated by the prisoner’s acknowledgment of the property and possession of the book, may be admitted in court as sufficient evidence of the fact. In which case, the prisoner pleads the protection of a proclamation published by his majesty’s commissioners in New York, on the 2d of October, 1778, which grants a pardon of all treasons committed in America prior to that day, and necessarily includes his case; he having resigned his commission, as appears from the date of the letters, on the 22d of February, 1777, near twenty months before.

The crown, upon a trial, may attempt to deprive him of this protection, by urging suspicions of his having been guilty of after acts, contradictory to the spirit of the proclamation; but of this no proof can be adduced: while, on the contrary, the prisoner has in his power, happily, the most direct evidence of his having employed himself in the peaceable study of the liberal arts, particularly painting, from the 3d day of October, to the day on which he left America, as well as his having obtained no office

or employment, of a nature either civil or military, in America within that time.

In the beginning of May, 1780, the prisoner embarked for Europe, with the intention, (which he had long entertained,) of making his way to Mr. West, for the purpose of improving in his favorite study of painting, relying for his security against any prosecution for his past conduct on the proclamation above mentioned, which he had ever considered as a sacred and inviolable pledge of national faith. But, that not a doubt might remain of his most perfect security, he caused his wishes to be made known to Lord George Germaine, secretary of state for the American department, through Richard Jackson, Esq., begging his lordship's permission, and received for answer, before he came to England, that, "though no official leave could be given, yet, if he came to England, and demeaned himself as a quiet and peaceable subject, no notice would be taken of whatever had passed in America." With the fullest confidence in this proclamation and this promise, the prisoner came to London in July last, took lodgings publicly, and resided without an attempt at concealment, studying under the instruction of Mr. West, and behaving in all things as a quiet and peaceable subject of the laws of the kingdom, until the day on which he was apprehended.

These facts, having been urged by the prisoner on his examination, and by his friend to the minister in person, he flattered himself with the hope of being soon discharged; but finding the time growing to a tedious length, he wrote the letter, of which No. 1, of the papers inclosed, is a copy, to Lord George Germaine, on the 20th of January, but received no answer; and on the 20th of February, finding himself in danger of being removed to Clerkenwell prison, he wrote the letter, of which No. 2 is a copy, to the solicitor of the treasury, to which likewise no answer was returned, though the kindness of another gentleman procured him the favor which Mr. Chamberlayne's politeness refused.

This mysterious and mortifying silence left the prisoner very little room to hope for any indulgence from the part of government; yet, willing to try every method of obtaining justice in a

quiet and silent manner, he took no other step than attempting to discover and counteract those misrepresentations to which he conceived he owed his misfortunes ;—and in this attempt has succeeded to discover, that neither his own nor his friend's letters to Lord George Germaine were ever seen by him, being opened and withheld by his clerk, Mr. Thompson ; and that no order has been given in his case, either by the king or privy council ; and likewise has been told through Mr. Thompson, that no application whatever from himself or any of his friends, would avail any thing towards procuring his enlargement.

These circumstances, with one of Mr. Thompson's principal arguments, which was, that "government could not with any consistency suffer this person to walk the streets of London in security, while so many of his majesty's loyal subjects were driven from their estates in America, by those people whose party his friends publicly aided, and perhaps he himself favored in his heart," give the prisoner reason to believe, that the misrepresentations and resentment of certain people from America, have been the original, and are the continuing cause of his confinement. He is confirmed in this belief, by the certainty that he can be no political or national object, since gentlemen of much higher rank and abilities, taken in actual commission service, are daily exchanged as prisoners of war. And when it is considered, that had he himself been taken in action against his majesty's troops, far from being ignominiously confined in prison as a felon, he would have been indulged with a parole and exchanged in his turn, the absurdity appears too glaring to be accounted for, except from the influence of private malignity, unless, indeed any one will say, that, in ceasing to be an enemy, he added to his guilt.

The prisoner is thus deprived of every hope, except from the equity of the law, where he conceives his whole defense must rest upon the validity of the proclamation before mentioned ; and, therefore, wishes particular attention may be paid to its nature. Published, as it was, under the sanction of a parliamentary commission, he ever considered it as sacred, and does conceive that to trifle with it in his case, will tend to eradicate from the minds of his countrymen all remaining confidence in the national faith

of Great Britain, whether plighted in proclamations of pardon, or in proposals of accommodation or treaties: for, after such a striking example of Carthaginian faith, few individuals will care to trust their lives in the same hands, and public transactions will have still less credit, as the motive to disavow them may be stronger. Thus the sufferings of the prisoner will become a seal of eternal enmity between two countries, whose mutual interest is union and peace.

[Vol. XV, p. 213.]

[Page 80.]

To His Excellency, Governor TRUMBULL.

Boston, January 15, 1781.

SIR—I have received a letter from your son, Col. Trumbull, in London, covering the enclosed letter open, which he gave me leave to communicate as I thought proper. In consequence of this permission, it has been communicated to the governor and to the general court, and to other gentlemen; which, I presume, your excellency will not disapprove. Col. Trumbull does justice to the injured character of Mr. Temple, who, if I was in no way connected with him, I should be obliged to say had merited highly of America, whose directors, notwithstanding, have shown no disposition hitherto to be grateful. As the letter has been applied here to set his character right, if your excellency's good opinion of him still continues, it may induce you to apply it in the same way; and I would beg leave to suggest whether your communicating it to Congress would not answer a good purpose.

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed pamphlet, and am, very respectfully, sir, your excellency's most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOWDOIN.

Will your excellency be so good as to cause the enclosed, for the Rev. Dr. Stiles, to be forwarded?

[Vol. XIV, p. 35.]

To the same.

Amsterdam, July 13th, 1781.

HONORED SIR—Though at the same time you receive this, you will likewise receive letters from the Baron V. D. Capellan,

and from Mr. De Neufville, who are much better informed in politics than I am, I trust it will not be superfluous if I give you some idea of what I learn since my arrival here, as well as of the state of affairs in general.

The English declaration of war against these states found them in a most unprepared situation. Their trade at sea unprotected; their ships of war rotten; their docks very empty of stores, and, what was worse than all, divided amongst themselves.

The prince is devoted to the English interest, from motives of old attachment, because he expects to marry his daughter to the prince of Wales, and, perhaps, because he wishes to follow the steps of his friend in England towards absolute power.

The duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, who is field marshal of the troops, a man of deep art and abilities, is of the same party, and directs the operations of the prince stadtholder. They have many officers in their interest, and are followed by all the weak and timid, or wicked and designing men in this country, and have influence sufficient to delay all preparation for war, all deliberations which tend to counteract their measures, and, in effect, are the governing party.

The city of Amsterdam, on the other hand, is head of the republican party—warm in favor of war and America—but hitherto overpowered by the Prince's interest. Hence arises that slowness of preparation, that stupor, which at present runs through all the movements of this country. Six months have passed since the declaration of war, and nothing has yet been attempted on the offensive, though the whole eastern coast and convoys of Great Britain are at their mercy. A fleet of twelve or fifteen sail are now ready for sea at the Texel, and will sail in a few days. I hope they will give us reason to remember the bravery of their ancestors.

The armed neutrality, from which so much has been expected, proves at last a ridiculous thing. The Dutch, though evidently within the treaty, receive and will receive none of the stipulated support. The English fleets go on in their depredations, as uncontrolled as ever; and the court of France, who

really appear to be the only active and determined power in Europe, have presented a memorial to the court of Russia, stating that having found the treaty of armed neutrality ineffectual to all the purposes declared to have been its object, finding the sea as much as ever insulted by the British vessels, and no power benefitted by it, unless it be the English, he, the king of France, had thought proper to declare that he should immediately give orders to his fleets and ships to change their line of conduct towards ships and vessels of the neutral powers, and to govern themselves by the same rules as he should find the English court to follow. We wait for an answer to this.

Much has been said of a mediation for peace ; but I have no idea from what I can gather here or in England, that there is the least prospect of it. For, although it has become a prevailing opinion in Great Britain, that the conquest of America is a chimera, yet there is very little inclination; even in those who call themselves the friends of America, to accede to the acknowledgment of our independence ; there are few who think liberally ; and by far the majority will rather push forward, though to ruin, than give up their insolent ideas of superiority.

The emperor and empress of Russia are much talked of as mediators, but I consider them all as watching for a favorable opportunity of serving themselves ; and it is very questionable whether in place of peace we shall not have a great war in Europe. The emperor, who is a prince of more abilities than most others, of great activity, and an inquisitive spirit, has been lately travelling through his new dominions of the Netherlands, where he has made Ostend a free port, and introduced several regulations in favor of commerce. He has been at the Hague and the Texel, and is now in this town. He views every thing ; examines every thing ; studies every thing ; and promises fair to make a great figure on the political stage.

The Spaniards are amusing themselves still before Gibraltar. The French, very much to their honor, have seventy-six sail of the line fit for service, of which every one is at present at sea ; an uncommon exertion. The Brest fleet consists of eighteen sail, and have been out some days. We are wishing they may

meet Admiral Darby, who is out with twelve or fifteen sail. We hear from the West Indies, that De Grasse has routed the English fleet under Sir S. Hood, and taken the island of St. Lucia, with all the garrison and several ships. We wait anxiously for a confirmation of it ; as, if true, it will divert Mr. Digby from his destination with six sail of the line to America, and distract the whole plan of Great Britain. Hyder Ali is going on victoriously in the East Indies, where he is besieging Madras ; or, as other accounts say, has taken it. The company's servants, as plunderers commonly do, quarrel with each other, to the ruin of the public affairs. They have offered peace on very humiliating terms to the Mahrattas, their other enemies, who have spurned the proposal, and push on their side with new vigor. At the same time the French fleet is superior in those seas, and the distance so great that all may be ruined before any succors can arrive from Great Britain.

In the midst of all this confusion, where fear influences some, views of interest others, and British gold many, it is impossible to foretell the events of a month or week. In general we may conclude, that the affairs of our country were never in a more prosperous state ; for the quarrels of Europe will doubtless divert the attention of our enemies from us, and, perhaps, the theatre of blood may be shifted long before the tragedy shall be ended.

Mr. Adams is not here at present. I shall see him when he returns. Mr. Temple came over from England some weeks before me, and is now here ; and it is my duty to say, that the paragraph in the London papers, advertising me as an incendiary, and signed with the initials of his name, was a villainous trick of some American refugees to ruin him and me at once. I fear you never received a letter which I wrote at that time, inclosing the paragraph, and explaining it. This, however, will remove all idea of his being such a wretch ; for, on the contrary, I have every reason to believe that he is an honest friend to his country.

Dr. Price, and Mr. D. Hartley, whom I saw when I left London, desired me to present their compliments to you. They,

and some few others, sincerely wish us well ; but the number is small. I am, honored sir, your dutiful JOHN TRUMBULL.

15th. The province of Friesland have just resolved that a strict alliance with France is necessary ; and that they consent to acknowledge the independence of America, and to receive Mr. Adams as the ambassador of the United States of America.

[Vol. XV, p. 6.]

To the same.

Amsterdam, July 13th, 1781.

HONORED SIR—I have written you three other letters, which will go by this conveyance ; one of which regards entirely the business of the public ; one, in a few words, informs you of my health and liberty ; and the third is upon the affair of Mr. Lane. I did intend to have sent you likewise a narrative of my adventure in England, with copies of several letters which I wrote at that time, and from which you might be assured that my conduct, while in the power of my enemies, was not degrading. But, when I left London, I chose to send letters of every kind separate from myself, and the box containing them and my books, coming by way of Ostend, has not arrived yet. In a few words, therefore, finding myself apprehended on the suspicion of treason, which, by the suspension of the habeas corpus act, renders all proof unnecessary, and all justification useless, I determined at once upon the manly and open line of conduct ; attempted to disguise nothing ; told the magistrate I was your son, and had been an officer in the service of my country ; but that I had come to England, relying on the promise of Lord George Germaine, who had said that I might rely on being perfectly safe so long as I obeyed the laws of the realm ; and upon the faith of a proclamation, which had promised pardon and oblivion to all offenses of an earlier date than the third of October, 1778, which was the case of my military services. But if it was determined to dispense with both public and private faith, I felt myself perfectly in their power, and had nothing left but to request the usage due to my rank and education, and then endeavor to bear my misfortune with manliness. I was sent to prison, where I had a tolerable apartment, lived with decency, and was treated

respectfully by the prison keeper, and my friends were permitted to visit me. I read the newspapers, and in short, except the narrow walls of the prison; I had not much to complain of. Mr. West, who has been very much my friend, spoke immediately both to the king and the American secretary, and was encouraged by both to expect that, as soon as the noise should have subsided a little, I should be discharged. However, after waiting two months, I wrote to Lord George Germaine, but received no answer. Mr. West, at the same time, could not obtain a second interview with him. In February, a Mr. Hunt, a refugee from Philadelphia, formerly an assistant of Mr. West, conversing with Mr. West on the subject, was so far convinced of the absurdity and injustice of the treatment I had received, that he entered warmly into my interest, and with great perseverance urged the other refugees to assist him in undeceiving the ministry, and gaining my discharge. Not one, however, joined him; and, after a fortnight's solicitation, he was told by Mr. Thompson, Lord George Germaine's secretary, a Woburn lad, that he made himself very busy in this affair, and very little to his own reputation; that he had best stop, for all his applications in my behalf were useless. I was at this time informed that it was possible for me to bring on my trial if I was willing to hazard it. I therefore drew out a state of my case, and requested a friend to lay it before Mr. Dunning and other council for their advice; at the same time my intentions were made known to Mr. John Lee, a counsellor of eminence, member of parliament, and a friend to our country, who immediately honored me with a visit in prison. He told me that I had been misinformed; that the suspension of habeas corpus was an absolute bar to my trial, which he should otherwise have thought it proper to push. However, though there was no hope from that quarter, he thought it might be stated as a matter of humanity and justice; and I might be assured of his and his friends' influence in my favor. He accordingly soon spoke to Lord Rockingham, Mr. Burke, and others; and I then wrote to Mr. Burke, begging his influence, which produced me a line from him. He assured me of his warmest endeavors in my favor. Mr. C. J. Fox likewise saw me, and

assured me the same. Their united efforts soon produced the desired determination for my discharge; but the form occasioned some delay, as being an act for which there was no precedent. It was at length determined that an order from the privy council was necessary to admit me to bail. In this mode, therefore, it was done with a stipulation that I should quit the kingdom within thirty days, and remain very quiet during that time. Mr. West and Mr. Copley are my bail in £100 each, and myself in £200. The copy of the order of council I inclose you as a curiosity. I remained only ten days to settle my affairs, in which time I saw Mr. Thompson, who treated me now with as much politeness as he had insolence before, and returned me most of my papers.

I am under great obligations to the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, for their very great humanity and friendship; and I must not forget to say how generously the younger Mr. De Neufville has behaved to me. I was well acquainted with him in London, and on his arrival in Holland, and finding how long I was confined, he wrote to his correspondent there, desiring him to call upon me and say, that if I had occasion for any sum of money, or other assistance, I might command him. I have received from him £100, which has brought me off without the necessity of being under obligations to any persons in England. The expense has been the most disagreeable article of the adventure, as it cost me about twice as much as it did abroad. However, all is well that ends well; and I have occasion to thank the Father of all mercies that I have constantly enjoyed my health, and have now my liberty.

Mr. De Neufville has, immediately on my arrival here, invited me to his house, where I am at present very hospitably and elegantly entertained.

[Vol. XV, p. 7.]

To the same.

Amsterdam, July 20th, 1781.

HONORED SIR—Immediately on my arrival here I had the pleasure to receive your two letters, of the 30th of December and 2d of January last, with those of Mr. Erkelens of the same date,

from Mr. De Neuville, with whom I have conversed particularly on the subject, and am sorry to say that for any thing immediate, I find the prospect by no means flattering.

The public credit of the United States has been injured in every part of Europe by the mismanagement of her affairs in that department; insomuch that it is at this day very low even in France; and consequently the people of this country, judging from what they see there, are slow and fearful of advancing to our aid. The loan on account of the United States, opened by Mr. Adams, at first promised great success, and nearly the whole sum was subscribed for, when the news of the capture of St. Eustatia, partly by the alarm which it occasioned here, partly by the prevailing idea that the loss to America was very great, but more by the increased demand for money to repair the losses sustained there, produced quite a stagnation, and put an entire stop to its success. It still rests in that state, and until some change in the political system of this country, or the arrival of news of great success on the part of America, it will remain impossible to succeed. So long as the United States find so great difficulty in procuring credit, there is no probability that any individual state can have better success. To make the attempt might prove injurious to the general interest, and by its failure, for it would almost inevitably fail, would add to the difficulties in future.

The terms on which a loan may eventually be procured, are as uncertain as the political events which may influence them; but it is probable that they may fall within the act. This, however, is not so certain but that it may be justly asked, "How far the necessities of the state may justify exceeding those limits in case of an impossibility of success on better terms." The great difficulty consists in commencing. When once the example is successfully set, the business will be perfectly easy for any sum. Another proposal is likewise to be made as a preliminary step to our success, that is, the sending one or two ships with cargoes on account of the state, which, on their arrival here, should be advertised for public sale, to draw the attention of the people at the same time that the loans are published, holding out the idea that the produce of the sale was intended as a deposit

for the first or two first years' interest. This would convey a most favorable impression of the credit of the state, and at the same time, if it were desired, a part might be shipped immediately in clothing and stores for the army. One method of doing this, and which appears to me the best, is of loading with beef and pork to the West Indies, where it is much wanted, and the price high, vesting the sale in sugars, indigo, &c., which are proportionably low, and then proceed hither, where the prices of these articles will probably be very high. Should this idea meet your approbation, it will be necessary to enter upon it immediately, as the ships ought to sail from the West Indies early in February, or the first of March at latest, which may bring them here the last of April, before the enemy's cruisers are abroad; and, as they must come north about, there must be some on board who have made the voyage. Whether this mode be the most eligible or not, the state must determine, but something of the kind appears to me indispensably necessary; and that it will be really impossible to effect any thing but through the impression which a deposit of this kind will have upon the minds of people here.

Mr. De Neufville writes you at this time. The business here is of such a nature as can only be transacted by a mercantile house acquainted with finance and the country; and Mr. De Neufville & Son are unquestionably the most worthy the confidence of the state, from their knowledge, connections, and real attachment to America.

As I see no service I can render the state at present, by staying in the country, and can receive no instructions but in consequence of this, I have engaged my passage home on board the South Carolina frigate, and may probably see you before this arrives, when I can converse with more freedom than it is proper to write. Lest, however, I should be so unfortunate as to become a prisoner a second time, I have written thus largely, and have inclosed a copy of Mr. Adams's obligations, which will be sufficient as to forms. I am, honored sir, your very dutiful son,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

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Sir J. TEMPLE to Gov. TRUMBULL.

Boston, Nov. 20th, 1781.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your very obliging letter of the 10th. It was intentional, my omitting in my last to inform you of the violent gale of wind that happened at the Texel, the day after the Charlestown sailed from thence, and of some other circumstances which were weighty upon my mind, concerning the mishap of that frigate. For why should I have alarmed your tenderest feelings before there was an absolute necessity for it? I thank God, that it is now in my power to tell you that there is no doubt but that your son is very well, at Corunna in Spain. A vessel from Bilboa yesterday, brings certain intelligence of her having put into that port, perhaps in distress, but that the passengers were very well. They had left the frigate in disgust with the captain or commodore, and were seeking passages by various ways to this country. Give me leave to congratulate you with a sincere heart upon this occasion; and to hope that you will see my friend and acquaintance in a short time, in a vessel expected from Bilboa to Cape Ann. I can only say, that had he followed our wishes, he never would have embarked on board that vessel. For many sufficient reasons to my own mind, I would not have embarked in her even to have had the gift of her on my arrival here. However, it is with real pleasure that I know he is safe, although I lament his being at so great a distance from us. Some of the passengers, I understood, went back to Amsterdam to seek a passage home; if he should have taken that line, I hope and trust that he will come out in the spring with intelligence of a general peace, founded upon what principally concerns us, *independence of the United States, and perfect freedom of the ocean*. Matters which more immediately concern European powers, I hope will easily be settled to the satisfaction of all parties friendly to us, however disagreeable the pill may be to that insane kingdom, now fallen, never more to appear in the first rank of nations. May such, the consequence of their perfidy and wickedness, be a warning to rising states and kingdoms,

never to persevere in wrong as a path that can possibly bring them into the right road. I hope that you are very well, and am, with great truth and respect, dear sir, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

J. TEMPLE.

[Vol. XV, p. 256.]

[No. 6, Chap. XI, p. 164.]

New York, April 2d, 1790.

Proposals by JOHN TRUMBULL, for publishing by subscription, two prints from original pictures, painted by himself, representing the death of Gen. Warren, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the death of Gen. Montgomery, in the attack of Quebec.

In the battle of Bunker's Hill, the following portraits are introduced.

American.—Maj. Gen. Warren, and Maj. Gen. Putnam.

British.—Gen. Sir William Howe, Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, Lieut. Col. John Small, Major Pitcairn and Lieut. Pitcairn.

In the attack of Quebec, are seen Gen. Montgomery, Col. Thompson, Major McPherson, Capt. Cheesman.

Conditions of subscription.—The prints will be engraved by two of the most eminent artists in Europe. The size will be twenty inches by thirty inches. The price to subscribers, three guineas for each print—one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on the delivery of the prints, which will be as soon as the work (which is already considerably advanced) can possibly be completed.

Subscriptions are received in America only by Mr. Trumbull. All subscription receipts will be signed by him, as well as by M. Poggi of London, under whose direction the plates are engraving and will be published.

These prints are the first of a series, in which it is proposed to represent the most important events of the American revolution.

No period of the history of man, is more interesting than that in which we have lived. The memory of scenes in which were

laid the foundations of that free government, which secures our national and individual happiness, must remain ever dear to us and to our posterity ; and if national pride be in any case justifiable, Americans have a right to glory in having given to the world an example, whose influence is rapidly spreading the love of freedom through other nations, and every where ameliorating the condition of man.

To assist in preserving the memory of the illustrious events which have marked this period of our country's glory, as well as of the men who have been the most important actors in them, is the object of this undertaking. Historians will do justice to an era so important, but to be read, the language in which they write must be understood. The language of painting is universal and intelligible in all nations, and in every age.

As several years of his time, and a very considerable expense, are necessary to accomplish this undertaking, it would be an imprudent sacrifice to the mere hope of reputation to go more deeply into it, without a probability of ultimate success. That he may judge of the degree of this probability, Mr. Trumbull, by the advice of his friends, proposes this subscription, and flatters himself with a hope of meeting that patronage from his countrymen, which will justify his pursuing the object with ardor, and without which, it is impossible that so expensive a work should be continued.

The subjects proposed to be represented, in addition to the two foregoing, of Bunker's Hill and Quebec, are, The Declaration of Independence.* Battle at Trenton.* Battle of Princeton.* Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne. Treaty with France. Battle of Eutaw Springs. Surrender of Yorktown.* Treaty of Peace. Evacuation of New York. Resignation of Gen. Washington. The Arch at Trenton. Inauguration of the President of the United States.

Each picture will contain portraits of the principal characters who were present in the scene represented. Those marked with stars are considerably advanced ; the prints from the whole will be executed of the same size, and by the most eminent engravers.

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The following letter was written by Gen. Washington to the Marquis de La Fayette, in 1791, at the request of Col. Trumbull, recommending to the protection of the Marquis in France, the subscription for Mr. T.'s series of engravings, intended to commemorate the great events of the American revolution. It was sent by Mr. T. to his correspondent in London, (M. A. C. de Poggi,) for the purpose of being used in France. But, unhappily, before the letter could be so used by M. Poggi, the French revolution had begun to assume that character of bloody and inhuman ferocity, which rendered it a curse and not a blessing to the human race, and utterly destructive of all the arts of peace. And when Mr. Trumbull accompanied Mr. Jay to London in the character of his secretary, in 1794, it was returned to his hands; from that time to 1815, Europe was a field of blood, and America a scene of discord, fatal to the enterprise of Mr. Trumbull.

Letter from Gen. WASHINGTON, to the Marquis de LA FAYETTE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 21st, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR—Mr. John Trumbull, with whom you are acquainted, is engaged in painting a series of pictures of the most important events of the Revolution in this country, from which he proposes to have plates engraved.

I have taken peculiar satisfaction in giving every proper aid in my power, to a subscription here supporting this work, which likewise has been patronized by the principal people in this country.

In the hope of meeting the patronage of the French nation, to whose honor as well as that of America, this plan is directed, Mr.

Trumbull informs me that he has ordered a subscription to be opened in Paris ; and the object of this letter is, to engage you to support the subscription in that city, and in other parts of the nation, where it may be offered.

I should not, however, do justice to Mr. Trumbull's talents and merits, were I not to mention his views and wishes on this occasion. His pieces, so far as they are executed, meet the applause of all who have seen them ; the greatness of the design, and the masterly execution of the work, equally interest the man of capacious mind, as the approving eye of the connoisseur. He has spared no pains in obtaining from the life, the likenesses of those characters, French as well as American, who bore a conspicuous part in our Revolution ; and the success with which his efforts have been crowned, will form no small part of the value of his pieces.

To you, my dear sir, who know Mr. Trumbull as a man and as an artist, it would perhaps have been hardly necessary to say so much as I have done on this occasion ; but I could not in justice say less of him, when I believe that in his profession he will do much honor to the liberal art of painting, as well as to this his native country.

I cannot conclude this letter without congratulating you most sincerely, on the king's acceptance of the constitution presented to him by the National Assembly, and upon the happy consequences which promise to flow to your country, as well as to mankind in general from that event. The prayers and the wishes of the friends of the human race, have attended the exertions of your nation ; and when your affairs shall be completely settled under an energetic and equal government, the hearts of good men will be gratified ; and no one will rejoice in your felicity, and for the noble and disinterested part you have acted, more than your sincere friend and truly affectionate servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

[Page 169.]

Extract from the History of the French Revolution, by M. A. Thiers ; translated by Frederick Shoberl ; published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1840 ; vol. ii, p. 148, &c.

“Thus the sections, taking the initiative, abjured the Catholic faith as the established religion, and seized its edifices and its treasures, as pertaining to the communal domains. The deputies on mission in the departments had already incited a great number of communes to seize the movable property of the churches, which, they said, was not necessary for religion, and which moreover, like all public property, belonged to the state, and might therefore be applied to its wants. Fouché had sent several chests of plate from the department of the Allier;—a great quantity had arrived from other departments. This example, followed in Paris and the environs, soon brought piles of wealth to the bar of the Convention; all the churches were stripped, and the communes sent deputations with the gold and silver accumulated in the shrines of saints, or in places consecrated by ancient devotion. They went in procession to the Convention, and the rabble, indulging their fondness for the burlesque, caricatured in the most ludicrous manner, the ceremonies of religion, and took as much delight in profaning, as they had formerly done in celebrating them. Men, wearing surplices and copes, came singing hallelujahs and dancing the Carmagnole to the bar of the Convention; there they deposited the host, the boxes in which it was kept, and the statues of gold and silver: they made burlesque speeches, and sometimes addressed the most singular apostrophes to the saints themselves. “Oh you,” exclaimed a deputation from St. Dennis, “Oh you “instruments of fanaticism, blessed saints of all kinds, be at length “patriots, rise *en masse*, serve the country, by going to the mint “to be melted, and give us in this world that felicity which you “wanted to obtain for us in another.” These scenes of merriment were followed all at once by scenes of reverence and devotion. The same persons who trampled under foot the saints of Christianity bore an awning—the curtains were thrown back, and

pointing to the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, "These," said they, "are not gods made by men, but the images of worthy citizens assassinated by the slaves of kings." They then filed off before the Convention, again singing hallelujahs, and dancing the Carmagnole; carried the rich spoils of the altars to the mint, and placed the revered busts of Marat and Lepelletier in the churches, which thenceforth became the temples of a new worship.

"At the requisition of Chaumette, it was resolved that the metropolitan church of Notre-Dame should be converted into a republican edifice, called the Temple of Reason. A festival was instituted for all the decades, to supersede the Catholic ceremonies of Sunday. The mayor, the municipal officers, the public functionaries, repaired to the Temple of Reason, where they read the declaration of the rights of man and the constitutional act, analyzed the news from the armies, and related the brilliant actions which had been performed during the decade. A *mouth of Truth*, resembling the mouths of denunciation which formerly existed at Venice, was placed in the Temple of Reason, to receive *opinions, censures, advice*, that might be useful to the public. These letters were examined and read every decade; a moral discourse was delivered, after which pieces of music were performed, and the ceremonies concluded with the singing of republican hymns. There were in the temple two tribunes, one for aged men, the other for pregnant women, with these inscriptions: *Respect for old age—Respect and attention for pregnant women.*

"The first festival of Reason was held with pomp on the 20th Brumaire, (the 10th of November.) It was attended by all the sections, together with the constituted authorities. A young woman represented the *goddess of Reason*. She was the wife of Momoro the printer, one of the friends of Vincent, Ronsin, Chaumette, Hebert and the like. She was dressed in a white drapery; a mantle of azure blue hung from her shoulders; her flowing hair was covered with the cap of liberty. She sat upon an antique seat, intertwined with ivy, and borne by four citizens. Young girls dressed in white, and crowned with roses, preceded and followed the goddess. Then came the busts of Lepelletier and Marat, musicians, troops, and all the armed sections. Speeches were

delivered, and hymns sung in the Temple of Reason, [and beauty without modesty was seen usurping the place of the holy of holies.]* They then proceeded to the Convention, and Chaumette spoke in these terms :

“Legislators ! fanaticism has given way to reason ;—its bleared eyes could not endure the brilliancy of the light. This day an immense concourse has assembled beneath those Gothic vaults, which, for the first time, re-echoed the truth. There the French have celebrated the only true worship, that of liberty, that of reason. There we have formed wishes for the prosperity of the arms of the republic. There we have abandoned inanimate idols for reason, for that animated image, the masterpiece of nature.’ As he uttered these words, Chaumette pointed to the living goddess of Reason. The young and beautiful woman descended from her seat, and went up to the President, who gave her the fraternal kiss, amidst universal bravos and shouts of *The Republic forever !—Reason forever !—Down with Fanaticism !*—The Convention, which had not yet taken any part in these representations, was hurried away, and obliged to follow the procession, which returned to the Temple of Reason, and there sung a patriotic hymn. An important piece of intelligence, that of the recapture of Noirmoutier from Charette,† increased the general joy, and furnished a more real motive for it than the abolition of fanaticism.

* Note by Beauregard.

† When the republicans retook Noirmoutier, they found M. D’Elbée at death’s door from his wounds. His wife might have got away, but she would not leave him. When the republicans entered his chamber, they said, “So, this is D’Elbée !” “Yes,” replied he, “you see your greatest enemy, and had I strength to fight you should not have taken Noirmoutier ; or at least you should have pursued it dearly.” They kept him five days, and loaded him with insults ;—at length, exhausted by sufferings, he said, “Gentlemen, it is time to conclude your examination—let me die.” As he was unable to stand, they placed him in an arm chair, where he was shot. His wife, on seeing him carried to execution, fainted away ;—a republican officer, showing some pity, supported her,—but he also was threatened to be shot if he did not leave her. She was put to death the next day. The republicans then filled a street with fugitives and suspected inhabitants, and massacred the whole.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de la Rochejacquin.*

“ It is impossible to view with any other feeling than disgust, these scenes without devotion, without sincerity, exhibited by a nation which changed its worship, without comprehending the old system, or that which they substituted for it. When is the populace sincere? When is it capable of comprehending the dogmas which are given to it to believe? What does it in general want?—Large assemblages, which gratify its fondness for public meetings; symbolic spectacles, which incessantly remind it of a power superior to its own; lastly, festivals, in which homage is paid to those who have made the nearest approach to the good, the fair, the great,—in short, temples, ceremonies and saints. Here were temples, Reason, Marat and Lepelletier! It was assembled, it adored a mysterious power, it celebrated those two men. All its wants were satisfied, and it gave way to them on this occasion no otherwise than it always gives way.

“ If then we survey the state of France at this period, we shall see that never were more restraints imposed at once, on that inert and patient part of the population on which political experiments are made. People dared no longer express any opinion; they were afraid to visit their friends, lest they might be compromised with them, and lose liberty and even life. One hundred thousand arrests, and some hundreds of condemnations, rendered imprisonment and the scaffold ever present to the minds of twenty five millions of French. They had to bear heavy taxes—if by a perfectly arbitrary classification, they were placed on the list of the rich, they lost for that year a portion of their income. Sometimes, at the requisition of a representative, or of some agent or other, they were obliged to give up their crops, or their most valuable effects in gold and silver. They durst no longer display any luxury, or indulge in any noisy pleasures. They were no longer permitted to use metallic money, but obliged to give and take a depreciated paper, with which it was difficult to procure such things as they needed. They were forced (if shopkeepers) to sell at a fictitious price; if buyers, to put up with the worst commodities, because the best shunned the *maximum* and the assignats; sometimes indeed they had to do without either, because bad and good were alike concealed. They had but one

sort of black bread, common to the rich as to the poor, for which they were obliged to contend at the doors of the bakers, after waiting several hours. Lastly, the names of weights and measures, the names of the months and days were changed; there were but three Sundays instead of four, and the women and the aged men were deprived of those religious ceremonies which they had been accustomed to attend all their lives. [The services of religion were now universally abandoned, the pulpits were deserted throughout the revolutionary districts; baptisms ceased; the burial service was no longer heard; the sick received no communion; the dying no consolation; the village bells were silent; Sunday was obliterated; infancy entered the world without a blessing; age quitted it without a hope.]*

"Never had power overthrown with greater violence the habits of a people. To threaten all lives, to decimate all fortunes, to fix compulsorily, the standard of the exchanges, to give new names to all things, to abolish the ceremonies of religion, is indisputably the most atrocious of tyrannies, if we do not take into the account the danger of the state, the inevitable crisis of commerce, and the spirit of system inseparable from the spirit of innovation.

["Every tenth day a revolutionary leader ascended the pulpit, and preached atheism to the bewildered audience. Marat was universally deified, and even the instrument of death was sanctified by the name of *the holy guillotine*. On all public cemeteries this inscription was placed, "Death is an eternal sleep," (the French words were "*La mort n'est q'un sommeil éternel*," literally, Death is only an eternal sleep.) The comedian Monert, in the church of St. Roche, carried impiety to its height. "God, "if you exist," said he, "avenge your sacred name; I bid you defiance. You remain silent. You dare not launch your thunders. Who, after this, will believe in your existence?"]*

Such is the picture of revolutionary France, drawn by the hand of M. Thiers, a patriotic Frenchman, and the great minister of a great king. Can we suppose that such a man has distorted the features, or deepened the colors of the hideous portrait?

* Notes from Alison.

I can testify, from personal observation, to the accuracy of many points, *quos vidi, ac quorum pars parvula fui*.

[Page 170.]

Among many elegant families which at that time graced the society of Philadelphia, was one particularly distinguished by the intellectual eminence and personal charms of several lovely daughters; to one of these, Mr. Giles was disposed to recommend himself. At the same time I was free of the tea table, and calling one afternoon to beg a cup of tea, I found Mr. Giles in earnest conversation with his favorite, and ridiculing the elder Mr. Adams, and his work, called the Defense of the American Constitutions. A moment's attention convinced me that he was talking at random, of a subject which he did not understand. I therefore watched an opportunity to interrupt the conversation, by asking, "Mr. Giles, is it possible that you can have taken the trouble to read the long work of which are speaking?" "Certainly." "The first volume perhaps?" "To be sure." "And the second?" "Yes." "You must have observed then, that these two volumes are little else than a concise epitome of the constitutions of preceding republics. He reserves his own opinions in a great measure for the third volume; I presume you have read that also?" Here Mr. Giles lost his patience, and exclaimed, "Who could wade through such a mass of stuff?" I said no more; but the lady, with one of her sweetest smiles, said, "I have observed, Mr. Giles, that you have a habit of giving your opinions of men and things, in pretty strong terms; I hope you are careful always to be as accurately informed upon other subjects, as you appear to be upon this of Mr. Adams's book."

[No. 7, Chap. XVI, p. 234.]

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq., President of the United States, &c.

Hammersmith, near London.

SIR—Communications are preparing by the board of commissioners acting under the 7th article of the treaty between the

United States of America and his Britannic majesty, to Mr. King, the American minister here, and by the American commissioners to Mr. Madison, secretary of state, explaining the doings of the board in respect to the appointment of Mr. G. W. Erving to the double office of agent for American claims, and assessor to the board.

Since I have had the honor to hold the office of fifth commissioner, I have cautiously abstained from holding any correspondence with the government of either nation on subjects relating to the business of the commission, lest in so doing I should seem to depart from that strict impartiality which the nature of my situation renders my first duty. The present occasion, however, seems to justify a departure from that rule, and you will permit me to offer some explanations which appear to be proper for me to give, and which could not possibly have been known to, or probably contemplated by the secretary of state at the time when the appointment in question took place.

When the board of commissioners entered upon its duties, it soon became conscious of a material want of commercial knowledge; the members named by both nations were all educated to the law, and of course did not possess that mercantile information, a necessity for which became more evident at every step of its progress; and my former habits of life as little qualified me for investigations which required not merely a general knowledge of mercantile transactions, but an accurate and practical acquaintance with the particular customs and detail of the trade of the United States, and of that carried on to the West India islands, in an especial manner.

The board therefore determined, after mature deliberation, to adopt the practice of the Admiralty courts, and to name two merchants (one from each nation) as assessors, whose duty it should be, when the board had determined that compensation was due in any case, to examine the accounts referred to them in such case by the board, and to make up what should appear to be a just account, and to report the same to the board. Claimants and their agents were directed to attend the merchants with their accounts and vouchers, and to give such explanations as might be by them

required ; and in order to gain all possible certainty of equity and correctness, it was further determined, that every report of the merchants, before it was acted upon by the board, should be referred to the agent of the opposite party, in order that he might examine and state in writing his objections, if any, to the same.

When Mr. Erving's credentials were presented to the board, one of the British members observed the incompatibility of the two offices of agent and assessor, and the impossibility of uniting them in one person without not only departing from the orders of the board, but also violating the rules of just and equitable proceeding, inasmuch as its effect would be to render the claimant or his agent judge of his own cause ; and he added, that should the board conceive it proper to receive Mr. Erving in both characters, (which, however he did not expect,) it certainly would become the indispensable duty of the agent for the British government to object in the strongest manner to the first report which should be referred to him, and in which it should appear that Mr. Erving had assisted. This argument, I believe, had its just weight with every member of the commission. To me, I confess, it did appear to be unanswerable. I felt that should the occasion arise, it would be my duty to acknowledge its force in its full extent, and to act accordingly. I therefore cordially and pointedly joined in recommending to Mr. Erving the step which he has taken, and which I think does equal honor to his judgment and his moderation.

Permit me, sir, personally to repeat the assurance which, as a member of the board, I have already officially given, (and in which I am sure that every member, as well British as American, cordially joined,) that on this occasion I have felt a sincere regret in doing what may be supposed to bear the most distant appearance of disrespect to the government of America. A sense of duty, and an earnest wish to guard against whatever might become a ground of future misunderstanding and embarrassment in this very delicate business, alone influenced my conduct.

May I beg your indulgence while I add a few words on the subject of Mr. Cabot. I do not remember ever to have seen him until we met in London in this business, nor have I since had other connexion with him, than of an official nature. But in the

course of his official attendance on the board, he has displayed such accurate knowledge of the business intrusted to him, united with indefatigable industry—such suavity of manners, united with decent firmness—and has, in the course of several years' experience acquired such facility, method, and dispatch, that I do not think it possible to replace him without manifest disadvantage; for, even if other men of equal knowledge and industry may be found, yet no talent can supply the place of his experience, and the delay which would necessarily arise from putting the business into new hands, would alone be an evil of no inconsiderable magnitude. I am at liberty to say further, what is no common advantage, that he possesses the confidence of both parties; and as the emolument which the board have offered him may not be sufficient alone to induce him to leave his numerous family and his business in America, I must beg leave to express my earnest hope that the government of the United States will think fit to make such addition as shall prevail upon him to resume his services.

In speaking thus favorably of Mr. Cabot, I beg to assure you that I am not influenced by friendship, or undue partiality, but by a full persuasion, grounded on knowledge, that his assistance will essentially promote the equitable, satisfactory, and speedy termination of this very delicate business.

Permit me, sir, to express a hope that I still retain in your good opinion that place which I flatter myself I formerly had the honor to hold, and which I should sincerely regret to lose by any circumstance or action, and to assure you of the grateful respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be, sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[No. 8, Chap. XVII, p. 246.]

In January, of the year 1781, Gen. Arnold, at the head of seventeen hundred British troops, invaded the state of Virginia, and in March, of the same year, he was joined by Gen. Phillips with two thousand, making the whole force three thousand seven hundred men.

Mr. Jefferson was governor of the state at the time. Against this inconsiderable force a very feeble resistance was made by that powerful state, whose quota for the general service was rated by Congress at fifteen regiments. The governor retired to Carter's mountain, the defense of the country was left in a great measure to the unguided efforts of the people, and the whole state was overrun, and remained in a sense a conquered country, until the capture of Lord Cornwallis by Gen. Washington, in the month of October following.

On the 25th of April, 1777, a corps of two thousand, commanded by Gov. Tryon, Gen. Agnew, and Sir William Erskine, landed at Norwalk in the small state of Connecticut, and marched as far as Danbury, where they destroyed a quantity of stores and burned the town. But, far from keeping possession, they were attacked by the militia, and compelled to retreat with considerable loss; they reached the sea shore at Compo in Fairfield, where they sought security on board their ships, on the 28th. The quota of Connecticut was five regiments.

The same Gen. Arnold having been superseded in Virginia, by the arrival of Gen. Phillips, was seen again, with malignant activity, at New London, his native place, on the 6th of September following, in command of a detachment, with which he burnt the town, and took the fort of Groton on the opposite side of the river, but after so severe and fatal resistance, that he re-embarked immediately, and did not pollute the soil by his presence, more than twenty four hours.

[No. 9, Chap. XIX, p. 263.]

Mr. DWIGHT, Washington.

New York, February 18th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—I have written on the subject of your failure, to Gov. Barbour, Mr. King, and Mr. Fromentin, of that house, and to Gen. Harrison, Gov. Middleton, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Pitkin, of the house of representatives. I have asked their active patronage in both houses—for I can conceive no reason for your

complete failure, except my own error in not giving you such letters at first. Wait on these gentlemen as soon as you receive this, and endeavor to engage their protection. Remember this is a *logocracy*; you must talk; the houses are now so numerous, and the tables of the members of both so constantly loaded with petitions, proposals, and applications of all sorts, that whatever is not supported by active and influential friends, has no chance of success.

For my own part, I by no means despair; yet, if after this effort you meet no encouragement, I must be satisfied public opinion *there* is really against the object, as not deserving the protection of the great; and I must abandon it *there*, however reluctantly.

Write me as soon as you shall have seen these gentlemen. I wish you may have better success, and am, dear sir, truly your friend,
J. T.

DAVID DAGGETT, Esq., Senate of the United States.

New York, Feb. 19th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—The utter failure of Mr. Dwight in the senate, notwithstanding your kindness in introducing him to Mr. Gaillard, has given me more vexation than any accident which has befallen me for a long time; and in truth it is inexplicable, unless it has arisen from my own want of precaution, in not having furnished Mr. Dwight at first, soliciting their protection, to some gentlemen who, you know, *like to lead*.

Conceiving that this may have been the cause, (and I can imagine no other,) I have been endeavoring to rectify the mistake by writing to Mr. King, Mr. Barbour, and Mr. Fromentin, in the senate; and to Gen. Harrison, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Pitkin, in the house.

I did not expect every one to be a subscriber, but did expect some one would have followed the example of four presidents—for to many of the western and southern members the price, or the advance required, can be no object. In truth, the work is offered at a lower price than any other publication in this country.

The print will contain forty-seven portraits of our most eminent men, some of them whole lengths, and will be executed in the finest style by the first engraver of the age, so as to form within the frame an elegant monumental piece of furniture, at the average price of forty two and a half cents for each head. The average of Delaplaine's work, in which the engraving is by no means of a high character, and mere heads, is sixty six cents each.

The heads of our junior naval and military heroes, are published at from one dollar to two and a half each; and Binns is getting numerous subscribers for a mere verbal copy of the Declaration, at ten dollars, embellished as he calls it with flags, and state coats of arms, and four or five heads, like the Christmas specimens of children at a writing school.

I confess I do not yet understand my countrymen. I beg you, my dear sir, to accept my hearty thanks for the interest you have taken, and the kindness you have shown Mr. Dwight; and if it should be thought advisable for him to make a second effort in your house, I will beg you again to befriend and assist him. With sincere esteem, I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

J. T.

Mr. FROMENTIN, Senate of the United States.

New York, Feb. 18th, 1818.

SIR—My friend, Mr. Hoffman, tells that when you was in town, you expressed to him a wish, to purchase my prints of American subjects; permit me to say, my young friend, Mr. Dwight, at Washington, has a few pieces for sale, of the best impressions.

I have been mortified to learn from Mr. Dwight, that the subscription which he was authorized to propose for a print from my picture of the Declaration of Independence, has met with no success whatever in the senate.

I thought it my duty to offer it first to the members of the legislature, because those whose names stand first on the list will receive the finest prints; and after the peculiar patronage which I received last year, I can conceive no reason for failure now, but from the error of not having previously secured the active patron-

age of some influential members, at the time the book was in the house.

I have written to Mr. King and Gov. Barbour on this subject, and will thank you for your protection in your house, should it be thought proper to offer it there again. I am, &c. J. T.

Gov. MIDDLETON, representative.

New York, Feb. 18th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—I have been extremely mortified to learn the want of success in the senate, which has attended my proposals for publishing by subscription a print from my picture of the Declaration of Independence, to be engraved by Mr. Heath.

I can conceive no cause for such a failure, but in the error of not having previously secured the active protection of some influential members, when the book was in the house. It will probably be soon offered in yours, and when there, may I beg your friendly attention to recommend it to the notice of your friends.

When the death of Nelson was announced in London, Mr. West, and Mr. Heath, the engraver, who has engaged to execute this work for me, agreed, the one to paint, the other to engrave, a picture commemorating the event. They placed the price of their proposed print at the same sum as I propose for mine, although the size was smaller. The picture was painted and exhibited at Mr. West's house, and before it was removed to Mr. Heath's house to be engraved, eighteen hundred persons had subscribed, and paid each his two guineas in advance. What was the death of Nelson, or the victory of Trafalgar, in their influence on the glory of England, or the happiness of man, compared with the event which I propose to commemorate? We cannot be insensible to our own honor. I have the honor to be, dear sir, &c. &c. J. T.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Esq., representative.

New York, Feb. 18th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—I have been extremely mortified to learn from Mr. Dwight, that the subscription for a print, to be engraved by Mr.

Heath from my picture of the Declaration of Independence, which he was authorized to propose at Washington, has utterly failed in the senate, although it is sanctioned by the name of the president and of the three ex-presidents.

I can conceive no cause for this, except the want of the active patronage of some friends in the house, during the time the book was there. As it will be offered in the house of representatives, and fail there if a similar cause be left to operate, permit me to request that you will call the attention of your friends to it, whenever it may be thought proper to introduce it.

I have written similar letters to Gov. Barbour, Mr. King, Mr. Fromentin, Mr. Middleton, Gen. Harrison, and Mr. Pitkin, and if, after this effort, Mr. Dwight should have no success, I must, however reluctantly, give up all hope at Washington.

When the death of Nelson was first known in London, Mr. West and Mr. Heath (who has engaged to execute this work for me) agreed, the one to paint, the other to engrave a picture commemorating the event. The picture when finished was exhibited at the house of Mr. West; the price of the print was fixed at the same sum as mine, although the size was smaller; and before the picture was removed to Mr. Heath's to be engraved, eighteen hundred had subscribed and paid each his two guineas in advance. And what was Nelson or Trafalgar to England or the world, compared with the great event which is the subject of my work?

We never tire in boasting of our independence, and of the transcendent characters who gave us the mighty blessing: can it be that we consider twenty dollars too expensive an offering to make to their memory?

My picture will contain forty-seven portraits of those most distinguished men, some of them whole lengths: the print will be engraved by the first artist of the age, and in his finest style: the price will be forty-two and a half cents. The first volume of Delaplaine's Repository costs eight dollars, and contains twelve heads not too well engraved: the average price is sixty-six cents. Binns is publishing a mere verbal copy of the act itself, (which is already in every body's hands,) embellished with flags and

state armorial bearings and some heads, for which he gets numerous subscribers at ten dollars.

How is it, my dear sir, that an Irish emigrant can obtain patronage for such a work, Gothic at best—when an old officer cannot obtain it for a work, which I will proudly say will do honor to the nation in the eyes of the civilized world?

I can hardly keep my temper, but I am not the less truly, dear sir, your grateful friend and servant,
J. T.

To Mr. THEODORE DWIGHT, Junr., Washington.

New York, Feb'y 17th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 12th, and confess I am surprised at the total want of success which has attended you in the senate.

Gentlemen cannot expect that I should go on with an enterprise, which will cost at least ten thousand dollars, before I can bring my article to market, unless I see myself supported by public patronage; and the only guaranty of the sincerity of patronage, is the advance of part payment;—it is the universal practice of Europe; and here in 1790 I met with no difficulty or objection on that score, although I was then comparatively unknown.

Your mode of proceeding was right, unless perhaps, considering the extreme coldness of the weather, you gave too little time to talk and consider the matter; and perhaps if you could interest Mr. King or Gov. Barbour to take the book under their immediate protection, and pass it round to their friends, it might still have the desired effect.

In the house I would recommend you to try the same method, —to the southern members a few dollars is no object, and if you can prevail on Gen. Harrison or Gov. Middleton to be your patron, you may meet some success. I recommend you to wait on Mr. Adams, and ask his advice particularly.

Have the goodness also to wait on Mr. Fromentin, senator from Louisiana, with my respects; say, that you have some of my prints for sale, and ask his advice and protection. I recommend patience for a few days, until you shall have made use of this letter, when you will do well to return.

I would not wish you to attempt any thing, either in Baltimore or Philadelphia, under present circumstances; for with such success at Washington, it will not be worth my while to persevere in the work. I am truly yours,
J. T.

The Hon. RUFUS KING, Esq., Washington.

New York, Feb. 17th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR—Our young friend, Mr. Dwight, who has gone to Washington to open for me, a subscription for a print from my picture of the Declaration of Independence, informs me, that, after having, with the permission of Mr. Gaillard, laid a prospectus of the work on each gentleman's table, and having left his subscription book on the secretary's table for two days, (headed by the names of four chiefs of the nation,) he has had the mortification to resume it, without one single signature.

I confess I am not only mortified but confounded. In the year 1790, I pursued the same course here, and although I was then comparatively unknown, and the country relatively poor, I was honored in one day with the names of more than half the senate; and in another, of more than half the house of representatives.

It cannot be believed, that I have not the wish for my reputation's sake, to deliver a work equal to those which I have already published; and I hope my ability to do it is not doubted.

It cannot be, that while we never tire in boasting of our independence, and of the glorious characters who bequeathed to us the mighty blessing, yet in truth, we think twenty dollars too expensive an offering to their sacred memory—this cannot be. From what source then can this utter want of patronage proceed? I cannot but hope, that it has arisen from the timidity of Mr. Dwight, in not having previously interested yourself and some other gentlemen, to take a friendly charge of the thing. I am aware that the senate are perpetually teased by applicants for protection in various shapes; and I cannot but flatter myself that, on this occasion, I have only participated in the general oblivion which is their common fate.

Permit me, my dear sir, to state to you the inevitable expense of the undertaking. I have engaged the elder Mr. Heath, (the first engraver living,) to engrave the plate, for which I have engaged to pay him seven thousand dollars, i. e., fifteen hundred guineas, (thank God the bargain is still optional on my part,) and experience has taught me that paper, printing, advertising, unavoidable waste and loss, &c., will amount to fifty per cent. more. Ten thousand dollars, therefore, is the minimum which must be expended, before I can bring an impression to market.

It would be madness to hazard such an enterprise, unsupported by public opinion, and the only mode in which this can be ascertained, is by a subscription paying part in advance. As the rule is, that the earliest subscribers receive the finest impressions, I felt it to be my duty to offer the subscription first, to those individuals who had in their public character honored me with their patronage; and I did it in the full persuasion, that I could not have lost their good opinion, and that their names following those of four presidents, would sanctify the work in the estimation of my countrymen at large and ensure its success.

Have the goodness, my dear sir, to give this subject one moment's consideration; and then if you think the work deserves encouragement, favor Mr. Dwight with your advice and protection, and me with a few lines by which I may be enabled to comprehend this now inexplicable enigma. I am, dear sir, your faithful friend and servant,

J. T.

TIMOTHY PITKIN, Esq., Washington.

New York, Feb. 18th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—Mr. Dwight has sent me an account of his utter failure in the senate, which astonishes me.

I can only account for it in one way, that is, that although Mr. Daggett had the goodness to introduce him to Mr. Gaillard, yet perhaps he did not previously interest any of those who like to *lead*, by begging them to take him and his book under their protection. Much of my success last winter was probably owing to this feeling, and I blame myself, not Mr. Dwight, for not having

been aware of this, and not having furnished him with letters with that view.

I am the more strongly persuaded that his book lay on the secretary's table, without its being known to be there, because Mr. Tate, Judge Smith, and Mr. Fromentin, personally assured me of their wish to possess the print; and to them, and many of the southern and western members, ten dollars is certainly no object.

Undoubtedly, my dear sir, when the picture is finished and exhibited, I may have as many subscribers as I will furnish with pens and ink, provided it costs them nothing; but such a subscription would be of no value to me: it would not be obligatory on the subscribers except in name, for if any or all should decline taking the work when finished, I could not compel them to do it, but at an expense greater than the value of the thing contended for, and I should only, as the children say, "have my labor for my pains."

I am aware that the members of both houses are continually teased with applications and proposals of all sorts, and probably my prospectus, which was laid on the table, was soon huddled under it, among covers of letters and unnoticed newspapers.

I have written to Mr. King, and shall write to Mr. Barbour and some others in the senate, and to Gen. Harrison and Mr. Middleton, and some others in your house. In proportion as success at Washington would have operated most favorably elsewhere, so do I dread the impression of failure; I shall therefore request Mr. Dwight to remain a little longer, and must beg yourself, Mr. Daggett, and my other friends, to aid him as far as they think the object desirable, as calculated to diffuse far and wide, the memory of great and good men, connected with the greatest of all events.

Not less than ten thousand dollars must be expended on this object, before a dollar can be received in return, except in the way of subscription. Unless that succeeds therefore; unless my friends will *trust* me with the advance of half price, the object must fail; for none but a madman would hazard such a sum, under such inauspicious circumstances. I am, dear sir, faithfully and thankfully yours,

J. T.

Governor BARBOUR, of the Senate.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18th, 1818.

SIR—A few days ago I sent a young man of most excellent character, but I fear of too great timidity, Mr. Dwight, for the purpose of proposing to the members of the government a subscription, to enable me to publish a print from the picture which I am painting under their auspices, of the Declaration of Independence.

He reports to me that, following my instructions, he first obtained the sanction of the President's name, in addition to those of the three ex-presidents, which were already inserted by their approbation, and that then, having obtained permission of Mr. Gaillard, he laid a prospectus on the table of each gentleman of the senate, and the subscription book on the table of the secretary; and that at the end of two days he took back his book, which contained not a single signature.

When I received this information, I was truly astonished; that not one of those who a year ago had given me such splendid patronage should now notice a proposal which is in its nature calculated to diffuse, not only through our own country, but the world, the subject of that national work which must otherwise be known only to those who visit the Capitol, was so unexpected, that for the first day I felt the severest mortification and disappointment. On reflection, however, I cannot but persuade myself that this unfortunate result is owing to my not having furnished Mr. Dwight with proper letters to yourself and other friends, soliciting your kind attention to him and my proposals. Wanting such support, my prospectuses may well have shared the fate of many others, and readily have found their way, among unnoticed newspapers and covers of letters, from the table to the floor; and the subscription book have remained unobserved, not days, but weeks.

In the year 1790, when this country was comparatively poor, and I and my talent little known, Congress sat in this city; to them I offered a subscription like this, for publishing two prints, of the battle of Bunker Hill and the attack of Quebec. I neither produced the paintings, nor sketches, nor copies of them; yet, having first obtained the signature of President Washington, I

proceeded as I instructed Mr. Dwight to do ; and in one day I obtained the signatures of more than half the senate ; and soon afterwards, in one other day, I obtained an equal proportion of the house of representatives.

It cannot be supposed that a due regard to my reputation will not induce me to endeavor to deliver a work equal in merit to those. I hope it is not believed that I cannot. This subject is certainly more interesting, and this print derives additional interest from being copied from a work patronized by the nation, and deposited in the Capitol. It cannot but be desirable to many in distant parts of the nation, who perhaps may never have an opportunity of seeing the original, to possess, at a small expense, an elegantly engraved copy. It did appear to me that no speculation in the fine arts ever offered a more flattering prospect than this.

When the death of Nelson was announced in London, Mr. West and Mr. Heath, the engraver who has engaged to execute this work for me, agreed, the one to paint, the other to engrave, a picture commemorating the event. The price of the future print was fixed at the same sum as I propose, although the size was smaller ; and before the picture left Mr. West's house, eighteen hundred persons had become subscribers, and had paid each his two guineas in advance. But what were the death of Nelson or the victory of Trafalgar, in their influence on the honor of that nation, or the destinies of man, compared with that event which my history commemorates ?

And yet, though my plate is to be engraved by the same eminent artist, in the senate of the United States I have found not one to patronize it. No, I must not blame them ; my own error in not furnishing Mr. Dwight with proper letters, and his own timidity and want of experience in not previously soliciting the favorable influence of influential men, must alone have been the cause of his total failure. And I am firmly persuaded that if you and a few others will now take the trouble of adding your approbation in the senate to that of the four presidents, Mr. Dwight cannot again be so ignominiously repulsed.

I have agreed to pay Mr. Heath (the first engraver now living) for engraving the plate, seven thousand dollars. I know from

experience that paper, printing, and other unavoidable expenses, will amount to as much more. Ten thousand dollars at least must therefore be expended in cash before I can receive one dollar in return, unless through the means of the proposed subscription. If, indeed, the subject is thought unimportant, I must yield to the opinion of my country, and abandon it; but it will be with deep regret.

I beg you to excuse the freedom with which I have written, and to believe me, when I assure you that I have the most grateful recollection of your past kindness and the strongest reliance upon its continuance. With great respect I have the honor to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant, J. T.

To General HARRISON.

New York, Feb. 18th, 1818.

DEAR SIR—Since I wrote to you last, I have inquired of Mr. Peale, and have received for answer, that he possesses no portrait of your father in his museum. My sole reliance, therefore, must be on such description as you and his friend, Col. Meade of Kentucky, can furnish me.

I find from my agent, Mr. Dwight, that my subscription has had no success in the senate. I presume it failed there for want of having secured the active patronage of some influential members; for the tables of the members of both houses are so loaded with petitions, and applications, and proposals, that I cannot be surprised at the fate of mine, when left unsupported.

You was so good, in your last, as to say that you would subscribe, and promote my success as far as lay in your power. When Mr. Dwight offers his book to the house, will you have the goodness to be his patron, and remind your friends that it is there. I thought it my duty to offer it first to the members of the legislature, because those whose names stand first receive the best prints. With great respect, I am, dear sir, &c. J. T.

[The result of this effort was, that in the senate seven subscribers were obtained; in the house, twenty four, and the three secretaries; the entire subscription fell short of three hundred.]

LETTERS.

[No. 10.]

TO RUFUS KING, Esq., Minister, &c. &c.

72 Welbeck Street, London, March 8th, 1798.

DEAR SIR—When you requested me to give my opinion of the dress which was most useful and economical for a military establishment, it occurred to me at once that (as my opinions on this subject varied much from those generally entertained) it would be difficult for me to convey them intelligibly by writing, and that there would be but little chance of a fair examination of what at first would naturally strike men as fantastic innovations, unless I could accompany my letter with a complete dress, made up according to the principles which appear to me to be true. I have taken time to do this, and have now the honor to submit to you the dress, and the following observations.

It appears to me that the first object to be considered in clothing troops, is the health and comfort of the men; no one article in the military system is of more importance than this; with it is connected all that vast economy which arises from a diminished recruiting service, and from diminished hospitals—as well as that which flows from the activity and energy of healthy troops.

The second consideration is the direct economy in the clothing contracts; this may be made a very considerable object, though far less important than the indirect economy alluded to above.

The third, but infinitely least important object, is show and appearance.

Under the head of health and comfort, I shall say a few words on two points, which appear to me to be gross errors, in almost all the modern systems of military dress. I mean long hair and tight ligatures, particularly waist-bands. If the life of a soldier were to be passed in warm and comfortable quarters, and he were kept in pay to look at only, it might be excusable to calculate his dress for the parade, as you would that of a lady for the ball room; and a *tête-à-tête* which requires half an hour at the toilet, might

be admissible. But when we view the soldier engaged in that actual service for which his country really employs him, in the presence of an active and superior enemy, in cold and stormy weather, his baggage lost, no shelter but the heavens, nor bed but the cold wet earth,—then it is that the poor fellow wants comfort, not finery ; then it is that long hair becomes not merely an embarrassment, but essentially prejudicial and dangerous ; it becomes wet, and being once in that condition, must remain so for days, perhaps for weeks, like a soaked sponge at the back of the neck, loading the nerves, those mainsprings of life and motion, at their very source, with a cold, noisome humidity, vexatious to the immediate feelings, and infinitely baneful in its ultimate consequences to his health. I doubt the possibility of inventing any so simple application by which the human constitution should be more infallibly, irremediably, and seriously injured, than by this.

On questions of beauty, as well as taste, I know it is generally as difficult to decide as it is easy to dispute ; however, on this particular subject of long hair, as being unbecoming and disagreeable to the eye in military dress, I have very high authority on my side. I appeal from the arbitrary and fickle laws of modern fashions, which sometimes require us to wear huge clubs, sometimes little pigtails, and sometimes, as a few years ago in the Austrian and Prussian service, decorates military beaux with tails long and large enough to rival monkies,—I appeal from all this nonsense to the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were good judges both of war and of manly beauty. Many of their statues and bas-reliefs have come down to us, after being the admiration of ages ; among them are many figures of their heroes and demi-gods, but not one example of a long-haired hero. They very well knew that nothing gives so much appearance of lightness, activity and dignity to the human figure as the smallness of the head ; unlike the modern inventors of grenadiers' caps, bear skins, huge three cornered hats, &c. who seem to have supposed that the formidable appearance of their troops was increased by giving them heads too big for their bodies to support ; as if a man with a basket or bushel on his head, were more fit for athletic action than one without. Notwithstanding, therefore, that most

of the young officers of the army, many of the soldiers, and all the sweethearts of both may think me ridiculous, I have no hesitation to say, that I regard very short hair as indispensable to the comfort, health, and elegance of troops; and in my opinion, an order to this purpose ought to form one of the fundamental regulations of the service. With short hair I will not object to powder, because very little will be necessary; it can be applied in a moment, and will give uniformity of appearance. I scarce need add, that the government which should adopt this idea for its troops, ought at the same time most carefully to avoid enacting any law, which should render short hair a part of the dress of those criminals, whom it might be wise to condemn to hard labor or other ignominious punishment.

Tight ligatures are not merely painful at those times when the body is in exercise, but when long continued do, by checking the circulation, produce gradual and rooted debility. The waistband particularly, for the purpose of keeping the small clothes neatly to their place, is usually drawn tight, and binds hard upon that part of the human figure which is least strongly supported by bones; compresses those muscles upon whose free and perfect action the great movements of the body depend, and injures very materially, though imperceptibly at first, the nervous system of the lower extremities. From the compression of this nervous and muscular part, (and the mass of long hair, so often bearing upon the back of the neck, and affecting the nerves almost in their origin,) arise many of those pains in the back and loins, debilities of the lower limbs, and rheumatic complaints, which so much prevail in armies, and which are usually ascribed to cold and fatigue. Tight waistbands are, therefore, as objectionable in my opinion as long hair; and I have endeavored to avoid the use of them entirely, as well as of all other ligatures in every part of my dress.

It is proper also to say a few words on the other errors of modern uniforms, which are useless, and equally inconsistent with show as with economy;—I mean the long skirts of coats, and lapels; these add nothing to the warmth or comfort of the soldier, but they add considerably to the expense of his dress, in cloth, buttons, and making; the lappel injures his appearance, being

of one color, the ground of the dress of another, the underdress of a third, and these crossed by belts frequently of a fourth. The modern well dressed soldier is divided into so many scraps and parcels, that when viewed in front, he really has more the appearance of a harlequin, in a patch-work coat, than a man dressed for service and elegance ; and this is still more applicable to the music of most regiments, who are rendered perfectly ridiculous by this study of babyish finery. I have, therefore, discarded from my dress both the skirts and lappels. It remains to describe the several parts of the dress which I have the honor to submit to you.

For the hat, I substitute a cap, nearly resembling the ancient Roman helmet, and calculated for convenience, comfort and safety. It is completely weather proof ; it has no superfluous parts or size, no awkward projecting corners, to incommode the soldier or his neighbor in their exercises or firings. The small projection in front, is sufficient to protect the eyes from the sun and weather ; the bandeau, which in fair weather is an ornament, becomes useful in foul weather ; by removing the cockade, it is loosed in front, and turns down in form of a cape, buttons on the shoulders of the jacket, and ties under the chin, so as to shelter the neck and ears from rain, snow and cold ; the cap being made of jerked leather, guarded with brass wire, is a perfect security to the head, against the stroke of a horseman's sword.

The jacket is perfectly simple, calculated merely to cover and show the form of the body. The cuff and collar (upright) of a different color from the basis of the dress, may serve and is sufficient to mark the distinctions of brigades or divisions, while regimental distinctions, may be marked by the number on the button. In place of the common epaulet or shoulder strap, I have adopted what is now worn by many of the British regiments, an epaulet composed of brass rings, laid sufficiently close, to resist the stroke of a sword ; by this means the shoulders, as well as the head, are very much protected. When these want cleaning, the red cloth is easily removed from under the rings, (which are not sewed to it, but to the leather,) and replaced by the soldier himself ; the three buttons on the bottom of the collar, (ranging

with those for the shoulder straps,) are to secure the cape of the helmet in bad weather, the four button holes in the waist, are to receive the corresponding buttons on the waistband of the overalls, which are supported by these means.

The overalls are in the common form, except that they do not tie in the waistband, being supported by buttoning the four upper buttons of the waistband to the corresponding holes of the jacket. The gaiters are part of the overalls, the lining of which being continued down to the foot, the cloth of the overalls stops at the calf of the leg, and is there met by a black cloth which forms the gaiter. I have made these to fasten by means of a strap, passing under the foot, and a small buckle on the inside of the foot; but as the men may sometimes hurt themselves in marching, by striking these buckles against their ankles, I am disposed to believe that it might be better to have either a loop, where the buckle now is, and to remove the buckle to the top of the foot, or to have two straps, one on each side of the foot, both to pass under the shoe, and long enough to meet and tie on the top of the foot. Both these articles (the jackets and overalls) are lined, throughout, with flannel; stockings and drawers are therefore useless, except in extreme seasons; in general, a sock reaching a few inches above the ankle will be sufficient.

I have nothing to say of the shoe, except that it is easier to the foot and more economical to use strings than buckles, and as both are equally concealed by the gaiter, nothing is gained or lost, in point of appearance, by the adoption of either. I should prefer black leather straps and belts, for the officers and soldiers of the infantry; the cartridge box and sheath for the bayonet being black, the belts should be so likewise, both for the sake of that beauty which is always derived from simplicity, and because I would not have the men encumbered with various materials, and modes of cleaning their dress and accoutrements.

On the straps which I send with my dress, I have run a chain of brass wire, for the purpose of increasing the safety of the soldier, and of adding something of ornament; but now that I come to see it, it is not a thing which I can approve of, at least for the infantry, because it is inconvenient, particularly in firing; yet I

have left it, as worth some consideration, perhaps, for the artillery and cavalry.

The color which I have chosen for my dress may be objected to. I certainly did not choose it for beauty, but for utility ; it is durable, and less easily soiled than any color that I know. Hair powder does not soil it as it does blue or any dark color ; dust or gunpowder do not injure it as they do white, yellow, buff, or other delicate colors ; it is sufficiently dark to be little distinguishable in the night ; and further, it is a color which we ourselves can make, even in an imperfect state of manufactures, and we shall save all the expense of the blue, scarlet, and other dyes.

However, if more of elegance be insisted upon, give to each of them a second jacket for the parade, of white cloth, with the same cuff and collar, and the dress will be found to be very showy and elegant. This is the custom of the Austrian service, where the dress uniform is white, with an undress of French grey.

I shall be highly gratified if these observations, either in whole or in part, shall be thought to be just and meet the approbation of yourself, and of those to whom they are ultimately to be submitted. I am, &c.

To General KNOX, Boston.

London, June 15th, 1798.

DEAR GENERAL—I presume that in your retirement you cannot have banished all recollection of your ancient employment, or be inattentive to any thing which promises benefit to our country, when she is again threatened with war. I therefore take the liberty of reporting to you an improvement which I have lately seen in the construction and service of artillery, which, so far as I can judge, promises to give a great superiority to those who shall first make use of it, and which (if it should meet the approbation of wiser men than I am) I could wish might be introduced among us. The gun is between the long heavy piece, and the carronade ; not quite so short and light as the latter, but its range nearly equal to the former. It may be fired quicker than in the way now practiced, nearly in the proportion of three to two ; fewer men are

required, by at least one in five, to perform the quickest fire ; little more than activity is required, and any active man may be taught in a few days. From the manner of loading, all danger of losing the men's arms is avoided. The mode of elevating and depressing the gun is simplified, and reduced to mathematical precision ; and a mortar of the large size may be elevated or depressed with the same facility and precision as a light field gun. If you are obliged to abandon a gun in the field, if one man remain, he may completely disable the gun in a few minutes, by removing a part which he can carry away in his hand. If a ship should be obliged to strike, her whole battery might first be rendered wholly unserviceable by dismounting this part of the carriage, and throwing it overboard.

There is nothing in these improvements either complex, difficult of execution, or expensive. A gun and carriage, or mortar and bed, on this construction, will not cost a guinea more than on the present plan. The objects to be gained are, superiority in quickness and precision of fire, diminution of the number of men, and security to those employed.

The inventor is now in treaty with this government, in the course of which his models must pass the examination of the board of ordnance, some of whom are indolent, some wedded to projects of their own, and few of them men of real science. Their report therefore may be less favorable than the thing deserves ; add to which that the immense establishment of this nation, and particularly its navy, is already formed, and the expense of a change will be a powerful argument with those who from indolence, or intrigue, or envy, may oppose the innovation. He is aware of this, and therefore looks to America. Our arsenals and establishments are in their infancy, and it is of great importance that we should begin with the highest improvements now known. The introduction of this will be attended with no other expense or difficulty than merely the reward which the inventor ought to receive.

It is not a fit object for a patent right, because that would lay open to the world not the general principles merely, but the exact dimensions, proportions, &c. A place in the superintendence of

the arsenals would be a more eligible thing for both parties. The latter is what would be wished by the inventor, who is, I believe, capable of superintending every stage of the process, from the smelting of the ore, to the completion of the carriage. platforms, and even handspikes. Is it probable that the inventor would meet a due reward from our government, on condition that the improvement proposed should meet the approbation of yourself and such other gentlemen among us as are best acquainted with the subject? I shall write to the secretary of war on the subject, but I regard your opinion as of the first importance, because I presume that no change in the artillery service, of any consequence, will be introduced without being first submitted to you, and receiving your sanction. May I beg the favor of an early answer. I am, &c.

To S. M. HOPKINS, Esq.

London, March 15th, 1799.

DEAR SIR—A letter from my friend, Mr. Church, tells me that he has received from you four hundred and twenty four dollars and thirty three cents, conformable to the minute which I sent you in mine of August 3d. This finishes, satisfactorily, all our little money transactions; but I have not yet been informed by you, whether you duly received your trunks, and your bills on Mr. Watson, *cancelled*. I presume, however, they have gone safe.

Do you understand Spanish? if not, learn it. Long before you are old, you will have occasion for it; for the wonderful scenes of this revolutionary period will not be confined to this side of the Atlantic, but Spanish America must also, necessarily, receive the general impulse.

Whether from France or from us; whether sanguinary scenes of desolation shall deform, or mild and wise systems dignify the event, depends on America to decide. And she must decide and act promptly, and by so doing, secure the friendship and alliance of her neighbor empires, or the work will soon be accomplished on the horrible principles of Jacobinism, giving us enemies of the most deadly and dangerous character for neighbors.

The fate of Spain is suspended only by the unsettled state of affairs on the German and Italian side. The moment France feels herself secure there, (and I fear that day is not far distant,) we shall see the *Iberian* republic rise upon the ruins of the Spanish and Portuguese thrones, and hosts of French and Iberian Jacobins will eagerly hasten to Potosi and Peru.

Europe has been ruined in this war, as their ancestors were in the ancient struggles against Rome. Nation after nation, untaught by the miserable fate of the neighboring victims, which were daily sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, sought to secure their own existence, by temporizing and prudent measures, and each was first flattered, while other enemies rendered their friendship or neutrality desirable, and afterwards fell in its turn, a weak and helpless sacrifice, while the fall of each was secretly rejoiced in by those who had fallen before.

Let us not follow this miserable example; by words we have done all in our power to exasperate, beyond the possibility of forgiveness, the most implacable enemy. We cannot hope for safety, but in the ruin of that enemy. Why then do we persist in half measures, and remain in this hermaphrodite state, neither of peace or war? Let us boldly, and in time, contribute to that ruin by deeds.

The universe does not offer such a magnificent object of policy, as the *emancipation* of Spanish America. (God forbid, I or my country should dream of conquest.) Aided by a few troops from us, and by a squadron of ships from this country, (a co-operation for which they are prepared,) the eighteen millions of inhabitants of those colonies, might in a few months be enabled to throw off the yoke, and guided by our example and advice, to establish one or two empires on real principles of freedom, under constitutions similar to ours or the British.

We should be amply rewarded for the expense and trouble, by a friendly alliance and free intercourse of commerce; and England, for her co-operation, by the addition of such an immense market for her manufactures. The continent of Europe seems destined to sink; but let them; America will be secure, and supporting and supported by the British naval power, one quarter

of the globe will be saved from the bloody pollution of French freedom.

Think of this, my friend. You are young and vigorous, and must act. I cordially wish you prosperity, and am, &c.

TO J. HALL.

72 Welbeck street, London, April 7th, 1799.

DEAR HALL—If I had not been a miserable sick Yankee a great part of the time since you left us, you would have had the trouble of reading some of my scribbling before this. I am now in much better health than I have been for some years; but even if I were half expiring, benumbed with the palsy, I think the last news from America would have raised me.

In the name of goodness, what madness has suggested a third scene of disgraceful, humiliating negotiation, with men who have twice kicked us out of their house? Do we court, do we solicit disgrace and contempt? Are we really so double-faced, guilty of such shallow perfidy, as to propose to negotiate in the same hour, with Russia and the Porte, two deadly enemies of France—with citizen Toussaint, a rebel subject of France, and with France herself? Which of the four do we think ourselves wise enough to dupe? or have we learned a new rule in these times of religious as well as political refinement? Do we propose to serve God and mammon?

Fatal, fatal policy, whoever advised it, and its author, whoever he be, will long deserve the curses not of his country only, but of mankind. Our reputation stood so wonderfully high, a short week ago, there was a manly dignity in our language, which commanded the respect and esteem of all the world.

The energy of naval and military preparation, gave weight to that language, and promised safety to our country; but by this fatal step, we have unnerved the martial spirit in which was our only security, and have thrown away our reputation without the chance of obtaining any benefit in exchange.

How must we be laughed at by Talleyrand and his masters, so soon and so easily duped; and these pacific demonstrations,

succeeding so soon to the gallant, heroic blustering of our wordy addresses and answers of last year. Gracious Heaven! when I compare our deeds with our words, nay, our very language with itself at different dates, I blush that I am an American. Thank God, I am not such an American.

I was formerly, you know, called a Jacobin. I wish the president, and all your rulers, were just such Jacobins—my Jacobinism aimed at resenting and resisting insult and injury, come from whom it would. I was the enemy of England when she injured us; I was her friend when she stipulated to make us reparation; I became the enemy of France when she commenced her game of injury and insult. I would not a third time supplicate her forbearance or court her friendship, until unsolicited or *compelled*, she returns to principles and conduct very unlike any thing she has yet shown towards us.

And this is the great and glorious policy which occupies the vast, capacious intellects of our wise rulers! Have they no eyes? Have they no foresight? Do they not see that Europe is rotten to the core, and hastening to destruction? Do they not see the immense power of their neighbors on the continent of America at no distant day? Why then should America court the embraces of debauched and polluted Europe, while she neglects the acquaintance of her young, healthy, rich, and vigorous neighbor?

America united has wealth and power to defy the remainder of the world. There our policy ought to center, continue among ourselves, and leave Europe to the ruin which awaits her crimes. A small exertion would emancipate all the Spanish possessions, and enable millions of people to enjoy the blessings of real liberty under wise governments, founded on the principles of reason and justice. The seeds of revolution are sown there; the fruit will soon ripen, if under our cultivation, a fruit healthy and delicious; but if under Jacobinical hands, a poison, deadly to us and to the world. France wants only the precious metals to be mistress of the earth. Spain and Portugal wait only the end of this campaign to be revolutionized, and with them falls South America, with all its wealth. And when this is done, and the danger

is thus at our door, the poinard in our bosom, we shall stare and cry, "Who could have believed that we were in any danger?" Alas, the world is infatuated, and we with the others. Farewell.

To Gen. WASHINGTON.

72 Welbeck street, London, March 24th, 1799.

DEAR SIR—I have duly received the letter which you did me the honor to write on the 10th of December last, with its enclosure of the 25th of July, the original of which never came to hand. I beg to offer my thanks, for the very obliging and flattering expressions with which you honor me in both. On the 18th of September, I again wrote to you by the Nancy, Davidson, bound to Alexandria, and by her sent a small box directed to you, and containing the four pairs of my prints, for which you was so good as to subscribe so long ago. I hope they have reached you safe.

New scenes indeed are bursting upon us at every moment of this eventful period, and I trust, sir, that you are now destined to act a more important part in this great drama, than you have done in any former period of your life,—to save again your country, and to establish her security and greatness, upon a basis broad and firm as is the continent of which she forms a part. I beg your pardon, but I cannot refrain from hazarding to you some political speculations, which I hope you will not think impertinent.

A few months since, Portugal was threatened with the immediate vengeance of France; preparations were made for the invasion; a passage for troops was demanded from Spain, and the establishment of the *Iberian republic*, upon the ruins of those two kingdoms, seemed inevitable and at hand; but the negotiations with Russia, the Porte, and at Rastadt, assumed a more threatening aspect during the winter, and France accepted a considerable sum of money from the two devoted nations, as the purchase of another year's existence.

Hostilities are now commenced on the side of the Alps, with doubtful success, but the activity of the one party, who always

attack, and the slow movements, and incorrigible error of the other in always acting on the defensive, and in detachments, leave us but too much reason to apprehend a new series of disasters.

The publication, by the French, of the secret articles of the treaty of Campo Formio, scarcely leaves to France, any longer, the superiority in perfidy and baseness; it shows the world, that the conduct of the emperor has been equally flagitious as hers, and is admirably calculated to increase the mutual want of confidence among the allies. Russia enters the field feebly, with twenty five thousand men. The Porte is nerveless. Prussia smiles at the approaching and increased disasters of her neighbors, and England, alone, of all the European powers, displays any of that fortitude and energy which alone can save them. She may survive the ruin of her continental neighbors; but distracted with mutual jealousy, depressed by repeated ill success, and these evils rendered still more dangerous by the want of any great mind, capable of suspending their effects, they appear to be devoted to early ruin; and the coming winter will probably see the French republic again victorious, and more tremendous than ever.

Should the campaign terminate in this manner, France will then be at leisure to attend to Spain and Portugal; and so thoroughly are they *prepared*, that their fall will be as rapid as those of Sardinia, Naples, and Switzerland, and their subversion require little more time than is necessary to the march of an unresisted army. And the government of the new republic being organized, hosts of supernumerary French and Iberian Jacobins, will hasten to secure the rich dependencies of America.

Two years ago, the best politicians of France regarded the possession of Louisiana and the Floridas, as sufficient to hold the Spanish colonies in check, "and to influence the affairs of the United States;" but, with their unexampled success, their ambitious views have extended, and when Spain and Portugal shall have been revolutionized, where will be the difficulty of diffusing the same principles and influences over all the American possessions of these powers?—countries, where oppression has long since

prepared the minds of men for change ; where liberty and independence are the objects of all men's wishes ; and where they who shall first offer those blessings, will be received with rapture. What will be the situation of the United States, when they shall have fifteen millions of Jacobins at their doors, intimately connected with, and disposable by, a power whom we have exasperated beyond the possibility of forgiveness, by the disclosure of their infamous personal corruption, and base principles of negotiation, as well as by the subsequent addresses and answers. Shall we then rely upon our distance from the danger ? or upon the protection of foreign navies ? or will the infant state of our own be sufficient to protect us ? I may seem to exaggerate ; these objects may appear too vast, to be brought into operation with such rapidity ; but what miracles have we not witnessed within a few years ?

And what is there too vast not to be feared from men, whose infinite industry, activity, talents and ambition, are allied with principles, which give them friends in the bosom of every nation, and who are seconded by all the desperadoes and profligate poor, in every country.

I certainly do not exaggerate when I say, that Europe is rotten to the heart, and that in Europe, America has not one friend on whose support she can rely. So true is this, that I should apprehend little less danger under another form to my country, from the ruin, than from the successes of the French republic.

Instead then of looking to Europe for safety, or connection of any kind, other than perhaps with *this nation for a temporary purpose*, does it not appear that the true object of American policy is nearer home ? The emancipation of our southern neighbors, the establishment among them of wise and just governments on the principles of rational liberty, the diffusion of knowledge, and the cultivation of the friendship and affection of those, with whom Providence has destined us to be necessarily and intimately connected, either as friends or foes,—these appear to me to be objects worthy of all the attention, and all the energy of honest, great, enlightened, and intelligent minds ; objects which, if properly pursued, will lead our country with rapidity to a de-

gree of solid power and honest fame, equally superior to danger and to reproach.

It may be said to be imprudent to aid in establishing empires, which may soon become our rivals or our enemies; true, they *may* become our enemies, even if we aid in their establishment; but if we do not assist them, and the work is left to *France* they *must* become so! A revolution *must* very soon take place there; the seed is sown, and the fruit will inevitably ripen; that revolution, if it be conducted on Jacobin principles, those vast countries, drenched with the blood of all that is rich, or eminent, or virtuous, will, with all their wealth, become irresistible instruments in the hands of France, of spreading tyranny and desolation over the remainder of the earth; and we shall be the first to sink under such an accumulated weight of power.

But if we have wisdom and energy to abandon our defensive system, which has proved fatal to every nation which has adopted it during the present contest; and to anticipate the views of the enemy, we not only deprive him of the immense resources which he even now derives from that source, through the medium of Spanish and Portuguese contributions, but we secure ourselves from the most serious and imminent danger to which we are exposed. We establish the glory of our country, with its security. We add to both an inexhaustible source of future commercial prosperity and maritime greatness, and we give to liberty, real and rational liberty, a secure and wide asylum, where men, unpolluted with the bloody crimes, the base corruption, and the shameless profligacy of Europe, may rest in peace.

To accomplish this great and splendid object, the renewed confusions of Europe leave us one year more. I pray God that we may improve that short period with energy; for I see no other means of securing ourselves from the common ruin which hangs over the heads of all civilized nations.

I hope to have the happiness of seeing the evening of your life, more useful and more glorious than its noon, and of saluting you, my dear sir, not merely as the father of the United States, but of the united empires of America.

I trust you will not think I have been forward, or officious, in thus freely communicating to you my ideas of the danger of our common country, and of the means of averting them. Living amidst scenes of daily and astonishing change, and a near witness to the successful and boundless ambition of France, and of the perfidy, the mutual jealousies, the distraction and weakness of the rest of Europe, I look with increasing anxiety to my country, when I see her pursuing the same *defensive* system which has led so many nations to successive ruin. This is no time for common policy or temporizing measures; the danger is imminent, the plans of our enemy are vast as the world, and we must oppose to them, policy equally great, activity equally indefatigable, and courage equally ardent. These, honestly and earnestly exerted in the cause of real liberty and virtue, will triumph over all the arts and power of vice.

May Heaven long preserve a life and health from which human nature has received so much, and from which she has still so much to hope and to expect. I am, dear sir, with increased veneration, gratitude and respect, your faithful servant and friend,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

Answer of Gen. Washington.

To JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq., London.

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 18th of September last, with the small box containing four pairs of the prints, came safe to hand, but long after the date of the letter.

Immediately upon the receipt of these—having forgotten the terms of the subscription, and not knowing, as you are absent, to whom the money was to be paid—I wrote to Gov. Trumbull for information on this head, without obtaining further satisfaction than that he thought it probable that Mr. Anthony of Philadelphia, was authorized by you to receive the amount. In consequence, I addressed this gentleman, (who being absent from that city, as he said, by way of apology for the delay in answering my letter in a reasonable time,) and shall immediately pay what is due from me thereon.

I give you the trouble of this detail, because I should feel unpleasant myself, if, after your marked politeness and attentions to me in this, as in every other transaction, any tardiness should have appeared on my part, in return for prints so valuable.

The two volumes put into your hands by Mr. West for transmission to me, are the product of a Mr. Uvedal Price, on the picturesque, accompanied by a very polite letter, of which the enclosed is an acknowledgment to that gentleman, recommended to your care, with my best respects to Mr. West.

I was on the point of closing this letter, with my thanks for the favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express for me, and adding Mrs. Washington's compliments and best wishes thereto, when the mail from Philadelphia brought your interesting letter of the 24th of March.

For the political information contained in it, I feel grateful, as I always shall for the free and unreserved communication of your sentiments, upon subjects so important in their nature and tendency. No well informed and unprejudiced man, who has viewed with attention the conduct of the French government since the revolution in that country, can mistake its objects or the tendency of the ambitious plans it is pursuing. Yet, strange as it may seem, a party, and a powerful one too, among us, affect to believe, that the measures of it are dictated by a principle of self-preservation; that the outrages of which the directory are guilty, proceed from dire necessity; that it wishes to be upon the most friendly and amicable terms with the United States; that it will be the fault of the latter if this is not the case; that the defensive measures which this country has adopted, are not only unnecessary and expensive, but have a tendency to produce the evil, which to deprecate is mere pretense, because war with France, they say, is the wish of this government; that on the militia we should rest our security; and that it is time enough to call upon these, when the danger is imminent, &c. &c.

With these and such like ideas, attempted to be inculcated upon the public mind, (and prejudices not yet eradicated,) with all the arts of sophistry, and no regard to truth, decency, or respect to characters, public or private, who happen to differ from

themselves on politics, I leave you to decide on the probability of carrying such an extensive plan of offense as you have suggested in your last letter, into execution, and the short period you suppose may be allowed to accomplish it in.

The public mind has changed, and is changing every day with respect to French principles; the people begin to see clearly, that the words and actions of the governing power of that nation cannot be reconciled, and that hitherto they have been misled by sounds; in a word, that while they were in pursuit of the shadow, they have lost the substance. The late changes in the congressional representation sufficiently evidence this opinion; of the two sent from the state of Georgia, one certain, some say both, are federal characters; of six from South Carolina, five are decidedly so; of ten from North Carolina, seven may be counted upon; and of nineteen from this state, (Virginia,) eight are certain, a ninth doubtful, and but for some gross mismanagement, eleven supporters of government measures would have been elected.

I mention these facts merely to show that we are *progressing* to a better state of things; not because we are quite right yet. Time I hope will show us the necessity, or at least the propriety of becoming so. God grant it, and soon.

It is unfortunate when men cannot, or will not see danger at a distance; or seeing it, are restrained in the means which are necessary to avert, or to keep it afar off. I question whether the evil arising from the French getting possession of Louisiana and the Floridas would be *generally* seen, until it is felt, and yet no problem in Euclid is more evident, or susceptible of clearer demonstration. No less difficult is it to make them believe, that offensive operations, oftentimes, are the *surest*, if not (in some cases) the *only* means of defense.

Mrs. Washington is grateful for your kind remembrance of her, and with Mrs. Lewis's (formerly your old acquaintance, Nelly Custis) compliments and good wishes united, I am, with sentiments of the most perfect esteem and regard, dear sir, &c. &c.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

To Gen. WASHINGTON, Philadelphia.

London, Oct. 6th, 1799.

SIR—I had the honor to receive your favor of the 25th of June last, some weeks ago. I am very much obliged to you for what you have done respecting the prints, but regret that you should have had so much trouble with them.

The wonderful events of this campaign in Europe have entirely contradicted my speculations of last spring, and have at least removed to a greater distance, the dangers which I then apprehended to be very near; but wonderful as the success of the allies has been, I cannot persuade myself that it is yet sufficiently complete to justify us in believing ourselves to be secure from France; nor indeed does it appear to me, that we should be secure even if the fate of France should be that which her enemies would wish, and the ancient government were re-established. Recent events give us no reason to believe that the human character is changed for the better, or that the possession of uncontrolled power and the intoxication of success, will not produce their ancient and natural effect on every human bosom; and our dangers would not perhaps be diminished, although they would assume another form, by the complete triumph of the iron systems of Russia and Germany.

The impossibility of carrying into immediate or speedy effect, the ideas which I took the liberty of detailing to you, is made manifest by the state, which you have been so good as to explain to me, of public opinion and parties. But if my general idea be correct; if America, not Europe, ought, as appears to me, to become the great object of our political attention; if neighboring nations, numerous, rich, and ignorant, may be converted into powerful friends by a wise and generous policy on our part, or become dangerous instruments of the intrigues of others, I should hope that the influence of those who can see danger at a distance, would not fail to be exerted for the purpose of giving the proper direction to public opinion, and that it would gradually make itself be felt. But these speculations are very vain on my part, since the affairs of our country are in such able hands.

I am much obliged to Mrs. Washington, and Mrs Lewis, (who I hope is as happy in her new state as she deserves to be,) for their good wishes and remembrance of me, and beg them to accept my most respectful and cordial wishes for their continued health and happiness; and with sentiments of the highest respect and gratitude, I have the honor to be, sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

It is probable that the preceding letter never reached the eye of the great and good man to whom it was addressed, since he died early in the following month of December.

The actual condition of those countries, Mexico and South America, (perhaps the fairest parts of the globe,) cannot be contemplated without the deepest and most hopeless regret. Availing themselves of the distractions and calamities of the parent countries, brought upon them by the restless ambition of Napoleon, the people of those American colonies threw off their dependence upon Europe, and guided by no better influence than Jacobinical principles acting on ignorance and passionately ardent minds, they rushed into the vortex of revolution, in which they have been struggling nearly forty years, almost without any approach to tranquillity and good order. Party has succeeded to party, domination to domination, butchery to murder, until the well educated, the well born, the virtuous, and well disposed, are almost totally exterminated, and society is brought down to that state of equality, which some people blindly regard as the political millennium—the miserable equality of ignorance and savage life, in which brute strength constitutes the sole test of superiority, where the weak obey the strong, destitute alike of the protection of law, as of the consolation of religion.

New Haven, Feb. 15th, 1841.

TO JONA. TRUMBULL, Esq.

72 Welbeck Street, April 5th, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER—I have to reply to your several favors of the 30th of October, 20th of November, 20th of December and 1st of February, the last three of which came to hand within these few

weeks, and the first I believe, since I had the pleasure of writing to you.

I have indeed been silent much longer than common, but you will have the goodness to excuse me, and to accept the long epistle which I now mean to write, as equivalent to the two or three, which you ought to have received.

In more than one of your letters, you speak of the improved state of the public opinion, with you, in respect to France; and of the effect produced by the publication of the dispatches of our ministers, written jointly, as well as Mr. Gerry's subsequent and solitary nonsense.

All this, you appear, as well as we, to regard as sufficient, to sicken us of negotiations with such a perfidious and impudent race of scoundrels. With such sentiments, I presume that the late nominations, first of Mr. Murray, and afterwards of Mr. Ellsworth, and Patrick Henry, to renew the miserable scene of supplication, must have astonished you, as it did every American here. We indeed are thunderstruck, after all the president has *said*, to see him *do* this.

In the name of common sense, how can he in the same breath negotiate with Russia and the Porte, two mortal enemies of France, with M. Toussaint, a rebel subject of France, and with France herself? Is not each of the four, privileged to ask, in the first step of the negotiation, "Pray, sir, with which of us four do you mean to be in earnest? Which of us, in your profound wisdom, do you expect to dupe? You cannot be, at the same time, the friends of us all; you cannot serve God and mammon." Must we not, necessarily, sink in the estimation of all the four, and be, indeed, disgraced in the eyes of all nations? I confess I never saw, nor heard, nor read of such a wretched scene of contradictory and paltry policy, as the last two years offer, to whoever considers the history of our country during that period.

In the first place, one minister having been insulted by France, three are sent, and are instructed to settle the existing differences by a treaty, "even if it should be necessary to abandon, altogether, our claims of compensation, for the spoliations committed upon our commerce, for the purpose of securing the enjoyments of

“peace.” Compare this meanness with the instructions given to Mr. Jay, on the similar point.

In the second place, no sooner is it known that these three ministers have been trifled with, than the first magistrate of our nation, in his answers to various addresses, stigmatizes the rulers of France, with language scarcely excusable by any possible provocation, even in private life, and surely on this occasion calculated only to excite, in the minds of proud men, the most deadly and inveterate resentment; language, which a very common degree of experience in the affairs of men, would forbid any one to use, until he was fully prepared to support it by the sword; language which ought never to be used between nations, until war is determined upon, and even then, it is hardly justifiable or decent.

In the third place, *words* like these having been used, what are our *deeds*? A trifling force is reluctantly ordered to be raised; but after six months, the world is told, by the same first magistrate, that this force is not raised, “because there has been a fever “in two cities, and because it was difficult to find the best officers “to be employed.”

In the fourth place, while the enemy which has so long and so grossly injured and insulted us, continues to injure us, by the capture and condemnation of our property wherever found, and to insult us by pretenses of conciliatory views, while no one edict of insolent and wanton injustice is repealed, we, upon the unofficial suggestion of an under secretary of a minister of the enemy at a foreign court, to our minister at the same, gravely appoint the chief justice of the nation, and two other eminent individuals, again to solicit a reconciliation with that power; a power whose friendship we ought to know, to be much more dangerous to us than her enmity; a power, which knowing well the palsy which such a step, on our part, must strike upon every measure of naval or military preparation, will smile with contempt at the facility with which we are duped, and far from repairing the wrongs she has already done, will feel herself solicited by this new meanness, to load us with new insult and injury.

And fifthly, while we are guilty of this meanness, we must consummate the extravagance of our conduct, by proposing, at

the same moment, to treat also with the foreign and sworn enemies, as well as with the rebel subjects of the same power.

I thought there had remained among us some traces of common sense, which would have enabled us to profit by the melancholy lessons taught by the experience of so many ruined nations. But no—Europe, from all the scenes of folly and infatuation which have led her to the brink of destruction, can produce nothing more wild, more strange, more incoherent and contradictory than all this; and it is only the interposition of Heaven, that can save us from the baneful but natural consequences of persisting in such strange and incomprehensible policy.

What have we to do with Europe, the whole of which is rotten to the heart and hastening to dissolution? We have not here one friend, who possesses the *cordial* wish or the power to protect us; but combined, as we ought to be, with neighboring empires, united America might defy the power of united Europe, and the new world might set bounds to the corruptions and crimes of the old!

In several of my letters, for more than a year past, to you and others, I have glanced at this subject. I did not enlarge upon it, because it appeared to me so obvious; I thought it must necessarily strike the minds of all reflecting men, and because I knew that it had been directly suggested, and even dwelt upon, by those here, upon whose wisdom more reliance must necessarily be placed than upon mine.

But it has now become the duty of every man to contribute his mite, however small, to the salvation of his country; to exert his strength, however feeble, to assist in stemming a fatal current, which hurries us among sands and whirlpools; and unimportant as I am, I must therefore beg your attention to what I think the most imminent dangers which threaten us, and what, the only wise and safe course by which, it appears to me, they can be avoided.

It is but a few months, since Portugal was threatened with the immediate vengeance of the French republic; preparations were made for invading the country; a passage for troops was demanded from Spain, and the establishment of the Iberian repub-

lic, upon the ruins of those two kingdoms, seemed inevitable and at hand ; but when the affairs of the north and east again assumed a threatening aspect, the execution of this plan was deferred, and France accepted from the two devoted nations a considerable sum of money, as the price of another year's existence.

Hostilities have recommenced on the frontiers of Switzerland with doubtful success ; but the activity of the one party, who always attack, and the slow movements and incorrigible error of the other, in always acting on the defensive and in detachments, leave us but too much reason to apprehend a new series of disasters.

With a dexterity, in comparison with which all other nations are bunglers, France has seized this moment to publish enough of the secret conditions of the treaty of Campo Formio, to demonstrate to the world, that the conduct of the emperor on that occasion was equally flagitious as hers, and that she is no longer entitled to the palm of perfidy and baseness ; a step, admirably calculated to increase the want of confidence among her enemies ; in truth, distracted as they are, by mutual and too well grounded jealousies, and depressed by the memory of repeated ill success, what have they to expect from a new struggle with an enemy superior to them in union, in military talent, and in political address, but repeated misfortune ?

These reflections lead me to fear, that the next winter will see France again triumphant, and more tremendous than ever. Should such be the event of the campaign, she will then be at leisure to attend to Spain and Portugal ; and so thoroughly are those countries *prepared*, that their fate will be as sudden, and attended with as weak a struggle, as those of Sardinia, Naples, Switzerland and Venice. The subversion of these thrones will require little more time than is necessary for the march of an uninterrupted army ; and the government of the new republic being organized, hosts of hungry, supernumerary Jacobins, (French and Iberian,) will hasten to secure the rich dependencies of America.

Two years ago the best politicians of France regarded the possession of Louisiana and the Floridas as sufficient to hold the

Spanish colonies in check, "and to influence the affairs of the "United States ;" but with their unexampled success, their ambitious views have extended, and when Spain and Portugal shall have been revolutionized, where will be the difficulty of diffusing the same principles and influence over all the American possessions of those powers?—countries where oppression has long since prepared the minds of men for change, where liberty and independence are the object of the wishes of all who think, and where those who shall first offer those blessings will be received with transport.

What then will be the situation of the United States, when they shall have fifteen millions of Jacobins at their doors, intimately connected with, and disposable by, that power whom we have exasperated beyond the possibility of forgiveness, by the disclosure of their infamous personal corruption and base principles of negotiation, as well as by the subsequent addresses and answers? Shall we then rely upon our distance from the danger, or upon the protecting vigilance of foreign nations? Or will the infant state of our own navy be sufficient to secure us?

I may seem to exaggerate this danger, and those objects may appear too vast to be brought into operation with such rapidity; but what miracles have we not witnessed within the last five years? And what is there so vast, as not to be feared from men, in whom infinite industry, activity, talents and ambition, are allied with principles which give them friends in the bosom of every country; and who are cordially seconded by all the desperadoes, all the profligate, and all the idle poor of every nation?

Such is my estimation of the extent and imminence of our danger from that quarter. To avert it, it would be criminal, nay impious, to rely supinely upon the goodness of Providence; and foolish in the extreme will it be, to rely upon the friendship and power of Europe. Friends, I repeat it, we have none here, and if we had, the power of Europe is scarcely sufficient to its own preservation.

Against this danger I see not how we are to be protected, but by anticipating the designs of the enemy; the emancipation of our southern neighbors, both in North and South America, the estab-

lishment in those countries, of wise and just governments, upon the principles of rational liberty, the diffusion of knowledge among those people, and the cultivation of the friendship and affection of those with whom Providence has destined us to be necessarily and intimately connected, either as friends or foes; these are objects, which if immediately and vigorously pursued, it does appear to me, would lead our country rapidly to a degree of solid power and honest fame, alike superior to danger and to reproach. If commerce and wealth are the objects of our wish, there they are at our door; if maritime power, there are the vast materials which court the combining hand; or if safety and peace be our humble ambition, America thus united, by mutual good offices, by common interest, and similar principles of government, might even now defy the power of the world.

I may be told, that it would be imprudent in us to aid in the establishment of empires, which may soon become our rivals or our enemies; it is true they *may* become our enemies, even if we aid them, but if we do not, and the work be left to France, they *must* become so. A revolution in those countries must very soon take place; the seeds are sown, and the fruit will inevitably ripen; and if that revolution be conducted on Jacobin principles, those vast countries, drenched in blood, the blood of all that they contain of rich, or eminent, or virtuous, will, with all their wealth, become irresistible instruments in the hands of France, of spreading desolation and tyranny over the remainder of the earth; and we, who are nearest, shall sink, most irrecoverably, under such an accumulated weight of power.

But if we have wisdom and energy to leave those pitiful plans of European connection, to which we seem to be so warmly attached; to abandon that miserable, temporizing, and defensive system, which has uniformly proved fatal to every nation which has adopted it during the present contest, and to anticipate and meet boldly the plans of the enemy, we instantly deprive him of the immense resources which he even now derives from that quarter, through the medium of Spanish and Portuguese contributions; we secure ourselves from the most serious and imminent danger to which we are exposed; we establish the glory of our

country, with its security ; we add to our commercial resources and maritime power an inexhaustible fund of future prosperity and greatness ; and we give to liberty, real and rational liberty, a secure and wide asylum, where men, unpolluted by the bloody crimes, the base corruption, and the shameless profligacy of Europe, may rest in peace.

With such scenes of safety and glory within our view, and waiting only our fiat to be realized, is it not mortifying to see our rulers soliciting, not accepting, a commercial treaty with one nation, whose flag we never saw, for the sake of a few cargoes of hemp and iron, which are to be sought in ports inaccessible during half the year !—with another, for the feeble chance of our share in a commerce where we shall have for competitors the most active and industrious nations of Europe, living at the very door of the market, and in the prosecution of which our ships must continually run the gauntlet of all those civilized and barbarian enemies who inhabit both shores of the Mediterranean, and even forming connections with licentious negroes, the early fruit of which will probably be insurrection and revolt among our own !

But you will ask me, what are the means by which I expect to accomplish my great design in the south ? The same means which France has used with such unvaried, irresistible success. I would turn against her not only her own plans, but her own weapons. The world bows not before her steel, but to the charm of a word, a sacred word, which she has profaned and abused to the purposes of a bloody ambition, but which we, who know its meaning, ought to employ with reverence and justice, to promote the extension, not of our own dominion, but of human happiness. The word *liberty* is dear to every human being, and he who offers its enjoyments to the oppressed, is certain of being received and listened to with enthusiasm.

Relying on this principle of the human heart to secure me the good will and the affections of the mass of the country, I should have nothing to oppose by force but the feeble garrisons which Spain has upon the coast ; these are too weak to venture out of their fortifications, and I should by no means think of besieging them. A military force of not more than ten thousand men, well

commanded, well disciplined, kept compact, and posted immediately in a fertile and healthy part of the country, from whence they could overawe the garrisons, and protect the assembling of the conventions of Mexico and Peru, is all that is wanted. A naval force must co-operate with these, sufficiently strong to check any thing which Spain has in those seas, and to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from Europe. This force, considering the actual force of the Spanish fleets and armies, need not be great; but if our own little fleet should be thought inadequate to the object, we have only to ask the co-operation of a squadron from this country, and it will be granted at once, and placed at our disposal, to any extent of force, and for any length of time which we may think necessary to the accomplishment of the object: (for England, seeing herself abandoned by so many of her continental friends, and the fidelity or even existence of the remainder so insecure,—shut out from every port in Europe, from Sicily to Copenhagen, except two, Lisbon and Hamburg, and these at the mercy of the enemy—looks with anxiety to other markets and other sources of wealth, to supply the loss with which she is threatened here; and knowing well the vast importance of the six millions of customers she has in the United States, already calculates the true value of fifteen additional millions, possessing countries rich in the precious metals and in every raw material which is necessary to her manufactures.) The garrisons being thus held in check, and the possibility of interference on the part of the mother country prevented, let a convention of the principal people of the country be assembled, and then, instead of opposing and violating the prejudices of men, and thereby drowning their country in blood, consent and accommodate yourself to them, and preserve religion and nobility in possession of their several rights, except in so far as they might be found to interfere with the rational liberty of the mass of the people. I would then propose two constitutions (for Mexico and Peru) similar to the purity of the British. I would seek for the blood of the Incas and of Montezuma, and place their descendants again on thrones, not absolute, like those of their ancestors, but limited to the sanction and execution of the laws. I would propose a legislature, to consist

of a house of peers, elective by the nobility and clergy, from among their own orders, either for life or for a considerable number of years; and a house of representatives on the plan of our own, into which no member of the nobility or clergy could either elect, or be elected. The concurrence of these two bodies should be necessary to the first formation of laws, and the king should have the right to negative these, in at least as extensive a manner as our president has. I would then leave assemblies thus constituted, to avail themselves of their own local knowledge, and of the wisdom of their neighbors and of other nations, in framing such laws as should appear to them best calculated to promote the happiness of the various classes of their constituents.

The naval and military co-operation must be supported until these governments should be established and brought into action, and until a military force could be formed, armed and disciplined in the country, adequate to its own defense. In the mean time, the garrisons on the coast, destitute of supplies from abroad or from the country, would fall, of course, without bloodshed, and should be replaced by native troops. No officer or man in the service (civil or military) of Spain, should suffer in his person or property, so far as was to be avoided; but those who should choose to quit the country, should be permitted to do it, with all their property; and if any preferred to remain and take the future chance of the new order of things, they also should have leave. The establishment of schools, upon the New England plan, should be a primary object of attention.

A union between the United States and these new empires should be formed on the most intimate and liberal principles; perhaps the following would be proper generally: Every free man, born on the continent of America, should, by a year's residence, become naturalized in whatever part of the country he should see fit to establish himself. The ships of the southern empires should be admitted into our ports on the same terms as our own, and reciprocally. Articles produced or manufactured in their countries and imported into ours, should be subject to much lower duties than the same articles produced in and imported from any other country, and reciprocally. An intimate connec-

tion should be established between the banks of Peru and Mexico, and that of the United States. The several countries should mutually apprehend and give up all criminals, flying from the justice of each other; and in case of invasion or insurrection, should assist each other, with all their forces.

Such are the outlines of a plan, in perfecting and filling up which, there would be ample room for the political knowledge of Adams, the sober wisdom of Washington, the military activity and financial talents of Hamilton, to immortalize themselves. The prosecution of it would give immediate occupation to that army, whose idleness will very soon become a subject of popular complaint and declamation; would employ all your ardent, troublesome spirits; would occupy the public mind, and charm all classes of society into union; would astonish your enemies and the world, and would accomplish the most splendid and glorious object that ever occupied the view of mankind, with a facility and celerity, equal to the vastness of the benefits which must necessarily result from it.

And let no man startle at the magnitude of the object; this is no time for common policy and temporizing measures; the danger is imminent; the plans of the enemy are vast as the world, and we must oppose to them a policy equally great, activity equally indefatigable, and courage equally ardent; these, honestly and earnestly exerted in the cause of real liberty and virtue, will triumph over all the arts and the power of vice.

I have written to Gen. Washington a letter somewhat similar to this, and I will be obliged to you to communicate this to him, to Messrs. Ellsworth, Wadsworth, Gen. J. Huntington, and other friends, particularly to Wolcott, if he should be in your quarter during the summer.

I may be enthusiastic and full of error, but, living as I do, amidst the wreck of nations, an eye-witness of the boundless and flagitious, but successful ambition of France, and of the perfidy, the mutual jealousy, the distraction, and the weakness of the rest of Europe, I look with increasing anxiety to my country, when I see her supinely trusting to the power of Europe and the weakness of France, and pursuing the same little, temporizing

and defensive policy, which has led so many nations to successive ruin; and weak as my advice or my warning may be esteemed by my countrymen, I cannot forbear to do what I think to be my duty, by urging upon their minds those dangers, and that conduct, which appear to me to demand their instant and unremitted attention.

The renewed confusions of Europe secure to you one precious year of tranquillity. I pray Heaven that this little time may be employed with an energy and effect, suited to its incalculable importance. With affectionate solicitude, I am, &c.

To JOHN TRUMBULL, London.

Vianen, near Utrecht, Sept. 23d, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR—As I understand that you are still in a public business in England, I can depend on your receiving, still more sure am I of your welcoming, this letter of an old friend. It would be to me a heartfelt satisfaction, personally to acknowledge your kind concern in my behalf during my confinement, and to gratify the desire I have had since my release, to meet you on American ground; but the time of your departure is uncertain, nor do I know myself when I am to embark, although I think it may be soon. In the mean while, my dear sir, I shall be happy to hear from you, and wish you to visit some of the few parts of Europe which are not to me uninhabitable.

Hitherto I find in this commonwealth a safe and pleasant abode. News of war is coming from the northward, but does not in any manner disturb the interior tranquillity. My wife and younger daughter are in France. Here I have with me my son, elder daughter, her husband and child. It was the family plan to meet at this place in October; I think it will be the case, and about that time I am to receive answers from Gen. Washington and other friends. As to the situation of affairs in my native country, you know by the newspapers, so far as I could trust to the German and English post-offices. My letters from France, and those from America, make me hope for a speedy reconciliation. How deeply I have been affected by the unhappy quarrel, how ardently I wish to see it terminated in a way

satisfactory to wounded justice, and equally honorable to both nations, you may better feel, than I could find adequate words to express it.

What news have you of your family, and all friends in that dear and blessed country? My intelligences are of an old date. It has long ago pleased the British government to suppose, by a political fiction, that all the ports of this good republic were in a state of blockade, and you know to what pillages at sea American vessels are exposed. A letter from Hamilton informs me that in June last, he, Mr. and Mrs. Church, and both families were well; letters from Mount Vernon and other places are much older; every account of them you can give me will be very thankfully received.

I am happy to find in the papers that the rage of the yellow fever has subsided; may it also be the case with the rage of parties, which has gone far beyond what is necessary, and in a moderate degree becomes wholesome to a free country. It has been painful to me on my emerging from prison, to see how much abuse were pouring on each other, men of whose friendly and political intimacy I had been a witness and a hearty partaker.

In vain have I endeavored, my dear sir, to have a sight of your fine prints; they are not to be found in this country. The pictures I have seen are Yorktown and Gibraltar. I knew you had the Declaration of Independence, Saratoga and Princeton; Bunker's Hill, also. Did you not intend to make Monmouth? I much wish it, because in that battle, where Gen. Greene commanded the right wing, Lord Stirling the left, while I had the second line, and where Gen. Washington was surrounded by his family, I could see several portraits very precious to me; there I would also hope to find Gen. Knox, who commanded the artillery. Have you chosen the ground where Gen. Washington came up to the retreating vanguard, and while Gen. Lee was sent off, honored me with the care to support the attack, until the army was formed? or the rising ground where the cannonade between the two armies took place, and when the general officers and aids-du-camp were about the commander-in-chief? or what other time and place of that action have you preferred?

What are the other performances which complete the collection? Wherever my definitive home is fixed, your works shall be the first, or, according to circumstances, the only ornament of my dwelling.

Be pleased, my dear sir, when you write to your family, to Col. Wadsworth, and other friends of ours, to mention me very affectionately to them. I beg the same favor with respect to Mr. King, for whom I have every sentiment of regard, attachment, and gratitude. My most friendly compliments wait also on Mr. Williams, whose kindness to me I highly value, and have happily experienced. Adieu, my dear sir. I am, with all my heart,
 your sincere friend, LA FAYETTE.

To which the following was my reply.

To the Marquis de LA FAYETTE, Vianen, near Utrecht, Holland.

72 Welbeck street, London, Nov. 25th, 1799.

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 23d of September, which has but lately reached my hands, affords me sincere pleasure. The deep and aggravated share in the general mass of calamity which you have had to support during several years, has interested me sincerely; and it would at all times have given me the most heartfelt satisfaction, to have been able to contribute in any way to alleviate the unmerited sufferings of one, for whom I entertained so high a respect.

You kindly inquire about my works. The state of Europe and the world has for many years been peculiarly unfavorable to the arts.

My plan bore too near an affinity to the passing scenes, not to be offensive to the majority of Europe; and those to whom I might presume to expect that it would have been agreeable, by the unaccountable turn of political opinions, became equally hostile to the men and to the events which formed my subject; while my native country, pillaged on all sides, is no longer in that state of easy and affluent tranquillity, which is so indispensably requisite to the prosperity of the fine arts. I persevere, however, in collecting materials and in advancing several com-

positions so long as there remained such a probability of success, as could justify the sacrifice of the time and attention which were necessary for the completion of the work, and I saw accomplished the engraving and publishing of two expensive plates.

But, convinced at length, that I was sacrificing the most precious part of my life, I have for several years given all my attention to other objects; if different prospects should hereafter open, I may perhaps wish to resume the work, although I very much doubt whether I shall ever resume sufficient courage.

I regret with you, my dear sir, those paltry jealousies and little dissensions which have so unhappily embarrassed the policy of a people who were once the most united, and alienated the friendship of men whom we know to be the most respectable. But I hope the period of infatuation is almost passed, and I do not despair of soon seeing all parties unite in the manly and national principle of opposing impartially a firm resistance to every insult and aggression. Distant as we are from Europe, possessing the basis of a power on the ocean second to but one nation, and the commerce of all passing necessarily and perpetually within our grasp, I do not think we can remain much longer under the vexations which all parties have for some years heaped upon us; the ancient spirit will at length be roused, and Europe may learn to respect, when armed, the people, whose pacific conduct has hitherto produced only insult and contempt.

It may be satisfactory to you to know a fact on this subject, which perhaps has never come within your notice. The naval power of a nation may fairly be estimated by the amount of the tonnage of its ships, since every ton employs its proportion of human force, and seamen are the soul of maritime power. England had last year, one million five hundred thousand tons, and it is ascertained by official returns, that the United States at the same time had nine hundred thousand, an amount exceeding any nation upon earth except England, and equal to England herself only ten years ago.

I shall be happy to see a good understanding take place between the two nations, because I think it for their mutual interest; but I neither expect nor wish the friendship of any. That



word has but little meaning when applied to individuals; none when used in reference to nations. My earnest desire is, to see my native country firmly united under the guidance of such patriots as we have had the happiness to know there, conscious of, and wisely employing the power which she derives from reputation, character, and local position, in the pursuit, and whenever necessary, in the energetic protection and defense of that just and pacific policy which is the surest basis of national happiness.

General Washington, whose latest letter to me was written in July, was then very well. My brother, whom you so kindly enquired after, has, for some time, been governor of his little happy native state, and enjoys excellent health. Col. Wadsworth has been ill lately, but was recovering. I shall obey you in my next letters to them, and am sure that they will rejoice to hear from you.

I beg to be remembered respectfully to Madame de La Fayette, who, with the rest of your family, I hope enjoys perfect health. With great esteem and respect, I am, dear sir, your much obliged and faithful servant and friend,

JOHN TRUMBULL.

To the Marquis de LA FAYETTE.

New York, Oct. 20th, 1823.

DEAR SIR—I have sent to the care of Wells, Williams & Co., bankers in Paris, who will forward it to you, a small case containing a proof impression, *avant la lettre*, of a print which has been engraved here from my painting of the Declaration of Independence, by a young engraver born in this vicinity, and now only twenty six years old. This work is wholly American, even to the paper and printing—a circumstance which renders it popular here, and will make it a curiosity to you, who knew America when she had neither painters nor engravers, nor arts of any kind, except those of stern utility. I beg you to accept this print as a testimony of my respects, and I trust it will call to your recollection, many of those good and eminent men whom you knew in the early days of your acquaintance with this country.

I have finished for the nation a painting of this subject, on a surface twelve feet by eighteen, in which the figures are large as

life. The Surrender of Burgoyne—the same size ; the Surrender of Cornwallis, in which are portraits of yourself and of the principal French officers who were present on that great occasion, copied from the small picture which you saw me employed upon in Paris, 1789. I am now far advanced in a fourth picture, which is to represent Gen. Washington resigning his commission to the congress of Annapolis, in 1783. These four paintings are to be placed in the grand central apartment of the Capitol, which is a circle of one hundred feet diameter, with a dome roof of the same height, and lighted from the center of the dome.

Knowing the deep interest which you feel in all that concerns this country, I cannot forbear mentioning that the canal which has been undertaken by this state, for the purpose of connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson River, and thus bringing the commerce of our great western lakes to center in this city, is already so far completed, that it is now navigable three hundred miles west from Albany ; and in one, or at most two years, will be finished to Buffalo on Lake Erie. The northern canal which connects Albany with Lake Champlain is also complete, and we have seen in this harbor, a few days since, a vessel with a cargo from St. Albans, a town near the northern extremity of that lake.

The locks necessary to surmount the falls of the Cohoos, near Albany, (where the canal is cut in the solid rock,) those at the Little Falls, and the stone aqueduct of nine arches, which carries the canal across the Genesee River at Rochester, are all executed with a perfection of workmanship, as well as material, equal to any thing of the kind that I have seen in Europe.

The change in all this western and northern country, which in your time was a wilderness, inhabited only by savages and wolves, and now is full of villages and cultivation, seems even to us the work of enchantment, and is indeed the witchery of a free and intelligent government. Should circumstances ever again induce you to cross the Atlantic, these scenes would delight you.

With grateful recollection of the kindness which I received from you formerly in Paris, and cordial wishes for the future happiness of yourself and your family, I have the honor to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

J. T.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS,

BY

COLONEL TRUMBULL;

INCLUDING

EIGHT SUBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,

WITH

NEAR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PORTRAITS OF PERSONS DISTINGUISHED

IN THAT IMPORTANT PERIOD.

PAINTED BY HIM FROM THE LIFE.

NOW EXHIBITING IN THE

GALLERY OF YALE COLLEGE,

NEW HAVEN:

Where they have been placed by the donor, on condition that after his decease, the proceeds of the exhibition shall be forever applied in aid of the education of indigent students in Yale College.

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting to the view of the public the series of paintings, commemorating important events of the American revolution, the consideration, that an entire generation of men have passed away since the enterprise was commenced, and that very few are now living who were actors in the scenes represented, renders it proper to give some historical account of their origin, in order to establish their claim to authenticity in view of posterity.

The artist, by whom they have been painted, was one of the *aids-du-camp* of General Washington, in the first year of the Revolution, (1775,) and in the succeeding year, (1776,) was the deputy adjutant-general of the northern department, under the command of Major General Gates. He retired from the service in the spring of 1777.

Ardently anticipating the vast consequences of the Revolution, and the future greatness of his country; and having a natural taste for drawing, in which he had already made some progress, (see No. 27,) Colonel Trumbull resolved to cultivate that talent, with the hope of binding his name to the great events of the time, by becoming the graphic historiographer of them, and of his early comrades.

With this view, he devoted himself to the study of the art of painting, first in America, and afterwards in Europe; and in the year 1786, he produced in London, his first considerable historical work, the death of General Warren at the battle of Bunker's Hill. (No. 3 of this collection.)

John Adams, afterwards president of the United States, was at that time their minister in London; and Thomas Jefferson held the same high rank in Paris. The artist was well known by both these distinguished men, and this his first patriotic work of art, was seen and appreciated by both. He explained to them his intention of painting a series of pictures, in commemoration of the principal events of the Revolution, in which should be preserved, as far as possible, faithful portraits of those who had been conspicuous actors in the various scenes, whether civil or military, as well as accurate details of the dress, manners, arms, &c. of the times; with all which he had been familiarly acquainted. Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson encouraged him in the prosecution of this plan, and with their approbation the following subjects were selected:

The Death of General Warren, at Bunker's Hill.

The Death of General Montgomery, at Quebec.

The Declaration of Independence.

The Capture of the Hessians, at Trenton.

The Death of General Mercer, at Princeton.

The Surrender of General Burgoyne, at Saratoga.

The Treaty with France.

The Battle of Eutaw Springs.

The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

The Treaty of Peace.

The Evacuation of New York.

The Resignation of General Washington.

It was intended to publish a series of engravings from these pictures, and therefore a small size was adopted, suited to the use of the engraver.

Several of the compositions were immediately studied and prepared for the future introduction of the intended portraits, particularly the Declaration of Independence; so that, before the two great men, above named, returned to the United States, from their respective embassies, their portraits were painted in the work now submitted to view, (No. 9,)—the one in London, the other in Paris. The portraits of the French officers in the picture of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, (No. 29,) were also painted from life, in Paris, in the house of Mr. Jefferson in the year 1787.

After the present constitution of the United States had been adopted, the artist, in the autumn of 1789, returned to America, to pursue his work. He found Congress assembled in New York, then the seat of government; and, having procured the portraits of General Washington, and of many other distinguished characters, in the several compositions for which they were intended, he afterwards travelled through various parts of the country, from New Hampshire to South Carolina, in search of others; and in 1794, had nearly completed the collection of portraits, views of places, and all the various materials necessary to the execution of his entire plan.

During this period the work attracted much attention, and was generally approved. All saw the correctness of the portraits; many knew the accuracy of the circumstances recorded: and it was proposed to employ the artist to execute the entire series for the nation. This proposal failed to be carried into effect; not through any opposition from any quarter to the propriety and fitness of the object, but because the nation then possessed no building proper to receive and preserve such works; and because doubts existed then, as they have since, in the minds of some gentlemen, whether Congress possessed the right of appropriating the public money to such purposes.

In the mean time the French revolution had commenced, and its subsequent convulsions diverted the attention of all mankind, during many years, from the fine arts, and from all the works and thoughts of peace; and the further prosecution of this object was suspended, until the government of the United States, in the year 1816, were pleased to pass a resolution, authorizing the artist to execute four of the subjects for the nation—just thirty years after he had painted the battle of Bunker's Hill.

The attention of the artist was exclusively devoted to the execution of this honorable commission, until it was completed, when he resumed the small set of these then unfinished studies; and although the lapse of near forty years might have been expected to have impaired his sight in a degree which would have prevented the possibility of finishing such small works, yet, by the blessing of God, he has accomplished his original purpose to the extent, and with the degree of success which is now submitted to public examination.

CATALOGUE, & c.

No. 1.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No. 2.—FIVE HEADS. Oil Miniatures. 1792.

No. 3.—THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.—*June 17, 1775.*

The Revolution which effected the separation of the British colonies in North America from the parent state, and laid the foundation of the present United States, forms, and will forever remain, the most interesting period of human history. There have been many wars, in ancient as well as modern times, marked by more extensive devastation and ruin, but these have generally resulted in the establishment of some new variety of despotism, or some mere change of dynasty; while this revolution has not only produced the establishment of a new and mighty empire, but an empire founded on a new principle,—the principle that man, under the guidance of the representative system, is capable of governing himself, without the aid of autocracy, oligarchy, or aristocracy. The experiment is sublime,—has hitherto proved successful; and may Providence secure its lasting success, so that its influence, which is already extensively felt by many nations, may permanently affect the happiness of the human race.

Among the many unwise measures of the British government, of which it is the province of history to preserve the unhappy record, perhaps no one had a more fatal effect in alienating the minds of the colonists, or led more directly or more surely to the great result of separation, than the act of Parliament, passed in the year 1766, known by the name of the *declaratory act*, which, with a strange and blind fatality, accompanied the auspicious repeal of the Stamp Act. By this it was declared, "that the British Parliament had the right to pass laws binding the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

This declaration was in such direct contradiction to the universally received opinion of the British people, that representa-

tion, taxation, and legislation, were inseparably connected ; that it at once revolted the feelings of all thinking men in the colonies ; cancelled the otherwise salutary effect of the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act, and gave rise to a series of the most eloquent and powerful essays on the origin, nature, and obligation of government, that had ever before been submitted to the examination of the human understanding. All tended to one point ; and error after error on the one hand, confirming the profound reasonings which had thus been provoked on the other, the result became inevitable.

Hostilities commenced at Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775. On the first news of this affair, the youth and yeomanry of New England hurried to Boston "en masse," with such arms as they could command, and the British troops were shut up in the town, by a numerous assemblage of enthusiastic men, brave, but undisciplined, badly armed, ill supplied with ammunition, destitute of military uniforms or equipments ; cartridges and cartridge-boxes were rare, bayonets almost unknown, and a great proportion of these heroic men possessed only fowling-pieces, with some powder in their horns, and a few bullets in their pockets.

Science was as imperfect among the officers high in command, as was discipline among the inferior officers and troops.

Little was or could be done during the sixty days which elapsed between the 19th of April and the 17th of June, to reduce this assemblage to order and discipline ; yet, such was the zeal of the moment, that the determination was taken to advance from Cambridge, and to establish a post on Breed's Hill, the nearest point of approach to Boston, distant a little more than half a mile from the north part of the town ; and on the evening of the 16th of June, a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, commanded by Gen. Putnam and Col. Prescott, marched for this purpose, arrived at the spot selected at 10 o'clock, and commenced throwing up a small redoubt, traces of which were visible a few years since, and probably may still be found on the ground now marked by the monument.

The British had no knowledge of this movement until daylight exposed to their view the progress which had been made ;

from the moment of this discovery, they opened a heavy fire from ships and batteries, which was continued incessantly through the day, until the attack of the works was made in form by the troops under the command of Gen. Howe, in the afternoon of June 17th. Thus, from 10 o'clock in the evening until 4 o'clock in the morning, *six hours*, was all the time which this gallant detachment had to prosecute their work without interruption. They were not relieved in the morning, but remained all day under the fire of the enemy, laboring to complete their work, which they ultimately defended, under the immediate orders of the gallant veteran, Prescott, with the most unyielding bravery; and quitted their post only when their ammunition was entirely expended.

In the course of the day, other troops were ordered down from Cambridge to support this first detachment, some of whom were deterred from attempting to cross Charlestown neck, by the fire of the hostile floating batteries; while others fearlessly dashed on, and took up positions on the left of the redoubt, thus forming a line which extended from the redoubt on the right, to Mystic river on the left; securing their front, at least in appearance, by throwing together fences, new-mown hay, and whatever else was movable, and could afford some show of shelter.

Joseph Warren, an eminent physician of Boston, had for some time been distinguished as an ardent and eloquent supporter of the rights of his country. At this time he was a very influential member of the provincial congress, assembled at Watertown, near Cambridge, and a few days preceding the battle had been elected a major-general, but as yet had assumed no command. He was going out to dine, when the increasing din of the action impelled him to gallop to the scene, where he arrived almost at the moment of defeat. This is the moment chosen for the painting, which, of course, is limited to that part of the scene which was near the redoubt, and where the death of Gen. Warren, and the obstinate resistance of men almost unarmed to well-armed and disciplined troops, is meant to be shown.

In a scene of such extent and confusion as the entire battle, half hidden of course by smoke, it was impossible to represent the equal gallantry of those brave troops who formed the line of

defense between the redoubt and Mystic river, where Major Knowlton and many others distinguished themselves by the coolest bravery and the soundest judgment.

This painting represents the moment when (the Americans having expended their ammunition) the British troops became completely successful and masters of the field. At this last moment of the action, Gen. Warren was killed by a musket ball through the head. The principal group represents him expiring; a soldier on his knees supports him, and with one hand wards off the bayonet of a British grenadier, who, in the heat and fury natural at such a moment, aims to revenge the death of a favorite officer, Col. Abercrombie, who had just fallen at his feet. Col. Small, (whose conduct in America was always equally distinguished by acts of humanity and kindness to his enemies, as by bravery and fidelity to the cause he served,) had been intimately connected with Gen. Warren,—saw him fall, and flew to save him. He is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier, to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend; it was too late; the general had barely life remaining to recognize the voice of friendship; he had lost the power of speech, and expired with a smile of mingled gratitude and triumph. Near him, several Americans, whose ammunition is expended, although destitute of bayonets, are seen to persist in a resistance obstinate and desperate, but fruitless. Near this side of the painting is seen General Putnam, reluctantly ordering the retreat of these brave men; while beyond him a party of the American troops oppose their last fire to the victorious column of the enemy.

Behind Col. Small is seen Col. Pitcairn, of the British marines, mortally wounded, and falling in the arms of his son, to whom he was speaking at the fatal moment. Under the feet of Col. Small lies the dead body of Col. Abercrombie.

Gen. Howe, who commanded the British troops, and Gen. Clinton, who, towards the close of the action, offered his service as a volunteer, are seen behind the principal group.

On the right of the painting, a young American, wounded in the sword hand, and in the breast, has begun to retire, attended by a faithful negro; but seeing his general fall, hesitates whether to

save himself, or, wounded as he is, to return and assist in saving a life more precious to his country than his own.

Behind this group are seen the British column ascending the hill,—grenadiers, headed by an officer bearing the British colors, mounting the feeble entrenchments; and more distant, the Somerset ship of war, (which lay during the action between Boston and Charlestown,) the north end of Boston, with the battery on Copp's Hill; and the harbor, shipping, &c. &c.

No part of the town of Charlestown is seen; but the dark smoke indicates the conflagration.

Such was the irregularity of official returns at the time, that the number of American troops engaged on this occasion, was never ascertained with any degree of accuracy; they were estimated variously from one thousand five hundred to three thousand: the latter number was probably nearest the truth. It was admitted that their loss amounted to at least four hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and missing; only thirty prisoners, however, fell into the hands of the British, and they were all wounded.

The British Annual Register of that year, admits the number engaged on their side to have been three thousand; and states their loss (from official returns) to have amounted to one thousand and fifty four, of whom two hundred and twenty six were killed, and eight hundred and twenty eight wounded; of this number, nineteen officers, including one lieutenant-colonel and two majors, were killed, and seventy others wounded.

The artist was on that day adjutant of the first regiment of Connecticut troops, stationed at Roxbury; and saw the action from that point.

No. 4.—FIVE HEADS. Oil Miniatures. 1792.

No. 5.—THE DEATH OF GEN. MONTGOMERY, IN THE ATTACK OF QUEBEC.—*December 31, 1775.*

The history of that part of the war of the Revolution which was carried on in what was called the northern department, is full of events of deep and romantic interest, as well as of important instruction. So early as 1775, in the very first moments of the contest, it was determined to attempt the reduction of Canada, and its annexation to the general confederacy. For this

purpose, a body of troops, under the command of General Montgomery, advanced by the obvious route of Lake Champlain, to attack the enemy at the heart, not in the remote extremities : Ticonderoga, St. John's, Chambly, and Montreal, were in his possession on the 12th of November.

In the mean time, an enterprise was planned at Cambridge, and placed under the direction of General Arnold, to co-operate in the reduction of Quebec, which for brilliancy of conception and hardihood of attempt, and for partial, though not ultimate success, may justly be ranked with the passage of the Alps by either the ancient or the modern Hannibal.

The expedition, composed only of eleven hundred men, left Cambridge, the head-quarters of the grand army, before Boston, on the 13th of September, 1775, embarked at Newburyport, and arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec river on the 20th ; ascended that river, then very imperfectly known, through a thinly peopled country, following its course so long as it afforded any facilities of communication or transport ; then entering upon a tract of mountainous country, utterly unexplored by civilized man, pursued a course through the wilderness, which their gallant leader, like another Columbus, calculated would lead to those streams, which, running northwardly, must fall into the St. Lawrence : his calculations were correct ; he struck upon the head waters of the Chaudiere, which empties into the St. Lawrence, a few miles above, and in sight of the city of Quebec, arrived at Point Levi on the 5th of November ; on the 14th, crossing the river at the head of five hundred men, he landed at Wolf's Cove, marched to the plains of Abraham, and presented himself before the walls of the city. The hardships, difficulties, and dangers of this march, had discouraged the last division of troops ; and their commander, Col. Enos, yielding to the clamors and despondence of his men, had abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Cambridge. Weakened by this defection, by fatigue, and consequent sickness, General Arnold found himself under the walls of Quebec, at the head of a force too feeble to attempt to take possession of the glorious prize which lay within his grasp, and it became necessary to defer any attack upon the town until the arrival and

co-operation of General Montgomery. In the mean time, Sir Guy Carlton, governor of the province, learning the danger of the capital, flew to its aid, and threw himself into the town a few days before the arrival of General Montgomery, and the junction of the American forces, which took place on the first of December. Winter now interposed in vain to suspend the hostile efforts of the combatants.

The term of service for which the American troops had enlisted, generally expired on the 1st of January, 1776, and it was found that there existed great reluctance to enter into any further engagement. General Montgomery therefore resolved to make one last effort, and in defiance of frost, snow, and tempest, a gallant but desperate attempt was made on the night of the 30th of December, to carry Quebec by storm. The attack was made in two columns; one under the immediate command of General Montgomery, attempted the lower town; the other, commanded by General Arnold, was directed against the upper.

The discharge of a single cannon was fatal to General Montgomery and his two aids-du-camp, and this misfortune occasioned the retreat of his column. General Arnold, in the mean time, had been partially successful in his attack, when he was wounded and carried off the field, and the garrison concentrating all their force against his column, they were hemmed in and reduced to the necessity of laying down their arms; and many gallant officers and men remained prisoners of war. Happy would it have been for Arnold, if, instead of being wounded, he too had died, since by his subsequent treason at West Point, he blasted forever the glory of his most gallant conduct on that occasion.

That part of the scene is chosen where General Montgomery commanded in person; and that moment, when by his unfortunate death, the plan of attack was entirely disconcerted, and the consequent retreat of his column decided at once the fate of the place, and of such of the assailants as had already entered at another point.

The principal group represents the death of General Montgomery, who, together with his two aids-du-camp, Major M'Pherson and Captain Cheesman, fell by a discharge of grape-shot from

the cannon of the place. The General is represented as expiring, supported by two of his officers, and surrounded by others, among whom is Colonel Campbell, on whom the command devolved, and by whose order a retreat was immediately begun.

Grief and surprise mark the countenances of the various characters. The earth covered with snow,—trees stripped of their foliage,—the desolation of winter, and the gloom of night, heighten the melancholy character of the scene.

No. 6.—FIVE HEADS. Oil Miniatures. 1791.

No. 7.—BATTLE OF PRINCETON,—original composition (partly finished) of No. 23. When the size of the intended copper-plates was determined, the artist resolved in his future pictures to adopt the size of those plates, as being more convenient to the engraver. This picture, which is the same size as the Bunker's Hill and Quebec, and much larger than the copper-plates, is placed in the collection, to explain to future artists the manner of proceeding with the work: they will see that the ground was white on which the work was first merely sketched,—then faintly stained with positive colors,—and finally, each head and figure carefully finished from nature.

No. 8.—FIVE HEADS OF LADIES. Oil Miniatures. 1792.

No. 9.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—*July 4, 1776.*

To preserve the resemblance of the men who were the authors of this memorable act, was an essential object of this painting. Important difficulties presented themselves to the artist at the outset; for although only ten years had then elapsed since the date of the event, it was already difficult to ascertain who were the individuals to be represented. Should he regard the fact of having been actually present in the room on the 4th of July, indispensable? Should he admit those only who were in favor of, and reject those who were opposed to the act? Where a person was dead, and no authentic portrait could be obtained, should he admit ideal heads? These were questions on which Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were consulted, and they concurred in the advice, that with regard to the characters to be introduced, the signatures of the original act, (which is still preserved in the office of state,) ought to be the general guide. That portraits

ought, however, to be admitted, of those who were opposed to, and of course did not sign, as well as of those who voted in favor of the declaration, and did sign it, particularly John Dickinson, of Delaware, author of the *Farmer's Letters*, who was the most eloquent and powerful opposer of the measure ; not indeed of its principle, but of the fitness of the time, which he considered premature. And they particularly recommended, that wherever it was possible, the artist should obtain his portrait from the living person ; that where any one was dead, he should be careful to copy the finest portrait that could be obtained ; but that in case of death, where no portrait could be obtained, (and there were many such instances, for, anterior to the Revolution, the arts had been very little attended to, except in one or two cities,) he should by no means admit any ideal representation, lest, it being known that some such were to be found in the painting, a doubt of the truth of others should be excited in the minds of posterity ; and that, in short, absolute authenticity should be attempted, as far as it could be obtained.

The artist was governed by this advice, and spared neither labor nor expense in obtaining his portraits from the living men. Mr. Adams was painted in London ; Mr. Jefferson in Paris ; Mr. Hancock and Samuel Adams in Boston ; Mr. Edward Rutledge in Charleston, South Carolina ; Mr. Wythe at Williamsburgh, in Virginia ; Mr. Bartlett at Exeter, in New Hampshire, &c. &c.

In order to give some variety to his composition, he found it necessary to depart from the usual practice of reporting an act, and has made the whole committee of five advance to the table of the president, to make their report, instead of having the chairman rise in his place for the purpose : the silence and solemnity of the scene, offered such real difficulties to a picturesque and agreeable composition, as to justify, in his opinion, this departure from custom, and perhaps fact. Silence and solemnity he thought essential to the dignity of the subject ; levity or inattention would have been unworthy on such an occasion and in such an assembly. The dresses are faithfully copied from the costume of the time, the present fashion of pantaloons and trowsers being then unknown among gentlemen.

The room is copied from that in which Congress held their sessions at the time, such as it was before the spirit of innovation laid unhallowed hands upon it, and violated its venerable walls by modern improvement, as it is called.

The artist also took the liberty of embellishing the background, by suspending upon the wall, military flags and trophies: such had been taken from the enemy at St. John's, Chambly, &c. and probably were actually placed in the hall.

In fact nothing has been neglected by the artist, that was in his power, to render this a faithful memorial of the great event.

No. 10.—FIVE HEADS. Oil miniatures. 1792.

No. 11.—CAPTURE OF THE HESSIANS AT TRENTON.—*December 26, 1776.*

The campaign of 1776, was one continued series of disasters. The defeat on Long Island, the loss of New York, the indecisive battle at White Plains, and the capture of Fort Washington, were followed by a rapid retreat through New Jersey; and the fragments of the army did not feel themselves safe until they had crossed the Delaware, and secured upon the west side of the river, all the boats which were to be found. Here the exhausted troops enjoyed a few days of repose, and were joined by some reinforcements from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and by such part of the northern army, under General Gates, as could be spared from that quarter; the entire force when united, amounting to perhaps four or five thousand men.

The enemy, in the mean time, finding it impossible to cross the Delaware, and push on immediately to Philadelphia, as they had intended, left a strong corps of Hessian troops commanded by Col. Rahl, at Trenton, and another, also Hessians, commanded by Col. Count Donop, at Bordentown, and withdrew their main force to Brunswick, where they established their magazines, &c.

Washington, now like a chafed lion, meditated vengeance against his pursuers; and having ascertained the position and strength of his enemy in Trenton and Bordentown, and that it consisted entirely of German troops, who were accustomed to keep Christmas with great festivity, he determined upon attempt-

ing to surprise them on the following morning, when the revelry of the night would probably leave them off their guard. The necessary dispositions were accordingly made for crossing the Delaware, in three divisions; one near Bordentown, one just below Trenton, and the principal force, under his own personal command, some few miles above Trenton. The night proved tempestuous, with snow and hail. The river was rendered almost impassable by drifting ice, and thus the elements conspired to remove from the minds of the devoted Germans all apprehensions of an attack. The division under the immediate command of Washington, crossed the river with great difficulty, marched down on the east shore, and were not discovered until they presented themselves at the northern extremity of the town, a little before sunrise. The Germans, particularly the regiment of Rahl, flew to arms, and for a few minutes made a very spirited but ineffectual resistance. The attack was completely successful; and the principal part of the three German regiments, of Rahl, Lossberg, and Knyphausen, to the number of nine hundred and eighteen, were made prisoners; in killed and wounded they lost thirty or forty men; the remainder escaped across the creek down the river, and joined their comrades at Bordentown—the meditated attack on that post having been prevented by the impossibility of crossing the river.

Six light battalion brass cannon also fell into the hands of the victor, whose loss was trifling. Two officers were wounded,—Mr. Monroe, late president of the United States, then a captain in the Virginia troops, dangerously, and William Washington, then a lieutenant, afterwards the celebrated cavalry officer, slightly.

When the conflict was ended, General Washington walked his horse over the field, to see that the wounded were properly attended to. Among them he observed an officer richly dressed in the hostile uniform, and upon inquiry, found that this was Col. Rahl, commanding officer of the enemy. He immediately called one of his aids-du-camp, Colonel William Smith, and gave this memorable order: “Smith, take charge of this gentleman; see him carefully and kindly conveyed to a house; call our best surgeons to his assistance, and let us save his life if possible.” Col.

Rahl died in the afternoon, but the memory of this act should never die.

The magnanimous kindness displayed by Washington, on this occasion, offers a sublime example of true heroism, and well deserves to be imitated by all military men. The artist chose this subject, and composed the picture, for the express purpose of giving a lesson to all living and future soldiers in the service of his country, to show mercy and kindness to a fallen enemy,—their enemy no longer when wounded and in their power.

In the afternoon the army re-crossed the Delaware, with the trophies of their victory, and the next day the prisoners and artillery which had been taken were marched off to Philadelphia, where their arrival caused the most unbounded joy.

No. 12.—FOUR HEADS. Oil Miniatures. 1791.

No. 13.—Copy of the TRANSFIGURATION, the celebrated masterpiece of Raphael.

No. 14.—Copy of CORREGGIO's* celebrated picture, called the ST. JEROME, AT PARMA. Painted in Tothill-fields prison, near London, where the artist was confined on the charge of high treason, during the winter of 1781.

No. 15.—Copy of the most admired picture of RAPHAEL, called the "MADONNA DELLA SEDIA"—i. e. "OUR LADY OF THE CHAIR." Painted in London, October, 1780, in the house and under the eye of Mr. West.

* Correggio was born in 1494, at Correggio, a small town in the duchy of Modena. His real name was Antonio Allegri, de Correggio, or of Correggio, according to the Italian and French custom. He died in 1534, at the age of forty, and was, therefore, cotemporary with Raphael, M. Angelo, Titian, &c. His master in the art was an unimportant artist in Modena, from whom he learned little, but formed a style of his own; in which were united truth and purity of color, grace, and elegance of design, sweetness of expression, and a superior knowledge of light and shadow. He wanted only correctness of drawing to have rendered him superior even to Raphael. The little Madonna and infant Savior in the gallery at New Haven was copied from a copy made by Mr. West, from the original, which is preserved in Parma, and is allowed by all connoisseurs, to be one of the three finest paintings in existence; the other two pictures are the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino; which of these three is the best, is undecided.

No. 16.—Copy of the COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME, the masterpiece of DOMINICHINO.

No. 17.—Portrait of Col. TRUMBULL, by Waldo and Jewitt.

No. 18.—Portrait of Mrs. TRUMBULL, by the Colonel.

No. 19.—PREPARING THE BODY OF OUR SAVIOR FOR THE TOMB.

No. 20.—Copy of the MADONNA* AU CORSET ROUGE—a favorite composition of Raphael. Done in London, 1801.

No. 21.—OUR SAVIOR BEARING THE CROSS, AND SINKING UNDER ITS WEIGHT. Painted in New York, 1826.

No. 22.—FOUR HEADS. Oil miniatures. 1791.

No. 23.—DEATH OF GEN. MERCER, AT THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.—*January 3, 1777.*

Alarmed by the success of the attack upon Trenton, the enemy immediately withdrew all their posts from the banks of the Delaware, and concentrated their forces in Princeton and Brunswick. On the other hand, Gen. Washington, having received considerable reinforcements, re-crossed the river, and again took possession of Trenton, with a view to further offensive operations. On the 2d of January, 1777, Lord Cornwallis, having resumed the command of the British troops, marched with his whole force to attack him. Washington, at his approach, abandoned the town of Trenton, and took his position on the south side of the creek. Some skirmishing followed, and a severe cannonade, with an unsuccessful attempt to force the passage of the bridge, closed the events of the day. The British troops, to the number of near ten thousand, occupied Trenton. One brigade was halted about six miles in their rear, and another brigade, composed of the 17th, 40th, and 55th regiments, under the command of Col. Mawhood, passed the night at Princeton. All these corps were ordered to unite at Trenton early in the following morning, with the expectation of overwhelming the Americans.

* Madonna is technically applied by the Italians to the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord, and therefore emphatically *our Lady*; *ma*, in Italian, is my, and *Donna*, Lady, literally therefore, *my Lady*. The Madonna with the infant Jesus, has always been a favorite subject with the Italian artists; since, independently of religious motives, it is a subject which unites in one group, the two most beautiful objects in nature, a beautiful woman and a lovely infant.

Gen. Washington saw his danger. The troops he commanded were very inferior in number, as well as in discipline and in arms. The Delaware had become absolutely impassable in the presence of such an enemy. To retreat down the east bank, and attempt to cross at or near Philadelphia, was equally hopeless; and he resolved to extricate himself by falling into the rear of the enemy, and by breaking the line of his communications, forcing him in his turn to abandon his favorite attempt on Philadelphia, for the security of his own magazines and depots at Princeton and Brunswick. In execution of this daring and almost desperate plan, he took the necessary precaution for keeping up the fires, and every other appearance of still occupying his camp; and leaving small parties commanded by confidential officers to go the rounds and guard the bridge and fords, he withdrew his troops in the dead of night, with the most profound silence; and commenced his march to the east, keeping the creek between him and his enemy.

On the morning of the 3d of January, a little before sunrise, and at a short distance from Princeton, the leading division, under the command of Gen. Mercer, fell in with the 17th British regiment, commanded by Col. Mawhood, who had just commenced their march to join Lord Cornwallis at Trenton. The meeting was equally unexpected to both parties, and both for a moment were disconcerted; but they met on very unequal terms. The British had slept warm at Princeton, had breakfasted, and were in high spirits, with the expectation of a certain and decisive victory; while the Americans, having marched all night, were benumbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and felt little anticipation but of defeat. A deadly conflict was unavoidable, and was maintained by the Americans with the courage of desperation, until the horse of Gen. Mercer was killed under him; and before he could disengage himself, and get upon his feet, he was attacked by two grenadiers, and mortally wounded. The division, upon the loss of their commander, gave way, and for a moment the British were triumphant.

Washington saw the imminence and extent of the danger, and the utter irretrievable ruin to the cause of his country, which

would be the consequence of ultimate defeat ; and having formed the troops which followed into a close column, he placed himself at their head, and advanced to meet the enemy. A sanguinary and obstinate struggle followed, in which the 17th British regiment was nearly annihilated ; the 55th was not much less severely cut up, and with difficulty effected a retreat on Brunswick ; to which place the 40th also escaped by a circuitous road, and with less loss.

The loss of lives was considerable on both sides ; two hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the Americans, who immediately continued their march, with the intention of pushing on to Brunswick, and there burning the enemy's magazines ; but upon examining the condition of the troops during a short halt at Kingston, it was found, that although they were in high spirits, yet their physical force was too far exhausted by cold, fatigue, and hunger. Their march might be traced upon the frozen ground by the blood from their lacerated feet ; their shoes, as well as other clothing, being utterly inadequate to the extreme rigor of the season ; in addition to which, their ammunition was found to be nearly exhausted. Under these circumstances, the attempt upon Brunswick was reluctantly abandoned, and the army filed off to the north by an obscure road opposite to the stage-house in Kingston, and took up a strong position in the hilly country towards Morristown.

In the mean time, Lord Cornwallis, secure of his prey, waited with impatience for morning, when he was astonished by a heavy firing far in his rear ; and upon examination found that his enemy was gone, and that nothing remained of the hostile camp but the ashes of the fires by which he had been deluded. He instantly comprehended the nature and extent of the evil,—that Princeton and Brunswick were exposed to imminent danger, and without one moment of unnecessary delay, he commenced his retrograde march for their relief. In a few days, the British army, lately so triumphant, was reduced to the very narrow limits of Brunswick and Amboy, owing their security even in them, principally to the open communication with New York by sea ; while the Americans occupied all other points of East as well as

of West Jersey, and often insulted their enemy within their narrow quarters.

Thus, in the short space of nine days, an extensive country, an entire state, was wrested from the hands of a victorious enemy, superior in numbers, in arms, and in discipline, by the wisdom, activity, and energy of one great mind.

It is not too much to say, that in the history of war, it would be difficult to find a parallel event; even in the history of Napoleon, whom mankind have agreed to view with such blind admiration. He was at the head of a nation which had made war a scientific study for ages,—a nation abounding in men at once enthusiastic and disciplined, as well as in all the munitions and equipage of war. With such means at his disposal, the success of Buonaparte ought not to excite surprise. But his history offers no point, when, with inferior and inadequate means, he baffled a victorious enemy, and wrested from him, as in a moment, the fruits of an arduous and successful campaign.

No. 24.—FIVE HEADS OF LADIES. Oil Miniatures. 1792.

No. 25.—SURRENDER OF GEN. BURGOYNE.—*October 16, 1777.*

The conquest of Canada was, from the day of the unfortunate attack on Quebec, an idle dream; it was well known that in May reinforcements would arrive from England; yet great but ineffectual efforts were made on the American side; and General Thomas first, and afterwards Gen. Sullivan, were sent on with very considerable forces. The small-pox and sickness, joined with the efforts of the enemy to render a retreat as dangerous and difficult as it was necessary. Gen. Thomas died, and the broken fragments of the invaders fell back upon Crown Point and Ticonderoga; where in the beginning of July, they were met by Gen. Gates, who had been sent to assume the command of the northern department.

His first object was of course to obtain a return of the force and condition of the army. It was found to consist of five thousand two hundred men, of whom about two thousand eight hundred were so sick as to require to be sent to the hospital, which had been established at the head or southern extremity of Lake George; and when these, with the number necessary to serve as

nurses, were removed, the force remaining for active service was too small to offer any effectual resistance to the victorious enemy, had he possessed the means of following up his success. Happily, General Sullivan, on whom had devolved the command of this disastrous retreat, had with great skill and exertion, found means either to destroy or withdraw all the vessels and boats on Lake Champlain, so that the victors were compelled to remain at St. John's until they could construct others.

The summer was passed by the contending parties, at the two extremities of the lake, in preparations to give or repel the attack; the works at Ticonderoga were strengthened, and each endeavored to secure the command of the lake by constructing a fleet; these met on the 11th of October, when the American squadron was defeated, and the enemy advanced to Crown Point, and reconnoitered Ticonderoga. But the lateness of the season, and the formidable display of apparent force on our side, deterred Sir Guy Carlton from making an attack. The defenses of this post had been so extended as to require at least ten thousand men, and they were occupied for a short time by thirteen thousand five hundred men, chiefly New England militia. It was not only believed by some, but at length demonstrated by actual experiment, that this extended position was overlooked and completely commanded by Sugar-Loaf Hill, which forms the northern extremity of that mountain ridge which separates Lake George from Wood Creek, the southern and narrow part of Champlain; and this important point, elevated six hundred feet above the level of the water, had never been occupied by French, English, or Americans.

The spring of 1777, found General St. Clair occupying the extensive works of Ticonderoga with only three thousand men, all the force that could be spared for the defense of that point.

On the first of July, General Burgoyne appeared before the place at the head of eight thousand men, and immediately occupied Mount Hope, on the left of our position, distant about one thousand yards from the old French lines, so memorable for the defeat of General Abercrombie, in 1757. He was thus master of the outlet of Lake George, and on the next night he occupied the

summit of Sugar-Loaf Hill, with several pieces of heavy artillery, and from that moment it became unavoidably necessary to abandon Ticonderoga. This was effected in the course of the following day by Gen. St. Clair, with as little loss or disorder as could be expected under such circumstances; the troops commenced their retreat on the east side of the lake, and after various skirmishes and some loss, fell back as far as Stillwater, on the North River, twenty miles above Albany; here they were met by reinforcements and halted, and Gen. Gates again assumed the command.

General St. Clair was very severely censured for thus losing this important post. But his means were entirely inadequate to its defense; he merited applause rather for having extricated himself with so little loss from a very difficult situation, and for having saved part of the garrison which formed the nucleus of that force, which, before the close of the campaign, reversed its character.

General Burgoyne followed up his success with great caution, advancing slowly, and bringing on his entire park of artillery, with all its attirail; but it was not until September, that he approached General Gates, at Stillwater, where a partial and indecisive action took place on the 20th. On the 7th of October, a decisive action was fought at Bemus's Heights. On the 8th, General Burgoyne found his situation so critical, that he abandoned his camp, and commenced a retreat toward Canada; but finding bad roads, broken bridges, and hostile parties posted at every disputable point, and hovering around him on all sides, he halted, and took post at Saratoga, where, on the 17th, his army surrendered, under a convention, of which the following were the first two articles.

ARTICLES OF CONVENTION BETWEEN LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURG-
GOYNE AND MAJOR-GENERAL GATES.

"1. The troops under Lieutenant General Burgoyne, to march
"out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of
"the intrenchments, to the verge of the river where the old fort
"stood, where the arms and artillery are to be left; the arms to
"be piled by word of command from their own officers.

"2. A free passage to be grafted to the army under Lieutenant General Burgoyne to Great Britain, on condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest; and the port of Boston is assigned for the entry of transports to receive the troops, whenever Gen. Howe shall so order."

The painting represents General Burgoyne, attended by General Phillips, and followed by other officers, arriving near the *marquée* of General Gates.

General Gates has advanced a few steps from the entrance, to meet his prisoner, who, with General Phillips, has dismounted, and is in the act of offering his sword, which General Gates declines to receive, and invites them to enter, and partake of refreshments. A number of the principal officers of the American army are assembled near their general.

The confluence of Fish Creek and the North River, where the British left their arms, is shown in the distance, near the head of Col. Scammell; the troops are indistinctly seen crossing the creek and the meadows, under the direction of Colonel (since Governor) Lewis, then quarter-master general, and advancing towards the fore-ground: they disappear behind the wood, which serves to relieve the three principal figures; and again appear, (grenadiers, without arms or accoutrements,) under the left arm of General Gates. Officers on horseback, American, British, and German, precede the head of the column, and form an interesting cavalcade, following the two dismounted generals, and connecting the different parts of the picture.

No. 26.—FIVE HEADS. Oil miniatures. 1791.

No. 27.—THE DEATH OF PAULUS EMILIUS, at the battle of Cannæ, arranged and painted at the age of eighteen, before the artist had received any instruction. The arrangement or composition of this early picture is all that is original: the parts or separate figures were chosen from various engravings. See Rollin's Roman History, book 14th, sec. 2d, page 64 of the 2d London edition. The earliest composition of the artist.

"*Animæque magnæ prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno.*" Horace, Book 1, Ode 12, p. 38. Painted at Lebanon, 1774.

No. 28.—FIVE HEADS. Oil miniatures. 1793.

No. 29.—SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.—*Oct. 19, 1781.*

The success of this officer in the southern states, during the years 1780 and 1781, the capture of Charleston, the victory of Camden, and various minor successes, by which almost every part of Georgia and South and North Carolina, had been successively occupied by the British troops, had seriously threatened the ruin of American independence.

In 1781, Lord Cornwallis, regarding his presence as no longer essential to the complete reduction of the three southern states, marched with the principal part of his force into Virginia, where, for some time, his success was almost equally rapid and complete; but the admirable combined movement of General Washington and our French allies, from the north, and of the Count de Grasse, with the fleet and army of France, from the West Indies, turned the scale, and rendered it necessary for him to shut himself up in Yorktown, and attempt to defend himself there, until he could receive relief from New York. This hope, however, failed him, and on the 19th of October, he surrendered his forces to the combined armies of America and France.

The honor of marching out of the town, with colors flying, &c. &c., which had been refused to General Lincoln, when, during the preceding campaign, he had surrendered Charleston, was now refused to Lord Cornwallis; the terms of the capitulation dictated at Charleston were insisted on, and General Lincoln was appointed to superintend the submission of the British at Yorktown, in the same manner as that of the American troops at Charleston, under his command, had been conducted about eighteen months before.

The American troops were drawn up on the right of the road leading into York; General Washington and the American general officers on the right. The French troops on the opposite side of the road facing them; General Rochambeau and the principal officers of the French navy and army on the left. The British troops marched out of town, "with shouldered arms, colors cased, and drums beating a British or German march," passed between the two lines of victorious troops, to a place appointed, where they grounded their arms, left them, and returned unarmed to their quarters in the town.

The painting represents the moment when the principal officers of the British army, conducted by General Lincoln, are passing the two groups of American and French generals, and entering between the two lines of the victors; by this means the principal officers of the three nations are brought near together, so as to admit of distinct portraits.

In the centre of the painting, in the distance, is seen the entrance of the town, with the captured troops marching out, following their officers; and also a distant glimpse of York River, and the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay, as seen from the spot.

No. 30.—FIVE HEADS. Oil Miniatures. 1827.

No. 31.—RESIGNATION OF GEN. WASHINGTON.—*December 23, 1783. Washington, 1827.*

The peace of 1783 had accomplished the great object of the American revolution; the former colonies were acknowledged by the parent state to be independent of her; but they were equally independent of each other, and the pressure of common danger, which had been the strongest bond of union, being removed, there remained only a feeble and doubtful sense of common interest to hold the different states together; the large states began to feel their real superiority, while the memory of faithful and disproportioned services swam before the vision of the small; the seeds of discord were sown and germinating. The army, whose fidelity, patience, and courage, had won the glorious prize, had leisure to look back upon the years, during which, without pay, without clothing, and sometimes almost without food, they had persevered in duty,—tantalized with promises, often renewed under various forms, but never fulfilled, they saw themselves on the point of being disbanded, and by being scattered among the mass of their fellow citizens, deprived of any chance of obtaining justice by the influence of a united effort; nor were there wanting among them fiery spirits, to place all this distinctly before their view, and to urge them not to lay down their arms or disperse, until substantial justice should be obtained. What a dazzling temptation was here to earthly ambition! Beloved by the military, venerated by the people, who was there to oppose the victorious chief, if he had chosen to retain that power which

he had so long held with universal approbation? The Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Napoleons, yielded to the charm of earthly ambition, and betrayed their country; but Washington aspired to loftier, imperishable glory,—to that glory which virtue alone can give, and which no power, no effort, no time, can ever take away or diminish.

After taking an affectionate leave of his old comrades at New York, accompanied by only two of them, Col. Benjamin Walker, and Col. Humphreys, aids-du-camp, he proceeded to Annapolis, where Congress, the very shadow of a government, were then sitting, and there resigned his commission into the hands of twenty three powerless men, divested himself of all authority, and retired to private life.

The following impressive history of the scene is copied from the Journal of Congress, and has been the basis of the picture. One additional circumstance deserves notice, not so much for its importance as for its singularity. Thomas Mifflin, then president of Congress, and into whose hands the general resigned his commission, had been, in 1775, his first aid-du-camp, and he who painted the picture had been his second.

Extract from the Journal of Congress, Dec. 23, 1783.

According to order, his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, was admitted to a public audience, and being seated, the President, after a pause, informed him that the United States, in Congress assembled, were prepared to receive his communications; whereupon he rose and addressed Congress as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT,

The great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the

appointment I accepted with diffidence,—a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task ; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations ; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

He then advanced and delivered to the President his commission, with a copy of his address, and having resumed his place, the President returned him the following answer : —

SIR,—The United States, in Congress assembled, receive with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success, through a perilous and doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds

or a government to support you ; you have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow citizens enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety, and independence ; on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow citizens ; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command,—it will continue to animate remotest ages.

We feel with you, our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens, to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we address to him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all his care ; that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious ; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give.

No. 32.—FIVE HEADS. Oil miniatures. 1790.

No. 33.—HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

No. 34.—THE WOMAN ACCUSED OF HAVING BEEN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.—*St. John*, viii, 2—11. London, 1811.

“ And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery ; and when they had set her in the midst, they say to him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act : now, Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned ; but what sayest thou ? This they said, tempting him,

that they might have whereof to accuse him : so when they continued asking him, he lifted himself up and said unto them : *He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.* And they which heard, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one."

No. 35.—ST. JOHN AND LAMB,—from memory of an exquisite picture by Murillo, in possession of the emperor of Russia. Painted in London, 1800.

No. 36.—PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON,—head, the size of life. Painted in Philadelphia, May, 1793.

No. 37.—THE EARL OF ANGUS, CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD ON DE WILTON. See Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*.—Painted in London, 1810.

" A Bishop by the Altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas' blood ;
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white,
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye,
But little pride of prelacy," &c.

" Beside him, ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood :
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;
And leaned his large and wrinkled hand
Upon his huge and sweeping brand," &c.

" Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt ;
And judge how Clara changed her hue," &c.

Scott's Marmion, Canto 6, Stanzas 11 and 12.

No. 38.—PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, copied in 1832, from an original, painted at Washington in 1792, now in possession, of the family of the late Gov. Wolcott.

No. 39.—HOLY FAMILY,—composed in London, 1802,—finished in America, 1806.

No. 40.—PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

Timothy Dwight, D. D., LL. D., was born at Northampton, in Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, A. D. 1752. His parents were Timothy and Mary Dwight. The first ancestor of his father's

family, in this country, John Dwight, came from England, and settled in Dedham, in Massachusetts, in 1637. His mother was the third daughter of Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton College, New Jersey. Dr. Dwight entered Yale College in 1765, and graduated in 1769, with a high reputation for scholarship. Two years afterwards, he was chosen a tutor of Yale College, and for the six succeeding years discharged the duties of this office with distinguished success. In March, 1777, he was married to Miss Mary Woolsey, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey, Esq., of Long Island. In September of the same year, he was chaplain to Gen. Parsons' brigade, which was a part of the division of General Putnam, in the army of the United States, and served one year. After this, he resided several years at Northampton, and was twice a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. In 1783, he was ordained as minister of the church and congregation of the parish of Greenfield, in the town of Fairfield in Connecticut, and for the succeeding twelve years continued their pastor. While at Greenfield, he established an academy, which enjoyed a high reputation.

In May, 1795, on the death of the Rev. Dr. Stiles, he was invited to the presidency of Yale College. Much was expected from Dr. Dwight in this situation, and public expectation was in no respect disappointed. By his exertions as an instructor, and by a judicious system of discipline, the reputation of the College was greatly increased and extended. Dr. Dwight, through the whole time of his presidency, discharged, also, the duties of a professor of divinity. In the midst of his usefulness, he was attacked by a painful and incurable disorder, which terminated his life on the 11th of January, 1817, in the 65th year of his age. His death was very extensively and deeply lamented. Since the decease of Dr. Dwight his lectures on divinity have been published under the title of 'Theology,'—likewise two volumes of 'Sermons,' and his 'Travels in New England and New York.' In early life, he published an epic poem, entitled the 'Conquest of Canaan,' and while he resided at Greenfield, a collection of poems entitled 'Greenfield Hill.' He published also at different times, numerous occasional sermons and short treatises.

This picture was, in part, presented to the College by individuals of the class which graduated in 1817.

No. 41.—PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON,—whole length, the size of life, painted at Philadelphia, in the year 1792, for the city of Charleston, (S. C.)

This picture was intended to preserve the *military* character of the great original ; but the citizens of Charleston being desirous of seeing him rather in his civil character, such as they had recently seen him in his visit to that city, another picture was, with the kind consent of the president, begun and finished, which now hangs in some public building at Charleston ; this was also finished, and with his approval, remained in the hands of the artist, who had formerly been his aid-du-camp.

He is represented in full uniform, standing on an eminence, on the south side of the creek at Trenton, a small distance below the stone bridge and mill. He holds in his right hand his reconnoitering glass, with which he is supposed to have been examining the strength of the hostile army, pouring into and occupying Trenton, which he had just abandoned at their approach ; and having ascertained their great superiority, as well in numbers as discipline, he is supposed to have been meditating how to avoid the apparently impending ruin. To re-cross the Delaware in the presence of such an enemy, was impossible ; to retreat down the eastern side of the river, and cross at Philadelphia, was equally so ; to hazard a battle on the ground, was desperate ; and he is supposed to have just formed the plan of that movement which he executed during the succeeding night. This led to the splendid success at Princeton, on the following morning ; and in the estimation of the great Frederick of Prussia, placed his military character on a level with that of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times.

Behind and near him an attendant holds his horse ; further back, are seen artillery, assisting in the defense of the bridge and mill, against the attack made by the enemy, a little before sunset ; the bridge and mill are seen under the legs of the horse, and higher up in the perspective distance, are seen several glimpses of the creek in its windings ; and the fires which so fatally delu-

ded the enemy during the night, are in many places already lighted and visible.

In the countenance of the hero, *the likeness*, the mere map of the face, was not all that was attempted, but the features are animated, and exalted by the mighty thoughts revolving in the mind on that sublime occasion; *the high resolve*, stamping on the face and attitude its lofty purpose, to conquer or to perish.

Every minute article of the dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and every strap and buckle of the horse-furniture, were carefully painted from the several objects.

The picture remained in the possession of Colonel Trumbull until the dissolution of the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, when his Excellency Governor Trumbull, Gen. Jedediah Huntington, the Hon. John Davenport, the Hon. Jeremiah Wadsworth, and the Hon. Benjamin Talmadge, joined with him in presenting this portrait to Yale College.

No. 42.—GOVERNOR TRUMBULL, Sen.

Jonathan Trumbull was born at Lebanon in 1710, the son of Joseph, a respectable and strong-minded farmer, who, feeling the deficiency of his own education, resolved that his son should not suffer similar mortifications from that cause. He therefore spared no care or expense in his education, and at an early age the favored boy was sent to Harvard College. Here he became a good scholar, acquiring a knowledge of the Hebrew, as well as the Greek and Latin languages, and of all the other studies of the day. He graduated with honor in 1727.*

His original destination was for the pulpit. He went through the preparatory studies, and had commenced preaching, when an elder brother (Joseph) who had been engaged in commerce, died suddenly, leaving extensive business in an unsettled state, and Jonathan was the only member of the family qualified to unravel these complicated affairs: he of course devoted himself to this duty, and was at length so involved in commercial questions and occupations, that he quitted his early and favorite pursuit, and became a merchant.

* In the same class was Gov. Hutchinson.

He was early elected by his townsmen to the lower political offices of the town; he soon became one of their representatives in the colonial assembly; and as his talents and virtues became more extensively known, he was appointed one of the judges, then a member of the council or state senate; and at length deputy or lieutenant governor, in which office he stood at the commencement of the disputes between Great Britain and her colonies. In this controversy, he embraced with fervor the patriotic side; became governor of the State by the free election of his countrymen, and continued to be annually elected governor until the close of the Revolution in 1783, when, declining a further election, he withdrew from public life, devoted his last years to study and religion, and died at Lebanon in August, 1785, at the age of seventy five years.

After General Washington, perhaps no individual contributed more to the success of the Revolution than Governor Trumbull. He was always at his post, and devoted his time, his talents, and his influence, with undivided energy and assiduity to the service of his country; his example had a powerful influence on the State, and on all New England.

His correspondence was very extensive, and is preserved in many manuscript volumes, which were given by his family to the Historical Society in Boston, where, it is to be presumed, they are preserved with the care they deserve.

Governor Trumbull in early life married Faith, daughter of the Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury, Mass., third in direct descent from the famous John Robinson who emigrated from England in the reign of James I, in 1610, to Holland, and was regarded as a leader of the Puritans, and father of the pilgrims who first landed at Plymouth. His remains rest in the family tomb at Lebanon.

No. 43.—INFANT SAVIOR AND ST. JOHN. Painted in London, 1801.

No. 44.—PORTRAIT OF THE LATE RUFUS KING.—Head, the size of life. Painted in London during his mission, 1800.

No. 45.—LAMBERG AND GELCHOSA. Ossian's Poems, 5th book of Fingal. London, 1809.

"The gloomy heroes fought. Fierce Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came all pale to the daughter of the generous Turathal :— 'What blood,' she said, 'what blood runs down my warrior's side?' 'It is Ullin's blood,' the chief replied, 'thou fairer than snow : *Gelchossa, let me rest here awhile.*' The mighty Lamderg died. Three days she mourned beside her love :—the hunters found her cold :—they raised this tomb over the three."

No. 46.—PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHRISTOPHER GORE.—Head, the size of life. Painted in London, during his residence there, as one of the commissioners for the execution of the 7th article of Mr. Jay's treaty, 1800.

No. 47.—MATERNAL TENDERNESS. London, 1809.

No. 48.—OUR SAVIOR WITH LITTLE CHILDREN. London 1812.

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them ; but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them ; but Jesus called them unto him, and said, '*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.*'"—Luke xvii, 15—18.

No. 49.—PETER THE GREAT AT THE CAPTURE OF NARVA. London 1811.

"Peter, on this occasion, gave an example which ought to have gained him the affection of all his new subjects. He ran every where in person, to put a stop to the pillage and slaughter,—rescued several women out of the clutches of the brutal soldiery, and after having, with his own hand, killed two of those ruffians, who refused to obey his orders, he enters the town-house, whither the citizens had run in crowds for shelter, and laying his sword, yet reeking with blood, upon the table,—'This sword,' said he, 'is not stained with the blood of your fellow citizens, but with that of my own soldiers, which I have spilt to save your lives.'"—*Voltaire's Life of Peter the Great.*

No. 50.—THE HOLY FAMILY—THE VIRGIN AND INFANT SAVIOR, AND JOSEPH THE CARPENTER—ST. JOHN WITH HIS LAMB, AND ELIZABETH HIS MOTHER.

No. 51.—JOSHUA AT THE BATTLE OF AI, ATTENDED BY DEATH.

"On the pale rear tremendous Joshua hung,
Their gloomy knell his voice terrific rung.

From glowing eyeballs flashed his wrath severe—
Grim Death beside him hurled his fatal spear."

Conquest of Canaan, by Pres. Dwight, Book 6th, line 640.

NO. 52.—THE LAST FAMILY WHO PERISHED IN THE DELUGE.

An infant exhausted by cold, wet, and hunger, lies dead in the lap of its mother, whose whole soul is engrossed, and all her faculties so absorbed in the contemplation of this calamity, that she is insensible to the horrors of the scene which surrounds her, and does not even see that her husband is just dashed from the rock (their last and only place of refuge) by a violent surge, and is perishing at her feet. The father throws up his eyes and hand to heaven, saying—"Heavenly Father! oh, smite us at once with thy lightning, and put an end to this lingering misery!"

NO. 53.—"I WAS IN PRISON, AND YE VISITED ME!"—Matt. xxv, 36.

NO. 54.—COPY OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

NO. 55.—THE COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME. Copied from Dominichino.







